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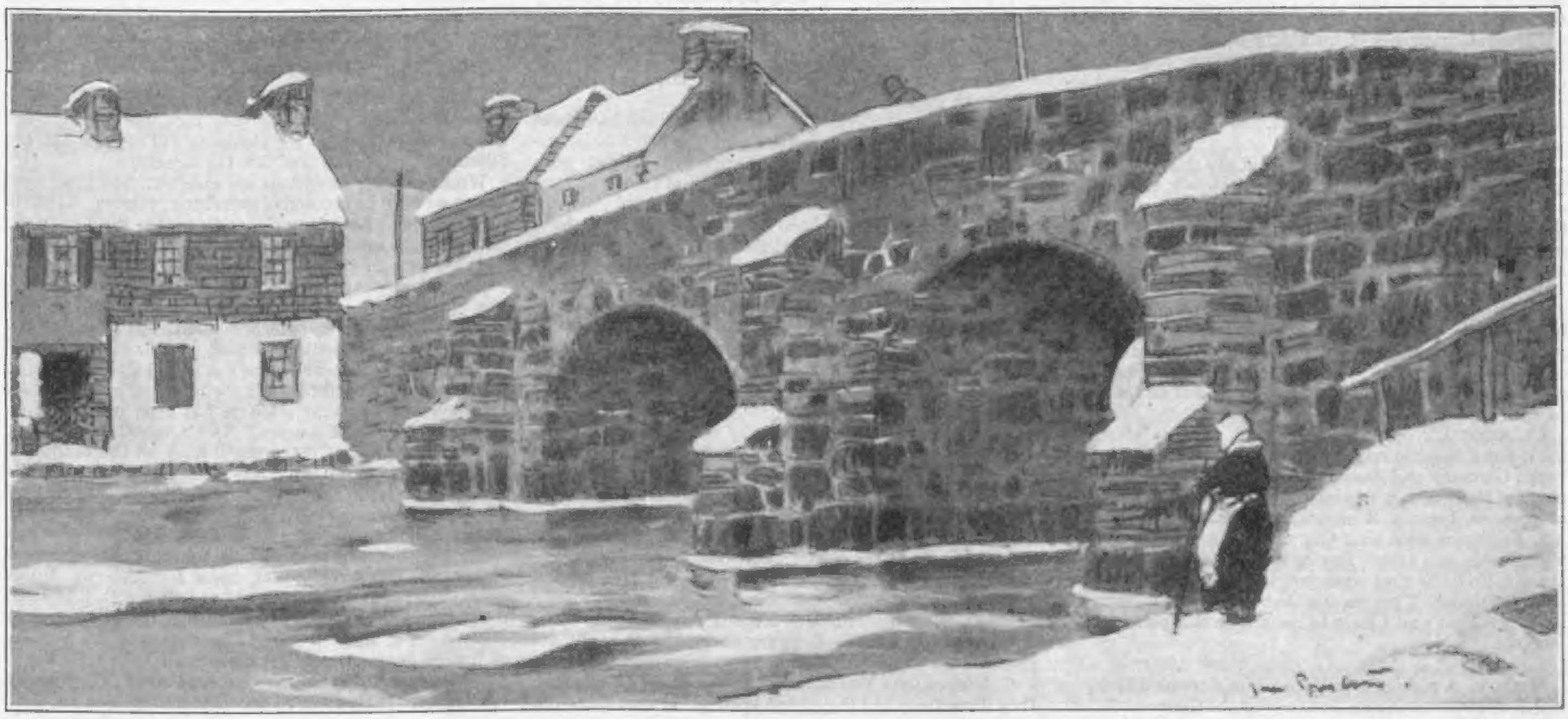
HOW ONE BOMB WAS MADE



By Owen Wister

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

AS YOU traveled along the roads of reviving France you saw everywhere, in this spring of 1921, farmers in their convalescent fields. Over earth which two years ago was without form and void, save for the barbed wire and the hunks of shells lying in the holes they had gouged, now the farmers were walking. You saw the fling of their arms as they cast seed into the furrows, or you saw them following their plows as they drew these long furrows across the hills. Then, if you got out of your car and talked with them of their past and their future, often while you talked distant columns of smoke rose black and clotted into the air, and the sounds of explosion came heavily across these fields of sowing and plowing.

What were the explosions? Live shells. Shells alive after three years at the least. They had dropped in 1918, or '17, or '16—no matter when—and lay sown in the earth like grain, little bulbs of death, waiting to sprout. When a man's foot or a plow struck them they sprouted, and the farmer lost limbs or was torn to pieces. France has been employing hundreds for the special work of finding these live shells and drawing their stings. Three years after what we have called peace this goes on still, and will go on for some time. The workers lose limbs and are torn to pieces too.

As the surface of the battle grounds is thus sown with explosives made ready by years of rusting to go off at a touch, live bombs political lurk all over Europe, and sounds of explosion come heavily across the fields of what we have called peace. Many of these bombs were dropped about by the Treaty of Versailles, which was to bring us, according to the Prime Minister of Britain, "a new heaven and a new earth."

To render these bombs harmless has been for some two years the effort, not of the League of Nations, which was created for purposes of safety, but of that body known as the Supreme Council. These deliberators, though they had conferred at Spa, at Paris, in England and elsewhere so often that they may well have lost count, as the rest of us certainly have, never seemed to remember the League of Nations until the other day. Then suddenly they made it a graceful bow and paid it the high compliment of passing on to it responsibility they found too much for them. They gave up the problem of Upper Silesia. Over this bomb they had laid their heads together so often and so vainly, that possibly a sense of their own futility, and perhaps some belated perception of the ridiculous, would seem to have come over them; and thus, in the month of August, 1921, the bomb of Upper Silesia was confided to the League of Nations, in whose lap it reposed until recently.

About the same time that this adroit move was made upon soil of the Allies, upon the soil of those who begged for an armistice in November, 1918, and signed a treaty of peace in June, 1919, another manifestation about Upper Silesia was taking place. General Ludendorff was at Königsberg. Upon the preceding night the students of that university had held torchlight celebrations for him, and the day after this he spoke at some ceremonies in a public square, in praise of Marshal Hindenburg. After lauding the qualities of the old German Army, which, he declared, must be imitated now by the national guard, he referred to Upper Silesia thus:

"I entertain no doubt that the destiny of our country will be decided sooner or later by a battle for that land to our east. When the hour comes remember what won us our victory at Tannenberg—the will of our leaders, our faith in those leaders, our discipline and courage in the face of death. The greater our country's need the more closely shall we rally round the black, white and red flag of Prussia. We are proud of our beloved Prussia; we are, and we wish to be, Prussians."

Great applause followed these words, the audience gave the general an ovation. A counter demonstration by socialists was promptly suppressed.

Thus, then, at Königsberg, we hear the hiss of the lighted fuse of the bomb; and Königsberg is not the only place where it is to be heard. The sound breaks out above the general political din, not only in the whole of Prussia but in many other parts of Germany, and the fuse burns steadily nearer to its end.

Of course General Ludendorff spoke as he did, of course he received an ovation from the young men, and of course a socialist demonstration against the Prussian creed of blood and iron was promptly suppressed. It would be shameful if a race hitherto brave and virile allowed their love of their native land and their belief in her ambitions to be intimidated by any armistice or any Treaty of Versailles or any socialist. They saw their great army march home in 1918 with its arms and its banners. They believe that they were balked but not defeated, they intend to carry out their interrupted design, and they stick together, do those military predatory Junkers, as nobody else in Europe—not even France—is sticking together. Of course they shouted when their leader exclaimed, "The destiny of our country will be decided sooner or later by a battle." So would I have shouted, had I been a Prussian; though I abhor their creed of blood and iron and hope they will be prevented from carrying it out, they are in my opinion worthy—according to their lights—of respect. They have an ideal. It is an ideal horrible to an American mind, but they are ready to stand together and die for it; while the British are in a mood of mingled apathy and hysteria, the French are very naturally but very unwisely irritable, and the Italians are in a state of bruised and confused estrangement. We, meanwhile, or far too many of us, are attempting to pretend, in the face of inexorable natural laws, that Europe is no concern of ours.

Never again can anything of any size happen in Europe that will not somehow touch us, do us good or harm. Upper Silesia is going to happen, one way or another.

The League rendered a decision not long after the matter had been turned over to it. This decision was more favorable to Poland than Germany wished. Is Germany going to respect this decision? It does not look as if Ludendorff would, considering his remarks at Königsberg. We face Ludendorff's word about decision by battle. As that is likely to mean the end of Poland as a nation, the meeting of Germany and Russia over Poland's corpse, and a renewed assault upon France, but little reasoning will show that the question of Upper Silesia may prove of very grave concern to the United States.

It need never have arisen, this question, the Supreme Council need never have had to discuss it for months and then helplessly pass it on, but for the way in which it was originally dealt with in the conversations which follow here. They were put in my hands by an eminent Frenchman who was part of it all, and from whom I had leave to do with them what I saw fit. They are of the highest historic and dramatic interest.

II

THE question was first brought up by Mr. Lloyd George on the second of June, 1919. At this meeting he asked that the left bank of the Rhine be not occupied, and that the reparation clauses of the treaty be revised to provide for a lump sum to be paid down at once, reducing the German debt. Then he turned to Upper Silesia, and the material parts of the conversations follow, translated from the French record:

LLOYD GEORGE: My colleagues all say that the eastern frontier of Germany is inadmissible unless it is changed, and if Germany refuses to sign [the treaty] they all think that steps of coercion will not seem justifiable to the country [England]. Moreover they agree with our experts in thinking that as Upper Silesia has not been a part of Poland for six or seven centuries a plebiscite is indispensable. If the plebiscite is favorable to Poland it will be impossible for the Germans to talk of retaliation. That is what would have happened in 1871 if a plebiscite favorable to Germany had been held in Alsace-Lorraine. Besides, I am convinced that the plebiscite will be favorable to Poland.

CLÉMENCEAU: First, as to Poland, amends are to be made for a historic crime, but also there is a barrier between Germany and Russia to be created. Read the interviews of Erzberger, who wishes Poland to be made as weak as possible, because it separates Germany from Russia. Mr. Erzberger adds that Germany, once she is in touch with Russia, can attack France in far better circumstances than in 1914. Is that what you want? Germany in control of Russia? That means that our dead are slain for nothing. That's all I have to remark on this point for the moment.

(June third. Afternoon.)

WILSON: A plebiscite in Upper Silesia seems difficult to me; it would be necessary first to expel the German officials.

LLOYD GEORGE: Do you mean the petty officials?

WILSON: No. I'm thinking of those in charge of the administration.

CLÉMENCEAU: Don't forget that in Germany it's the central power that appoints the mayors.

LLOYD GEORGE: I agree that the chief German authorities ought to go out of the country before any voting.

WILSON: Yes, but it's more than that. Fifteen or twenty big capitalists are the bosses in Upper Silesia.

CLÉMENCEAU: Quite true. Notably Henckel von Donnersmarck.

WILSON: Unless the Germans are absent, a free and honest plebiscite, according to my expert advisers, can't be looked for in a country so long dominated and under constant fear of reprisals.

LLOYD GEORGE: Yet in 1907, in spite of this fear, the Poles won the elections. My experts foresee a plebiscite favorable to Poland. They believe that such a plebiscite will preclude later reprisals by the Germans.

WILSON: There's no trend of German opinion favorable to Upper Silesia; it's a capitalistic affair.

LLOYD GEORGE: Yet the majority of the German Government is socialist, and it is that which is protesting.

WILSON: Yes, for the benefit of the capitalists.

LLOYD GEORGE: I don't agree with you. It is national spirit. Upper Silesia has been separated from Poland for seven hundred years. I ask nothing unreasonable in asking that the inhabitants be allowed to vote. [Let the reader notice the word "inhabitants," used by Mr. Lloyd George. Later on, much turns upon this word.]

WILSON: But I repeat that a free vote will be impossible.

LLOYD GEORGE: Very well, we'll occupy the territory during the vote.

WILSON: Then they'll say that we brought military pressure to bear.

CLÉMENCEAU: One way or another the Germans will always be protesting.

LLOYD GEORGE: None the less the vote will have been cast. Furthermore, how are the Germans going to intimidate a resisting industrial community? We've gone through that in Wales, and got the better of the big owners.

WILSON: You're comparing dissimilar things.

LLOYD GEORGE: But I tell you that the elections have gone for the Poles in the localities which concern us.

WILSON: Those were local elections and not a plebiscite to determine nationality.

CLÉMENCEAU: We haven't promised any plebiscite in this region.

LLOYD GEORGE: It's Mr. Wilson who has proclaimed on every occasion the right of self-determination. We're providing plebiscites for the Saar, Fiume, Klagenfurt, so why deny one to Upper Silesia?

WILSON: I go back on none of my principles, but I don't want the Poles to come under German pressure.

LLOYD GEORGE: You're employing the argument you opposed when Mr. Orlando was using it about Dalmatia.

WILSON: That is simply absurd. What I'm after is an honestly free vote. Now I am advised that the Germans are getting ready for military action in Upper Silesia.

LLOYD GEORGE: All the more reason for a plebiscite.

WILSON: Well then, what are you offering us?

LLOYD GEORGE: The same procedure as in East Prussia.

WILSON: And if the Germans decline to obey the decision of the League of Nations?

CLÉMENCEAU: You're going to ask them to promise; they'll promise, and they'll not keep it. Is that what you want?

LLOYD GEORGE: I don't exclude military occupation of the plebiscite zone as a hypothesis.

WILSON: I tell you that Germany will say that pressure was used.

LLOYD GEORGE: One division would suffice.

WILSON: Suffice for them to accuse us of pressure.

LLOYD GEORGE: I want peace. I know from a reliable source that the question of Upper Silesia is the most important one to the Germans. I prefer sending one division into Silesia rather than armies to Berlin.

CLÉMENCEAU: Who says you'll have the choice?

LLOYD GEORGE: I don't want to repeat the madness of Napoleon in Russia, and be in Berlin as he was in Moscow.

CLÉMENCEAU: It's a bit late to say all that.

WILSON: The point is to find out if our decision is equitable. Let them show a mistake as to race, and I am ready to correct it; but the threat that Germany will refuse to sign is of small interest to me. If the Germans have something valid to say as to Upper Silesia I'm willing to go into the question.

LLOYD GEORGE: It's not at all too late. The treaty of May seventh is not an ultimatum. We must hear the Germans. My colleagues in the government think so too. The Germans ask nothing unreasonable in asking that the inhabitants be consulted [Notice again the word "inhabitants" used by Mr. Lloyd George]; as to the freedom of the vote, that is our business: if Germany rejects a plebiscite favorable to Poland the British Army will march enthusiastically to Berlin. That's what I require. I must have the English people with me in case of trouble.

WILSON: It seems to me we are further apart than we were at the start. My point is that a "no" from Germany isn't reason enough for changing our decisions. I am ready to change them in every case where we can be proved in the wrong.

LLOYD GEORGE: There are other considerations. Why refuse secondary changes if they facilitate the signing? It's my conviction that the plebiscite will both give Upper Silesia to Poland and facilitate the signature.

WILSON: Your intentions are excellent, but if we send troops we shall be accused of exercising pressure. I should prefer taking other guaranties to insure the freedom of the vote, and not sending any troops.

CLÉMENCEAU: I have listened attentively to both of you, and here's my objection: you want to avoid difficulties, you're going to create worse ones. A plebiscite is ideal, but not in Germany, where liberty has never existed. To decide on a plebiscite and wash your hands of it would be very nice, but it would be a crime against the Poles. Occupation of the plebiscite zone remains, in which case Germany will say that pressure has been used—and do you know what will happen? In six months, in a year, right in the midst of peace you'll have all the bothers of war, and then the situation will probably be more difficult than it is to-day. You say, Monsieur Lloyd George, that you don't wish to go to Berlin; no more do I. If we have caused millions of soldiers to be killed it was to save our existence. You say that you want to learn the choice of Upper Silesia; I reply that under German rule Upper Silesia can't make a free choice, and that with interallied occupation the Germans will claim that the plebiscite was queered. You wish to quiet racial passions; you're going to inflame them. There are times when the simplest and wisest thing is to say no. We believe that we have made a fair treaty. Let's stick to it. A plebiscite and an occupation mean quarrels for to-morrow, battles perhaps; in a word, the very opposite of what you desire.

LLOYD GEORGE: But if you're afraid of German resistance it will come about much more if there is no plebiscite, and we must recognize that from the standpoint of right Germany will be in a better position than ourselves.

WILSON: We have said on our basis of the peace that all the indisputably Polish provinces must come back to Poland.

(Continued on Page 33)

THE TIDE RUNNER

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

FROM the gray point of beach where Lindley Mays stood he could see, across a mile or so of water, the low silhouette of another pleasure city by the sea. It was like that, he reflected without enthusiasm, along the entire Jersey coast—stupid, gathered cottages about stupid entertainments on the monotonous breaking of identical waves. He didn't like it, he asserted silently; he didn't like any of it; and he'd be delighted to be back in Steelton, almost shut down as that metropolis of obdurate metal was. Mays' general dissatisfaction concentrated on a small group of boats, some with power, and others—sneak boxes and garvies—solely dependent on oars and the direction of the tide, anchored only a short distance out from where he stood. In every boat someone, everyone, was fishing; they were fishing, he added—he had surveyed them on three different occasions now—but never by any chance was a fish caught.

This afforded him a rather satirical amusement. Fishing at best, it was Lindley Mays' conviction, was a pastime for boys; rewarded by the most Gargantuan spoils, it yet failed to stir him; but to sit as the men beyond were sitting, hour after hour, cutting up crabs and at regular intervals hauling up masses of dripping seaweed—he had no term sufficiently pointed to express his opinion of all that.

Footsteps, smothered in the sand, stopped at his side; and half turning, ungraciously, he saw the tall, emaciated figure of the old man with a bedraggled gray beard who sat at the table next to his at the Beachwood Inn. The other regarded the fishermen with a peering interest under a discolored and corrugated hand.

"I shouldn't be surprised but they'd get one," he remarked.

Mays shortly demanded, "One what?"

"Why, a tide runner! They come in here the last of the ebb, big weakfish; sometimes they weigh as high as ten pounds."

"When," Mays asked, "was the latest one caught? Contemporaneous with the Civil War?"

The man who had joined him laughed, sniggered appreciatively, and executed an uncertain slap on Lindley Mays' back.

"But they do get them!" he insisted.

Mays glared at him. The doddering old ass! What did he mean by pounding him on the back? He walked abruptly away, choosing the more difficult path of return to the hotel in order to free himself from such unendurable company. He marched directly, erect and fastidious and angry, through the soft sand on the face of the beach.

On his left there were scattered cottages, sand colored like everything about him—the shingles, the sea, the sky and the strand. Back of them, under the sunset, there was the metallic gleam of the bay; and ahead was the dejected angle, once white, of the hotel. A summer resort overtaken, he felt, by an appropriate indigence. His immaculate buckskin shoes already held a drift of sand each; the folds of his trousers were heavy with the cursed stuff. This was Friday—very well, on Monday he'd leave. Then he'd have stayed ten days with his Aunt Susan, and no one could ask, expect, more of him at Beachwood.

It was incredible, but his Aunt Susan liked it here; she liked the place, she liked the hotel and she liked the people. Yet she had always been like that—Christian, sympathetic, humane. It was a disease with her. This would not have been so bad but for the fact that she was continually urging him to a parallel Christianity. There, she would say, was Mrs. Beesley, she with the diamond sunburst—she had been saying to Susan only to-day how distinguished-looking Mr. Mays was.

"If you introduce me to her," Lindley had threatened, "I'll go back to Steelton in the morning."

And Mr. Poffer—Aunt Susan begged her disdainful nephew to consider Mr. Poffer.

"A very superior gentleman who has traveled extensively, and a great reader. He finds the most curious and rare shells along the beach. You couldn't help but regard him. And young Costard, and the girls—Ellen and Margie and that tall Gertrude Links. Why, dear sakes, Lindley, you're nothing but a young limb yourself! You're so serious, yes, and successful. I keep forgetting that. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and I won't put up for another minute with your whims. If they ask you to play horse and pepper ——"

"Well, You Don't Like Me a Bit Better'n I Do You. And the Time is Coming When You Will Get Yours"

However, he acknowledged, he did very much care for his Aunt Susan. They, only two, were all that was left of their families. Lindley, in Steelton, was alone—he couldn't quite have her live with him—and his aunt boarded with an attentive woman in Pottstown. Young and successful! Yes, he admitted, he was both of those, but relatively only—thirty-nine and superintendent of the open hearth of the Rosallen Steelworks. He was superintendent now, but in a few years, when the suspension following the war was over, he'd be more. No one had helped him either; he had been absolutely, all the while, without influence. Lindley Mays added this aggressively, gazing antagonistically at a gull wheeling in the air. He had left home at sixteen. While he was gone it had been dissolved, lost, in death; and when he had no particular place to go, no one but his Aunt Susan, he had accomplished infinitely more than his greatest early hope. It was really as amazing as it was gratifying. He recalled his rooms outside Steelton, the perfection of a masculine order and severe good taste, his automobile, a machine of high power and quiet color, the people he knew, the dinners in houses where menservants in maroon waistcoats took his hat and gloves and stick.

For Lindley Mays these were not trivial, inconsiderable things. Even more than symbols, they were important realities. Ease and grace of circumstance had always been a part of his dreams, his necessity; he liked formal occasions, drawing-rooms, serious men in dinner jackets and charming women at the piano. Outside steel—his main, his passionate preoccupation in life—he was engaged only by the greatest obtainable urbanity. A slight man with gray-blond hair, a steady, intolerant gaze and domineering nose, his clothes were the object of an unfailing attention. It was a peculiarity, a recognized pose, of Lindley Mays to be dressed at the open hearth as though it were a social engagement. The truth was that a great part of his recognition, his feeling of victory, lay precisely in that niceness of apparel and surroundings.

On the other hand, he admitted to himself, he was perhaps a little stiff with what merely annoyed his exaggerated sense of fitness. It might be that, considered frankly, he was touched with snobbery. Not that he cared. He demanded a certain kind of thing from life and people; he was prepared to give it in return, and anything else was sentimental nonsense. Lindley Mays told himself that he saw existence more clearly than the majority of men, than all women—there was nothing more to that.

Two other attitudes of mind occupied him: He had an academic interest in socialism applied to labor, the conviction that labor, blind to the magnificence of its present opportunity, was rapidly losing the force of a great impetus; and the theory that women were inferior as an affair to men.

Lindley Mays was exact about whatever his mind attended, but his exactness about the whole feminine show and bag of tricks outdid all his other precisions of thought. In the kitchen, certainly; in the nursery, yes; charming in the evening, most assuredly; but nothing else, no more. Women were not, outside these narrow provinces, to be taken, listened to, with any seriousness. And for him, for Lindley Mays, marriage was not even to be weighed—or at least for a space of years yet; at forty-four or five, perhaps, he might find a woman who summed up all that he called desirable. She must be thirty-five, slender and inactive. He didn't care what color her hair was, but she must not have brown eyes.

Irreproachably placed in society, naturally; a beautiful taste in self-adornment, inevitably; and with a European experience. She'd read French books with yellow-paper covers, never knit; and discuss with him, in a full grave voice, over the coffee, the problems of socialism and the symphony programs for the winter.

His room at the Beachwood Inn was narrow, with a single window, filled with a dingy netting, on the sea, a yellow-pine bed, a yellow-pine bureau, a painted washstand with the conventional primitive crockery, and—and his correct wardrobe trunk. On the bureau his brushes and ivory comb, the articles of his toilet, were laid in an undeviating order; his shaving implements—the brush carefully dried in the sun and the latest cream in a tube—reproached the washstand by their superiority. Down the hall was the bath; on a rack on the door was Mays' impressive bath robe. Altogether he was as uncomfortable as possible. Next year he'd insist on his Aunt Susan going somewhere else; to the Berkshires, he thought. He could motor up there in his car, live with an approximation of decency. But—here he sighed—his aunt, he knew, would be unhappy at Great Barrington; through all the rest of the year she looked forward to Beachwood. To Beachwood he'd have to come back. Not actually that, at heart, he minded; or at least his affection, rigorously

hidden, for his aunt was more insistent than any incidental discomfort.

He loved her and was irritated with her constantly; while her adoration for him—even he could call it no less—laid an endless obligation on him.

At dinner, for instance, she never thought of what she might like but consulted the menu solely in the interest of her nephew.

She asked the attending African—a prodigious shape innocently looped with imitation jewels—if the fish were specially nice; Mr. Mays liked fish at its best; or if the steak were tender—Mr. Mays preferred it thick, remember.

"I wish you wouldn't bother, Aunt Susan," he said abruptly. "Think of yourself, please. Do you or do you not care for the bread pudding?"

In a hotel, she pointed out, she didn't.

"Very well then, nuts and fruit," he ordered.

She informed him that this evening the hotel parlors were to be given up to a progressive bridge.

"I told Mrs. Beesley how nicely you played, Lindley; and she was very particularly hoping you'd join in. You couldn't expect any high stakes, though, she said, but play for the fun of it."

The fun, he replied, was nonexistent. His aunt sighed.

"I wish you weren't so dreadfully particular. I'm sure they lay some of it to me. Mrs. Dickerman was almost rude about her daughter. She told the porch right out—I was so embarrassed—that she didn't have to haul a net for her girl. In Jenkinville, she said, all the men ——"

What did it matter, he broke in, about Jenkinville? She, Aunt Susan, mustn't let the crotcheted cats bother her. She couldn't, the fact was, grasp the extent, the truth, of his success. She had always, or until now, been in straitened circumstance, with an invalid husband—happily, Mays thought, dead—and a limited society. He was certain that the money he sent her was put away, hidden; she never bought a dress or a hat unless he dragooned her or actually bought it for her. Something might yet happen, she informed him stubbornly; he might get sick or suddenly need what he had sent her. She regarded money, life, this late prosperity, timidly.

"Remember," he instructed her as they rose from the table, "don't introduce me to Mrs. Beesley or anyone else; and I won't play bridge. Sit on the porch, if you like, and I'll take a little walk before we go to bed."

Outside the dining-room door a spare woman, irradiated with the sparkle and confidence of a glittering cluster of diamonds, swept resolutely up to them.

"Dear Mrs. Susan," she exclaimed, "I positively must speak to your charming nephew. You have spoken of him so much that I feel an introduction to be superfluous."

Lindley Mays formally shook hands.

"Have you spoken to him about the bridge to-night?" Mrs. Beesley demanded, her head inclined, birdwise, to one side. "Simply everyone, and such a good cause. Your aunt has hinted at your naughty gambling in the upper crust, but perhaps we can contrive to stay together."

Mays was, he replied adequately, sorry; but he intended to be very quiet at Beachwood, to get to bed as early as possible. He thanked Mrs. Beesley, and her cordiality evaporated; indeed, she became almost acrimonious.

"I suppose we couldn't really expect to amuse you," she added. "Some can't appreciate a quiet gentility; and not, either, that we haven't with us blood as good as any. All is not gold ——"

She nodded to Mays' distracted aunt, and, withdrawing, she left them to finish significantly the quotation she had with such an apt sarcasm indicated. He muttered an uncomplimentary phrase. His Aunt Susan, almost at the verge of tears, said nothing.

"Why can't they let me alone?" he asked.

"Because, my dear, you let them."

He gazed, astonished, at his companion. She was of course right. It couldn't be helped, he went on. He came to Beachwood to see her, and he would not be dragged into a lot of dull talk and pointless games. He might have added that in order to be with her he had declined several invitations for precisely the sort of thing, of people, he best liked. But this, in his fondness for her, he omitted. Nevertheless, he wasn't able to banish his captious temper.

Three, the Youth on Her Right Declared, Was a Crowd! Lindley Mays Had Had No Idea That Those Old Proverbs Were Still in Circulation

In his room, before bed, he took a judicious drink of the excellent whisky he had had with him—excellent, that was, before the recent introduction of a modifying bulk of water. The bottle had been in his wardrobe trunk among the neckties, and a hasty investigation showed them to have been—well, scrambled. It was outrageous, and he crossed the floor to ring for a servant, to summon the manager. However, he stopped midway. It would do no good, secure nothing beyond a polite expression of regret; and, exasperated, he poured the adulterated spirits into the oppressive inelegance of a slop jar. He dressed for a blazing morning sun with his usual care—the white flannels with the stripe, dull blue socks and necktie, and the tan shoes with perforations. His handkerchiefs, initialed and fine linen, he counted suspiciously, and was almost annoyed to find them correct in number. Refolding one, he placed it in his breast pocket with just the right proportion showing, moved his comb an inch to the right on the bureau, scanned himself critically in a mirror, where a blister gave his face the appearance of a painful and grotesque swelling, and went down to breakfast.

His Aunt Susan, with a restrained eagerness and a knitted sack about which he should have to speak, was waiting for him at the foot of the stairs.

"I felt a little creepy," she explained as, awkwardly, he pushed her and her chair into place. "Good morning, Ida," she addressed the waitress. "Take Mr. Mays' order now, right quick, that's a good girl. The people at your other table are hurrying in, and if they get hold of you dear knows when he'll get anything to eat. Will you try a little piece of meat this morning, Lindley? And, Ida, speak in the kitchen about having Mr. Mays' fried potatoes dry—he can't eat fried potatoes unless they are nice and dry. If you don't forget us we won't forget you." Again, vainly, Lindley Mays begged his aunt, if only for a moment, to forget him.

"I saw a very good-looking jacket in New York," he proceeded diplomatically. "It was made of camel's hair, or some such warm and soft stuff. I'll order it for you."

He mustn't—he must not, she protested. Camel's hair was too expensive for sensible folks. What she had on, she knew, wasn't stylish; but it would do; no one would look at her, an old woman.

"Aunt Susan," he spoke slowly, "I have around fifty thousand dollars a year, and a very good bank statement. There is no one to share that but you, since probably I won't marry, and if I do it will be a rich woman. Won't you try to understand that? Tell yourself, please, that you can have ten camel's hair jackets—twenty." She laughed nervously.

"I know you're doing splendid, Lindley, and you have a lot of money. But you might need it—say, in business; and then you might fall sick—sickness is dreadfully dear. A doctor in Pottstown—Pottstown, mind you—charged me five dollars for no more than a look at my eyes; one look. I was frightened all the rest of the day."

Through the noon hour for bathing, a small but vivacious group, the girls in jersey suits or the scrappiest of skirts, but all with their stockings rolled, the youths and men scantily and hopefully unclad in the manner of professional athletes, filled the beach with movement and sound. There was the batted ball, descending hard and precariously, the heedless backward run striving for a catch; there were the umbrella, the magazine and fragmentary sweater; the desperate wrestlers and toppling pyramid; the masculine tyranny dragging a shrieking feminine guile into the waves—it was, Lindley Mays reflected, all there. He sat, slender and inconspicuous in his dark swimming clothes, outside this vigorous, familiar play of high holiday spirit. At times he watched it with a detached critical amusement, and at times he was lost in more serious considerations—the steel market and a small dinner he'd give in Steelton. After a week he was aware of the individual figures, the friskers, on the beach; and consequently he more or less immediately recognized, in the most flamboyant of scarlet jersey suits, a girl who was a newcomer. Already, though, she had entered into the tempo of the occasion. She had thrown a ball; inserted, with a cry, a toe into the edge of the water; and finally immersed herself in company with the youngest and most vociferous. A large, healthy, loud variety of girl; an obvious sort of girl, radiating fellowship. A woman, Lindley told himself, should be as secretive, as withdrawn, as the bud of a flower. He forgot her, but shortly after, leaving the water, the vividness of her elastic jersey unquenched by the sea, her ringing laughter brought her an additional glance of condemnation from Mays.

He swam, not too daringly far from the land, floated in a pleasant privacy, resumed his exact clothes and regretted that he had thrown away even an adulterated whisky—a silly act of irritation. His aunt was at the bottom of the stairs, visibly restraining her obnoxious eagerness to get into the dining room; and he informed her, drawn into the objectionable throng about the opening wide doors, that something past two was as early as lunch should be thought of. Here, at the Beachwood Inn, his Aunt Susan replied, if he waited that long there'd be nothing to eat. As it was ——

"Where is our table?" Lindley Mays demanded.

"'Deed if I know," she replied, confused.

Undoubtedly the small table, the table for two upon which Lindley had insisted, paid for, had vanished; where it had stood was a large friendly affair laid for six. The head waitress came forward.

"I'm sorry," she told him, "but this is Saturday, and we needed the room. It is too crowded for the girls to get around now." She drew back one of the chairs from the six.

"I won't sit there," Mays declared.

A deep flush, a shrinking, abject misery, flooded his aunt, and she laid a hand on his sleeve.

"Oh, Lindley," she whispered, "sit down like a good boy. They'll hear you. Don't be particular this once." He gazed at her, frowning.

"Can't you see how impossible it would be?" he asked. "Strangers!"

The head waitress abruptly left the chair she had held, and her manner accurately conveyed the information that he could take that place—or depart from the dining room. His aunt was now dragging at his sleeve.

"Lindley, they are looking at us."

He begged her not to pull his sleeve out. Then, collecting himself, he stiffly assisted her to be seated. It would be, after this, the Berkshires or nothing.

"And remember, please," he instructed her, "no introductions or personal comments; nothing but a decent good morning. Nothing!" She nodded. "If you once attach yourself to people in a small place like this you can never get rid of them."

There was a stir of arrival, of skirts and suspended voices behind him; he saw the head waitress, and bending a frozen regard on his plate he resolutely ignored the scraping of chairs, the sighs and sounds at the table.

When, unavoidably, he looked up his worst fears were confirmed. Directly opposite him was a short, rotund man with a gleaming bald head and anxiously friendly pale

blue eyes. There was a woman with an old-fashioned friz of brown hair across her forehead; a sullen, emaciated young man with a clipped head; and a large, fresh-cheeked girl in a starched white waist and rank perfume. The instant Mays' gaze wavered the man with the bald head met him with the assertion that the weather was elegant. Lindley executed a short movement of the head that might have been construed as the merest indication of a nod. He was aware, without seeing her, of the struggle taking place in his aunt, the contest between her desire to please him and her general indiscriminate humanity. For the moment, heroically, she held to the former.

"It's all right so far," the woman with the friz modified the first statement.

"Now we're here," the mouth under the clipped head proclaimed—"now, if you're going to be accurate, I'm here, it'll rain continuous."

With so much talk there was no need for Mays to reply anywhere. But his Aunt Susan, who had been breathing with an increased velocity, lost the dignity of her unnatural remoteness.

"Oh, I hope not!" she declared. "The weather ought to be good now."

"You mustn't pay any attention to Gus," the girl spoke now. "He's always looking for the worst." Gus, in parenthesis, muttered that the worst looked for him. "I wonder he ever gets out of bed," she continued.

Her mother—there was no doubt of the relationship—took the narrative of Gus away from her.

"He takes right after me," she explained concisely. "Him that expects nothing won't be disappointed. That's been my motto. However and although it's not Henry's and Leila's." Lindley Mays' Aunt Susan, now irrevocably lost, exclaimed in a voice of deep interest, "You don't say! Well, that's fair, isn't it—your son, if he is that, follows after you, and your daughter after her father."

"I suppose," said the latter, "that is your big boy beside you."

Lindley Mays shuddered; but his aunt hastily, humbly even, disavowed so much honor. "No, my sister's son."

He, with the sinking realization that nothing now probably could stop her, shook a silent and forbidding command at her.

"My sister's son," she repeated eagerly, with a little flush of pride rising to her dry cheeks. "A finer boy don't live, I can assure you. He's just the soul of generosity, though he'd rather die than let anyone see it. And successful—my! He left home in his first long trousers for those terribly hot steel furnaces, and now, under forty, he's a superintendent and a stockholder, and gracious knows what else he is and's going to be. Only this morning, at this very table—well, right here he told me to get twenty camel's hair jackets! Expensive as they are, he said twenty, and meant it." He nodded a great many times, sharply. "But what he wants to hide it for is beyond me. I tell him to let his candle shine—folks will get a wrong impression of him, think he's stuck up or something."

"As soon as I sat down," the shadowed young man asserted, "I saw that he was stuck up."

The father of Augustus was facially and vocally dismayed by this candor, but the mother was undisturbed.

"You'll have to get used to him," she said complacently; "he's always truthful. No matter what's expected, Augustus will speak out."

The girl explained, "He's a socialist."

Lindley Mays shot a hard, measuring glance at the subject of discussion which the other by no means missed.

"I'm no kid-glove kind, either," he told Mays. "I don't sit in a superintendent's office with one ear glued to a wire from the directors and the stock market."

His sister robustly begged him not to talk politics, and the waitress laid a plate before Lindley. Lord, it was only the soup! They would never, he felt, escape from this impossible scene.

An awkward but preferable silence took the place of so much energy of talk. Once, turning to his aunt, Lindley found the girl's eyes speculatively upon him. They were the brownest eyes imaginable. There, he thought, contained in one person, were all, all the qualities he most disliked in women—a large body, a vigorous manner, eyes exactly the wrong color, vulgarity, unspeakable relatives, a total lack of the secretiveness, the charm, of the bud of a rose.

He said to his Aunt Susan, cuttingly, when they had reached the temporary safety of the porch, that for a moment he had thought she was about to tell them the amount of his income.

"Why, Lindley," she cried, distressed, "I wouldn't think of it—your private business!" Tears were in her eyes.

"Well," he admitted, "it doesn't, I suppose, really matter. We'll never see these people again; they are so frightful that it's almost funny. I shall be going home soon. But after this, if it's possible, let them do the talking." She solemnly promised to remember, adhere to this.

The day was hot, and there was a second, an afternoon, period of sea bathing. Lindley Mays, in his customary remote place of observation, now identified Leila, the sister of Augustus. She wore an inconspicuous suit, with a becoming skirt, of black. At the same time her figure, her gestures, were at once familiar and different in that setting. It seemed that he remembered her on the sand from morning, and yet he couldn't place her. It didn't matter. She engaged herself tepidly with the ball, the running and pulling and shouts; but soon, with her hands clasped about her knees, sat quiet and alone. As, later, he passed her she nodded and smiled.

At dinner Mays held his aunt's gaze briefly in a silent warning. But presently: "During the war," she proclaimed, "Lindley had charge of the most important and secret government work; and right now ——" She broke off, nodded mysteriously: "But I can't say anything about that."

"I can guess," Augustus replied. "He's making guns for the Japanese or fittings for supersubs. Getting ready for the next commercial war."

There was a command from his father for Augustus to be still.

"I don't blame him," the mother put in. "It makes me mad, too, to think about—the way capital goes on."

"The working man," Lindley explained incautiously, "is throwing away, one by one, his possibilities."

"Is that so?" The other's sarcasm was as thick as the butter. "Have you told that at any of the brotherhood meetings? But, with your nose still on, I can see you haven't. And you went up from the shops! You're a traitor, and you can take it or leave it. 'S all one to me."

What, exactly, Mays asked, did he do?

"He's an inventor." Again, it was the protective maternal voice that spoke. Mays' eyebrows climbed.

"Never you mind about that," Augustus silenced his mother. Lindley mentally freed himself from the surrounding clamor.

"You don't have to live with him," the girl told him. "He's like this continual." An angry flush stained her cheeks. "It's just too bad, mamma, and I warned you before we came about such goings on. When he's out in society Augustus will have to be quiet. Why, he'll just queer me, all of us, every time he speaks!"

"Did I want to come?" her brother asked cuttingly. "Answer me, did I? Do I like society and dressing up your neck and down your ideas? Didn't I say let me stay home with some canned goods? But no, nothing would suit but I'd come to the shore."

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It Was Incredible, But His Aunt Susan Liked It Here; She Liked the Place, She Liked the Hotel and She Liked the People

HOPPY STRIKES TWELVE

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IN THAT stage of my life, when an attempt to appear cynical and even hardened did battle in me with a vast deal of hidden sentimentality, I should not have described Hoppy McBride as a friend. He lit in my soul none of that fine interior glow which I had been taught to believe the main symptom of true friendship. At best, he interested me. At worst, he raised in me a faint irritation. Also, from the high viewpoint of my university education—which I was just young enough to take seriously—I looked down on him a trifle. He gathered and touched up the news for the Mercury, one of the yellowest newspapers between the two oceans; I gathered and toned down the news for the Courier, which was conservative in most things and as literary as it dared to be, considering that our town had less than half a million inhabitants. Hoppy McBride seemed to entertain no ambition higher than to become some day the city editor, bossing others as he himself was now bossed, while I had a secret expectation of reforming the American drama or of becoming the American Keats—I was not exactly sure which—and affected to regard my newspaper copy as mere hack work.

"What Do You Want?" Asked the Invalid in a Thick Voice. "I Understand You're Up Against It," Said Hoppy

The circumstances in which I met Hoppy McBride may serve to explain my interest. Our town had its first Black Hand case. To this day I am not sure whether there ever was such a society as the Black Hand or whether the free-lance blackmailer in signing that dread phrase simply takes advantage of a specter raised by the yellow newspapers. For two or three years the wires from New York had brought us occasional news of Black Hand extortions, kidnapings and even murders before quite suddenly the specter appeared in our town. Giuseppe Sarfora, prosperous wine and cheese merchant, reported to the police that his little son, Tony, eight years old, had been kidnaped; and he showed a letter, printed in Italian, saying: "We hold your son for ten thousand dollars ransom. Pay it and he continues to live. You know how to find us." It was signed with a crude ink drawing of a black hand.

Of course all this was meat and drink to Hoppy's paper. On the day when the story broke, the Mercury, by wiles and cajoleries, rounded up the entire Sarfora family and kept them almost in durance until four in the morning, photographing them, interviewing them and noting their emotions the meanwhile. Had it not been that the Mercury won the last election and held the municipal government in the hollow of its hand, there might have been strong reprisals from the police. As things stood, it sailed gayly along, unrebuked. For a week the Morning Mercury splashed the Black Hand case, with photographs and diagrams, all over the front page. For a week the Evening Mercury exhausted every resource of the human imagination in devising or inventing, from the slenderest of news, a seven-column head on the Sarfora story for each separate and successive edition.

We on the Courier had been following along in our sober way, lightly but uncertainly sneering at the Black Hand, and hinting, as near to the law of libel as we dared, that Signor Sarfora, while playing with the police, was also in communication with the blackmailers and would some day lose his nerve. There was no real news after the first flash; the police knew nothing, and hid their ignorance under mysterious suggestions of clews. Little Italy would tell nothing. Bowes, our star, was taken off the story on the third day; by the seventh evening it had fallen so low in importance that I, a cub, was assigned to what we called the Sarfora death watch.

By now there was nothing to do but ricochet between the South Side police station and the Sarfora home, three blocks away. I was supposed to stay on the job until half past one, the closing moment for our second and city edition.

At a quarter past one, while I sat in a spare chair before the sergeant's desk sleepily blocking out a second act, a plain-clothes man in an unusual state of excitement for a policeman burst into the station and, addressing the desk without the formality of a salute, panted, "Jim, he's come back—this Sarfora kid!"

I sprang to his side.

"Is that straight?" I asked.

At this moment, intensely interested though I was in business, I noted only dimly that a little man had just entered the station, had pushed up to the other side of the detective and was listening too.

"As a string," said the detective. "I ain't stringin' you. I was jest passin' the Sarfora house when I heard a row inside. I looked in. They was all makin' a fuss over the kid. He'd just knocked at the door and walked in. I come down to report right away. I'm ——"

"Did you get any particulars?" I asked.

"Nope. That's all."

Before he had finished the sentence I had broken for the telephone. Behind me I heard the other man running, and realized that he must be a reporter and a rival. We were not allowed to use the police wire; I had already staked out an instrument at the corner saloon. I caught the office, got the rewrite man who was holding down the late watch, flashed all the news.

"Wait a minute—I ——" said the rewrite man.

Right there the connection broke and the telephone went dead; and the bartender, hearing my frantic clattering on the hook, remarked that she was probably busted again.

I took counsel with myself. I must, before the night was done, see the Sarforas. But that was no good for to-morrow; the Courier never issued a third edition for anything short of a presidential murder. The next thing, apparently, was to get another telephone and find what the rewrite man wanted. I remembered then that there was an all-night drug store two blocks away. As I entered I saw that my rival was seated at the telephone desk, presenting a rear view of a shabby black overcoat and a rusty derby hat; and as I came into ear range I could hear that he was speaking, in a firm, slightly oratorical voice, but without pause or stop, as follows:

"And the frantic mother throwing herself on her knees raised her shaking hands to heaven and cried quote at last at last my precious child is restored unquote new sentence the uncle of the boy ——"

By this time, entranced with the proceeding and realizing that it was this telephone or none at all, I had drawn near.

He looked up and saw me, apparently recognized me for another reporter on the case, and asked, "Say, old man, what's the name of the little son of a gun's uncle?" His voice was quite natural; he spoke with that accent peculiar to our gas-house district.

"Michelo Sarfora," I prompted.

"Thanks." Now the round, oratorical tone again: "—— Michelo Sarfora when the mother momentarily relaxed her tender hold seizing the tot in his strong arms embraced him with passionate Italian ardor quote oh unquote he cried quote death to those who have so wronged the Sarforas exclamation point unquote the father too showed by his dark glances that his first overwhelming joy had been succeeded by thoughts of revenge paragraph pale comma haggard comma showing by his apparent weakness the ordeal he had undergone the child nevertheless answered readily the eager questions of his overjoyed

relations period unfortunately he was so bewildered that he could recall little except an old Italian woman wearing a red kerchief who constantly threatened him with death if he made outcry period new sentence at this revelation of the peril in which her darling had been placed the mother fell prostrated to the floor ——" So his lurid improvisation poured on and on for ten minutes more. "The police believe they have important clews to the criminals stop that's all for now," he concluded, and yielded me the telephone.

As he rose with a quick apology I noticed that he had a fat, impassive face up to the eyes, which were very bright and somewhat popped, that his collar was frayed, and likewise his necktie, that his striped trousers were considerably bagged.

"Taking long?" he asked in a natural voice. "Anything private? Then we might go to the Sarforas' together and see what's doin'."

I ascertained that the rewrite man's inquiry meant nothing and joined my colleague. Upon introducing myself I found that he was Hopwood McBride, of the Morning Mercury. "But they always call me Hoppy," he said.

I tried to chat pleasantly on the case and other newspaper topics; his answers were friendly, but brief. The contrast between this natural terseness of the man in his moments of ease and that flow of professional eloquence, composed without hitch or stop, was the beginning of Hoppy McBride's fascination for me. I was further greatly intrigued by his wealth of frank imagination. He, no more than I, had visited the Sarforas since Tony came home. He, too, had received his first and only news of the event when the plain-clothes man rushed into the station.

All this happened in the spring. In the course of the summer and autumn I gradually rose on the Courier until I was more and more often worthy of going out on stories where I ran against Hoppy McBride. I cultivated him; and gradually he seemed to show a preference for me. Why anyone should take to the affected, disdainful young cub I was in those days I cannot now see. Perhaps it was because I was the only person who had ever sought him out. He had not the qualities that made for popularity in our circle. To begin with, in a crowd where liberality even to extravagance was a pose, where dining on free lunch the night before pay day was a matter of boasting, Hoppy McBride figured as economical, as a tightwad. At our second meeting I offered him a drink. He refused, then and always. I put it down to temperance principles, until I found him one day having a drink with a bartender and realized that he refused because he did not want to buy. His newspaper, like mine, turned a searchlight eye upon expense accounts. We were allowed carfare to any point more than seven blocks away. Whenever Hoppy McBride had an assignment within reasonable walking distance—ten blocks, say—and the story admitted of a leisurely approach, he used to walk, and enter the carfare on his expense account. He was perfectly frank with me about this small economy, which he did not regard as dishonest.

"They give me the nickel to ride, don't they?" he said. "If I save the nickel, it's up to me, ain't it?"

Nobey Dixon, his city editor—a man of amazing inventiveness and a touch of pomposity—was known to fancy himself. It was one of our stock stories that in starting out a cub reporter Dixon used to say, "For industry, emulate Mr. McBride; for brilliance, emulate—er—me." Most of the rank and file in the newspapers of our city were paid on the old-fashioned space-and-assignment system. You reported, if you worked for a morning newspaper, at one o'clock, got your afternoon assignment. For that you received two dollars. At six o'clock you were passed out your evening assignment. That brought you another dollar. Sometimes they sent you out in the morning, too; and you made all of four dollars a day—which was highly good wages in those times of low costs of living. For anything in the way of news which you found absolutely for yourself, with no suggestion, hint, innuendo or inference from the city desk, you got space at the rich rate of twenty cents an inch.

I have never known such a thorough, systematic space hunter as Hoppy McBride. The world was to him a placer claim, its sands filled with twenty-cent flakes awaiting the digger. And Hoppy dug persistently. He had a staff of queer acquaintances, all chosen because they were affording of small news—secretaries of local improvement clubs, clerks of cheap hotels and tramp lodging houses, clergymen, priests, bartenders. When you walked with Hoppy he was constantly dashing into obscure buildings to ask, "Anything doing to-day?" The items which he gathered so were mere fillers usually, but they mounted up in the aggregate. Once he showed me his space bill, which he had carefully pasted at home. He had two columns and a quarter; and not a story in the batch was more than five inches long. Now and then he struck a nugget—a good story which the police or the city desk had missed and which ran a whole column.

This on the side; on his regular job of decorating ready-made assignments Hoppy proved always as dazzlingly yellow as I had observed him to be on the night when Tony Sarfora came home. He saw life that way. Once when we were both doing night police an unconscious girl was brought into the receiving hospital from the river front. She had taken morphine—and failed to die. She had destroyed all marks of identity in her clothes. They were neat, though a little flashy; but even my masculine eye could see that they were cheap too. I put her down as a shopgirl, drawn to the gates of death by some tragedy of love or dreariness. When we returned to the reporters' room and I had finished telephoning my brief account—it was too late at night to write it—I overheard Hoppy at the telephone: "Beautiful woman"—"richly dressed"—"undoubtedly a society girl"—"every appearance of a home of wealth and refinement." On it went in that oratorical and dramatic tone which Hoppy assumed when composing his masterpieces.

"Hoppy," I said casually when he had finished, "how do you get that? You can see she's a nice little girl, but she's no more a society girl than I'm a traction magnate."

I threw out this remark not by way of correcting Hoppy McBride but just to bore a little into his psychology. He turned on me, the pop eyes over his impassive face still bright with creation, his voice still a little oratorical.

"Sure she's a prominent society girl," he said. "Look at her clothes—and her beauty!"

I said no more. His tone carried absolute conviction. Hoppy, it was plain, believed himself.

One night, walking home from an anarchist meeting in the gas-house district, Hoppy opened up a corner of his life to me and I got part of the answer. It appeared that he greatly admired and envied my university degree. He had

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"Are You Mr. Hopwood McBride, Who Wrote That Beautiful Article?" Asked One of the Ladies

SAINT FLOSSIE

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

SEEN from its entrance, the discreet little saloon bar, upon that dull evening of early winter, had the effect of an ornate shrine. Its nearer lights were subdued; but in the background the strong electroliers shone upon that popular altar, the bar, in a blaze and dazzle of glass and brass, with a plump and golden-haired priestess moving deftly in the celebration of its rites. Upon the plush settees quiet people sat in a still content; a town traveler was entertaining a shopkeeper in a corner; and the noises of the street reached them only as the clamor of the world may reach a hermitage

Even the town traveler remarked upon the hush and tranquillity of the place.

"Quiet little pub," he said. "Restful, I call it, after a day of——" He broke off and stared. "Hullo! Who's this?"

A large woman had thrust open the swing door and was moving across the room to the bar. In her very gait she was noticeable; there was a sort of showmanship in it, as of a thing performed consciously for the public eye. Under her large and elaborate hat there were brass-hued curls. Her great face, with its peach-bloom complexion, its blood-lined mouth and skillfully enhanced eyes, looked over a fur stole that exaggerated the vastness of her bosom. Trinkets clinked about her as she moved; she had—she has still a positive aura of lavishness and overpowering self-consequence. The low-toned conversation on the settees died; everyone paid her the tribute of stares. In that little assembly of simple folk, all with a day's work behind them, she was as conspicuous as a clown in a cathedral.

Only One, the Tall Blond Youth, Hesitated and Seemed Uncertain

She brought up alongside the bar like a steamer at a wharf; it was plain at once that she had an excellent bar-side manner. She gave to the barmaid a smile of mingled camaraderie and condescension.

"'Evenin', dear," she said. "A drop o' the usual, if you please. Cold evenin', isn't it?"

The barmaid acknowledged the salute with gratification. The newcomer drew off her gloves, laid them and her hand bag on the bar, and received her potion of water-colored spirits. She leaned upon an elbow while she sipped it, gossiped with the barmaid and gazed blandly about her.

"I must say," she confided—"I must say, all things considered, I find gin's the best thing for keeping your figure, and I've tried most things too."

All were listening. Only the shopkeeper, in a careful whisper, gave information to his companion.

"That's Miss Floyd," he said. "Customer o' mine. Retired actress, she is."

"Floyd!" repeated the traveler thoughtfully. He started and stared at his guest, honestly aghast. "You don't mean to say —— Good Lord, d'you mean to tell me that that's all that's left of Flossie Floyd? Flossie, whose photographs used to sell all over London like postage stamps? Why, I remember I used to have one in my room—only burned it when I got married. It can't be her!"

"It's her all right," affirmed the other. "I never saw her myself till she moved down this way last year, but I 'eard she'd been good-lookin' in her time."

"Good-looking!" The town traveler's whisper threatened to become a shout. "She was the loveliest thing that ever smiled over the footlights. Couldn't act, couldn't sing, couldn't dance; her face and her shape was all she had—and it was enough! And that's her now—that gin-tippling old hag over there! Pity she didn't die."

"She's a good customer," said the shopkeeper defensively.

The lady at the bar caused her drink to be renewed and continued to philosophize to an audience that hung on her every word.

"Champagne, now!" she observed. "I've seen the day when I could ha' swum in it; but it never suited me constitution. An' beer's fattenin'. So I say again—an' I don't care who says different—that all things considered, the best ——"

She rambled on uninterrupted, the focus of all eyes and ears. It is in the saloon bar that the qualities which the fresh-air world rejects come into their own. Save for reservations by the town traveler, none of her spellbound audience beheld the tragic monstrosity of her, the profitless and meretricious thing which her life had made of her. Only the town traveler's lips moved noiselessly while he gazed at her dumbly and strove to trace in all her bulk some least lineament of the golden, glowing, holy-faced creature of five and twenty years before.

"Flossie Floyd!" he was repeating inwardly, over and over again. "Flossie Floyd!"

For his memory had not played him false. There had been a day when she could have swum in champagne; when she wore, like a bloom, upon the startling perfection of her beauty a seeming of wistful innocence; when her photographs spread like a pest over the world of young men. The universities and public schools were rotten with them; attic bedrooms and cabins of warships were glorified by them; they spread abroad over the world upon the heels of war and commerce. Young David Baines took one with him when he left Cambridge and returned to his home in St. Petersburg. He found a frame for it, a heavy old thing of tarnished gilt about a foot square, and set it on the wall of the room that was granted him as a den in the huge old Baines house in the Gallernaya.

It was still there, dimmed by age and the smoke of the cigarettes of twenty-five years, never looked at, but lovely still, until that evening when the town traveler identified Flossie Floyd. For it was upon that night that the Komissar Baranov, reaching out from his commandeered palace in the Millionnaya, that gloomy street of frowning, fortresslike palaces, sent his private army upon a domiciliary visit to the home of the Baineses.

There had been Baineses in St. Petersburg for over a century, prospering handsomely and honorably, worthy members of that strong British colony which had the trading functions of the ancient English factory. Theirs was one of the great rambling houses opening by way of a walled courtyard and a tall arched gate on the long cobbled street which is called the Gallernaya. It sheltered now David Baines, his young wife and his widowed mother. There were also a couple of female servants who had known service and dependence too long to discard them easily. And even while Flossie Floyd, in her London drink shop, was sipping and babbling, there came to these five the stamp of heavy feet upon the stones of the court, the shine of lanterns upon the windows and a thunder of gun butts beating upon the house door.

"Open there, you bourgeois!" came in a roar of command and menace. "By order of the soviet, open, will you?"

Baines, his wife and the old lady had been sitting together by the light of a single candle. The young woman cried out; the old one put a hand to her bosom; from deeper within the house sounded the squealing of the two terrified servants.

David Baines rose. He frowned in a moment's indecision.

"I must let them in," he said. "It isn't as if we could keep them out. Don't resist them or oppose them. After all, it's the soviet—not a mob."

He bent and kissed both women. His wife clung to him. The noise below increased. He put her from him very gently. "Stay with mother, dear," he said. "I'll come back to you here."

He passed down the stone stairs in the darkness. He had been born in that house and needed no light. Voices without bawled threats and curses, for the Bolshevik has always kept enough of God to swear by.

"I'm coming!" he shouted, fumbling at the elaborate door fastenings. "Have a little patience!"

"Hear that?" It was the renegade ex-sergeant of guards who led the party. "Patience!" he shouted. "I'll give you patience!"

David Baines of course could see nothing; he was still tugging at great old-fashioned bolts. So when the leader outside stepped forward with his rifle leveled and at a distance of a foot sent a nickel-jacketed German army bullet through the center of the door he received it in the heart. His knees gave under him and he collapsed, sinking to a heap against the foot of the door and just within his own threshold.

"Well?" bellowed the sergeant. "Are you going to open it or must we blow it in?" He paused for an answer. "I must have got him with that shot," he said, turning to his men. "Get out a grenade, one of you! It's cold standing about here."

"Let me come! Stand away from the door, comrades!" A German ex-prisoner of war produced a hand bomb of the old type with a fuse and stooped to the doorstep. He looked up at the sergeant with a grin. "*Tak tozhe!*" he said. "You got him! Here's blood coming under the door!"

He lit the fuse from a lantern, placed the bomb in position and retired to cover with the rest outside the gate. Half a minute later the stillness of the sorrowful and danger-laden night was rent by the roar of the explosion; a momentary glamour of fire filled the arch of the gate. In the candle-lit room upstairs the two women, the young one and the old, clasped each other in an agony of terror. In hundreds of darkened rooms along the street hearts froze with fear upon the noise of the detonation.

"Now come on!" ordered the sergeant. "Lanterns ahead! Find the people first! We'll have plenty of time to go through the house after we've got our prisoners. In with you!"

The lanterns led the way through the gap where the door lay in splinters and what was left of David Baines sprawled broken among the wreckage. And the women, scarce breathing, rose to confront them as they stamped in a throng into the drawing-room, bringing their own lights with them to supplement the one candle.

"Good evening," said the sergeant facetiously. "You are arrested, both of you. Who else is in the house?"

Baranov's private army consisted of nine individuals besides the sergeant. It was like a hideous nightmare to the women. There were four burly Russians of the lowest slum type in sheepskins, the German in the leather lining of a motor overcoat, two Chinese swathed like mummies, a huge bluejacket in uniform and a slim, blond young man, who stared at the room and its equipment with open mouth, who had no visible mark of nationality or calling.

"Where is my husband?" asked David Baines' widow.

"The man who came down to the door?" She nodded. The sergeant winked to his followers. "Oh, he's safe enough! You'll see him in the hall as you go out. Now, who else is in the house?"

It took only a few minutes to complete the arrests. The two servants, imbecile with terror, were dragged forth from their foolish hiding places. All four prisoners were put under the guard of the sailor and one of the Chinamen, and the looting of the great house commenced.

"This," cried the sergeant gayly, "goes with me!"

He scooped a collection of small silver bric-a-brac off a table. There was a roar of laughter from the others and they scattered shouting about the house. Only one, the tall blond youth, hesitated and seemed uncertain. There was a curious air of indecision as his eyes rested on the prisoners—the younger lady supporting the elder, the two servants kneeling at their feet and clinging to their skirts.

"Aren't you going to get your share, you fool?" shouted the sergeant at him. The youth started.

"Yes," he said after a pause. He picked up his lantern, turned and went from the room.

The real difficulty in running a revolution is that a leader can never be sure that his revolutionaries want the same thing as himself. Lenine and Trotzky struck for something which they nicknamed an ideal, but too many of their supporters struck only for food. This youth—Pavel, they called him—was such a one. When work, black bread and cabbage soup all came to an end together he accepted the revolution and its rations as the next best thing. He did not know what people meant by liberty or the bourgeoisie or even the proletariat. Of course he could neither read nor write; in short, he was a typical Russian peasant, ignorant, docile and kindly, driven by economic stress to unskilled labor in the towns.

He went slowly up a further flight of stairs, came to a closed door and paused, hesitating. At length he pushed it open, and raising his lantern entered. There was a table in the middle of the room. He set the light and his rifle upon it and looked round.

A desk with a typewriter, three or four full bookshelves, the escutcheon of a Cambridge college, a few small athletic cups, big leather armchairs, photographs—he had wandered into what was still David Baines' den. Half its contents had no meaning for Pavel; he wandered from one to the other uncomprehending. A big photograph in a silver frame he thought he recognized as a picture of the younger lady downstairs. It was at least an intelligible object, and he turned to the other photograph with a faint curiosity—and a moment later he saw it.

A tarnished gold frame with a wide mounting surrounding a dim face that smiled with a half seriousness forth at him. He had to take the lantern in hand to make it out plainly, and his first full apprehension of it made him catch his breath. That perfect beauty, with its purity and appeal—he recognized it! He spoke aloud.

"An icon!" he breathed. "A saint!"

He put down the lantern, and bowing himself as he had been taught in his childhood he went through the complicated motions by which an orthodox Russian crosses himself. Thrice he did this. Then glancing behind him to see that none observed he lifted the portrait of Flossie Floyd from the wall and tucked it beneath his cloth coat, well up under his armpit. He found that in that manner he could carry it fairly inconspicuously. He helped himself to nothing else.

He was last of the party to descend when they took the prisoners away, but he was not needed in the struggle to drag them forth when the sergeant made good his word and Mrs. Baines saw her husband.

Komissar Baranov's stolen palace in the Millionnaya had a sweep of marble stairs to the grand salons up which the ten men might march abreast. Its state apartments were a vista of great rooms running the length of its front, paneled between gold pilasters with tapestries. It had housed a prince whose blood was yet caked upon the floor of the cellar where they had done him to death, and the general atmosphere of it now was that of a mausoleum. It was splendid and gruesome on a gigantic scale. Yet it sank to the insignificance of a background by contrast with its tenant, Baranov.

They dragged the almost unconscious women to the room in which he was accustomed to work, a great chamber fitted with high bookshelves, and paused outside the door.

"Order, now!" counseled the sergeant, and the men fidgeted and shuffled. The sergeant knocked.

"*Iti suda!*" summoned a clear voice from within.

The sergeant opened the door and the prisoners and their escort passed into the presence.

The terrible komissar looked up from the documents spread before him upon the desk at which he sat with his secretary. His eye rested on the four women, the two unmistakably mistresses, the other two as unmistakably servants, and traveled thence over the faces of the men. At that daunting scrutiny there was more fidgeting.

"Well?" demanded Baranov.

The ex-sergeant all but came to attention, but recovered himself in time.

"We carried out orders, comrade," he began, and went on to recite the events of the evening, while Baranov sat listening immovably and the men stared one and all at him.

He was a tallish man, something over forty years of age, black-haired and clean-shaven. His features were of a characterless regularity, the eyes cold, the mouth commonly rigid. It was not in his outward appearance that his quality was expressed. Rather it was a matter of demeanor. His attitude, his slightest gestures, his tones, even his occasional smiles, were charged, as the electric current charges an accumulator, with that thing within the man which had made him what he was. One had only to watch him to understand and believe the stories that made him notorious. He had had his phase of nihilism, of anarchism; he had served in the French Foreign Legion and successfully deserted; he had been in prison in England and a German spy during the war. Since the outbreak of the revolution he had been more Bolshevik than the Bolsheviks. His influence with the Petrograd soviet was paramount, and his rule had been a grisly horror. None save his victims and his slaughterers knew when or where or why he killed.

At the end of the sergeant's recital he nodded.

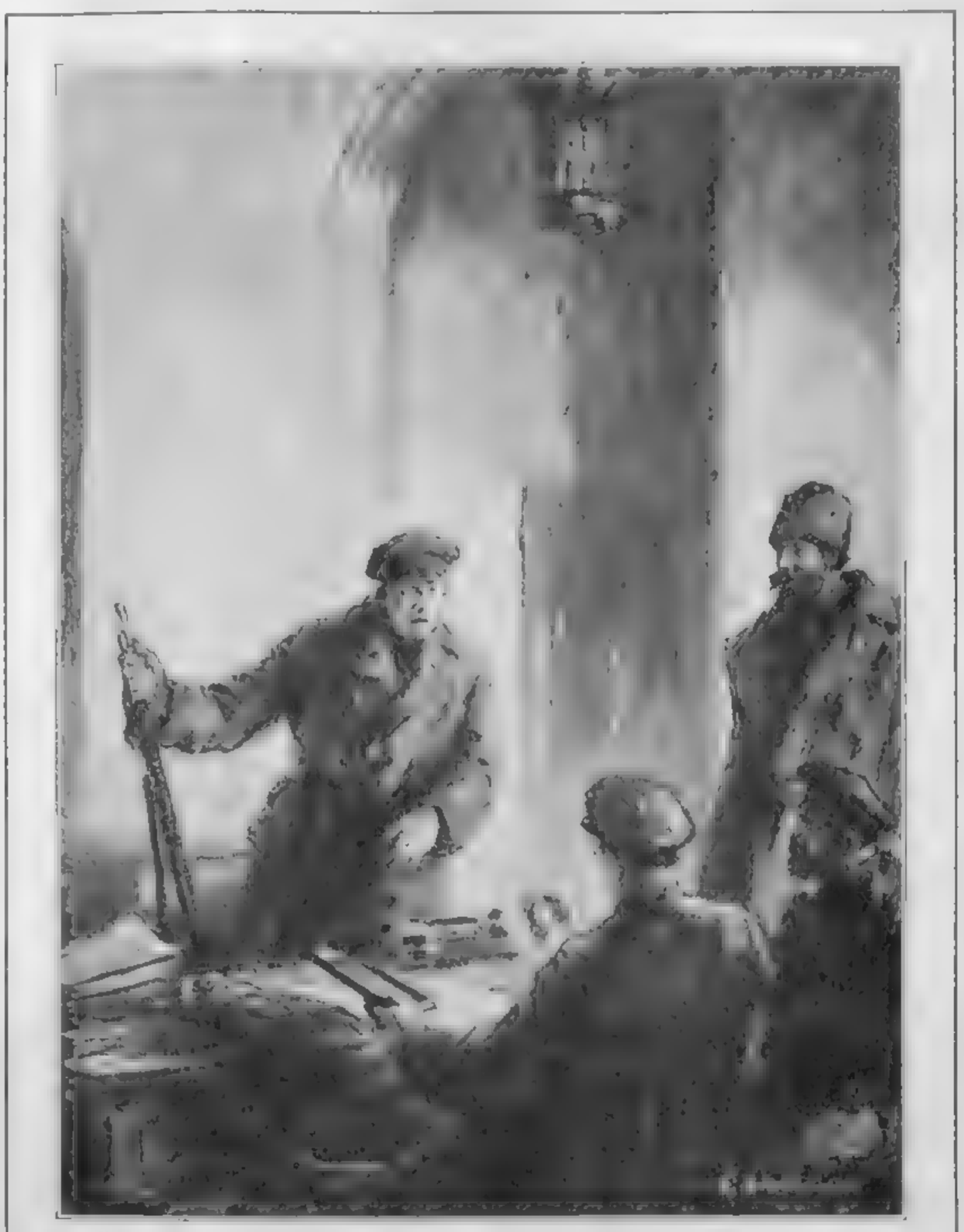
"Good!" he said. "Lock them up for the night. They shall be interrogated in the morning."

He turned to his papers again, calmly, as a man resumes work after a trivial telephone call. It was an action entirely in his own manner. His fat little bearded secretary glanced at him curiously and then at the women. He knew what that indifference, that unstudied nonchalance, meant. Living folk mattered to Baranov; to them he gave his attention; but the dead were done with.

Presently Pavel was able to be alone. The private army of Baranov, when not on duty, dwelt on the top floor of the palace, a great attic loft honeycombed with little rooms. One of these, with a straw mattress, a bucket for his ablutions and a packing-case table, Pavel had to himself. As a member of the garrison he drew a ration of candles. He made a light, closed the door and drew forth his loot.

He placed it on the packing case, leaning against the wall, with the candle flame shining upon it. For convenience of close inspection he knelt before the table and pored over the picture. He wanted not only to confirm but to renew his impression of it. In his childhood he had liked the saints he knew—those in the church of his village, gorgeously embalmed in pinchbeck and sham jewels. Religion had been the one mystery

(Continued on Page 92)



"It is My Saint," Said Pavel. "Give it Back to Me!" He Was Trembling as He Spoke

THE RICH MAN'S DILEMMA

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THROUGH all the vicissitudes of shifting economic and industrial conditions the problem of whether great fortunes in this country are used in such a way as to be more of a benefit or a menace to the people never fades from sight. It is one of those insistent topics which cannot be dismissed, and, unlike so many other subjects, does not vanish of itself or quietly lose a merely transient popularity.

Whether taxes, tariffs or unemployment holds the center of the stage, the question of the rich man and his money always plays a leading rôle. At any rate it always stands in the background if not in the very foreground of the picture. It seems to be tied up at least with whatever else engages public attention at the moment. If times are good, then it is the captain of industry who flourishes, while the money lender forges ahead when times are bad. But in one form or another the rich, like the poor, are always with us.

Unfortunately, however, the rich are held up to scorn or eulogy in far too shallow and summary a fashion. Whole books, articles and sermons are composed on the basis of generalization from single cases or individual prejudices.

Most of what is written concerning the rich and their money merely skims the surface of a complicated yet fascinating body of fact which lies beneath.

Suppose that instead of having had one daughter Andrew Carnegie's child had been a son, possessing normal health and average mental equipment. Suppose Carnegie, after giving away large sums, as he did, had turned over to this son $20,000,000, all in 5 per cent bonds of the United States Steel Corporation. These have a ready market; they could be converted into cash on rather short notice. Young Mr. Carnegie could do almost anything he liked. He could give a large part of the money away and still have enough to live on; he could go into business, or he could frivol his life away and become a la-de-da boy.

Not only is the answer far from simple but upon the right solution depends in no small measure the happiness of individuals and the proper working out of many larger and more far-reaching issues. For this challenge of riches can be and daily is met in as many different ways as human beings differ in tastes and endowment.

Indeed, no matter how searchingly we may study the subject, the theme of this article, the heart and conclusion of its matter, can hardly prove other than the truth that wealth is like health, physical strength, education or anything else which enhances the power of the individual. It is only a chance, and its moral value depends upon the use which is made of it.

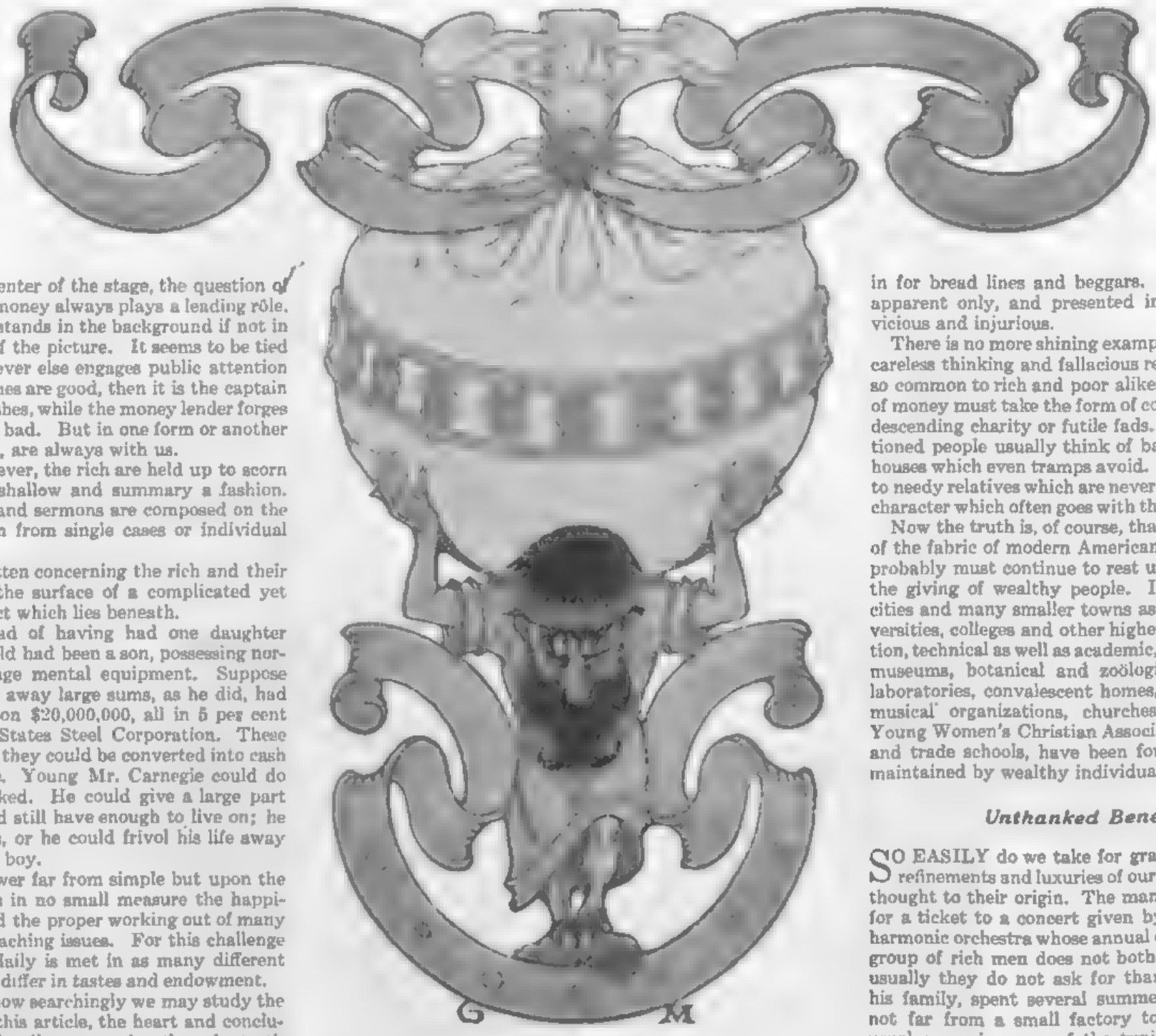
So let us begin with the young man who startled the country not long ago by refusing to accept several million dollars left him by his grandfather, not that he had any objection to the way in which the money was made, and despite the fact that there were no other claimants. He simply did not believe in money or property. Wealth to him was a burden, not a privilege or an opportunity.

The Spenders and the Misers

THERE we have one of four sectors in the whole circle of human nature and emotion as related to this subject. The second quarter is reached when a much older man, an active, constructive, creative millionaire, is one day shown a schedule of his possessions by his secretary. As the sheet of paper is laid on his desk he starts back and exclaims, "Why, that's too much for any one man to have!" From that time he has kept on adding to his fortune through many new as well as old enterprises, but he has given away even larger sums. And when praised for his gifts he turns all flattery aside by saying that no rich man is more than the custodian of his fortune, and that it must always go to others in course of time.

Nor have I in mind what many may consider the exceptional case of Andrew Carnegie, who took much the same view and said in his autobiography, "I have got far beyond my just share. Any fair committee sitting on my case would take away more than half. No species of idolatry is more debasing than amassing wealth."

Then we come to the very common belief and practice among rich men that the best use of wealth is to employ it in industry, and that giving away money pauperizes and degrades people. For the most part these men are primarily interested in building up organizations and accomplishing useful or important results in the business world rather than in adding to wealth which is already sufficient for their wants. With many of them money is the result rather than the incentive of achievement.



Finally, in the fourth quarter of the circle there is a group—or rather two groups—who are either mere misers or spenders. There are always a few men who are stingy in every fiber of their being, whether their worldly wealth consists of fifty cents or $50,000,000. Moreover, they are always despised by their associates, whichever class they belong to.

Nor are the spenders, any more than the misers, confined to any class, age or race. Ancient emperors lavished fortunes on evil or unworthy objects, and according to testimony in a recent and perhaps the best advertised of all divorce cases the head of a great family fortune and still greater financial institution spent a large sum on what was called a love nest. Within the space of a few days or weeks last summer the newspapers recounted the attitude toward a famous gambling resort on the French coast of three men of sufficient wealth to make them good headline material. All three were visiting France. One millionaire said he would not visit such a place under any circumstances. One went there and at least lost nothing. The third dropped a fortune.

Such in the crudest outline are the possible uses of great wealth. But rough and unfinished though the sketch may be, it is more detailed and represents a closer analysis of the subject than most people, including the wealthy themselves, take the trouble to make. In careless popular thinking money has but two uses: spending it for personal enjoyment and giving it away. A few see in it a third use—its employment in industry.

Apparently the rich man is presented with a hard alternative, or at least an impossible dilemma. He may lavish money on yachts, houses and fast living, which probably brings little enjoyment in the end and contrasts unpleasantly with the poverty of others. He may make more money, which he does not need or want, or he may give it away—that is, he may go in for bread lines and beggars. Now this dilemma is apparent only, and presented in this form it is both vicious and injurious.

There is no more shining example of the harm done by careless thinking and fallacious reasoning than the idea, so common to rich and poor alike, that the giving away of money must take the form of cold, degrading and condescending charity or futile fads. When giving is mentioned people usually think of bare, forbidding lodging houses which even tramps avoid. Or they think of loans to needy relatives which are never repaid, and the ruined character which often goes with the acceptance of favors.

Now the truth is, of course, that most of the finer part of the fabric of modern American civilization rests and probably must continue to rest upon the foundation of the giving of wealthy people. In nearly all our large cities and many smaller towns as well, most of the universities, colleges and other higher institutions of education, technical as well as academic, hospitals, art galleries, museums, botanical and zoölogical gardens, research laboratories, convalescent homes, orchestras and other musical organizations, churches, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and even parks and trade schools, have been founded and are largely maintained by wealthy individuals or families.

Unthanked Benefactors

SO EASILY do we take for granted all the comforts, refinements and luxuries of our time that we give little thought to their origin. The man who pays two dollars for a ticket to a concert given by a symphony or philharmonic orchestra whose annual deficit is met by a small group of rich men does not bother to thank them, and usually they do not ask for thanks. The writer, with his family, spent several summers at a seaside resort not far from a small factory town which lacked the usual ungraciousness of the typical mill town because of a park in the center, a perfect gem of beauty. Never have I seen any private estate in better taste or more carefully kept up. My entire family visited the park frequently and enjoyed it keenly, but not until the second summer was nearly over did I learn in the most casual manner that, though under the care of the town, the money for its building and upkeep had been given by a former wealthy resident.

Wherever one goes, except, perhaps, in the very newly settled portions of the country, it will usually be found that the institutions of which the city or town is proudest were made possible by and usually bear the name of this or that donor. Even if there be left out of account the immense sums given by John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie it is obvious that a large part of all the fortunes made in this country has gone to found and maintain the varied institutions which have been referred to. In any large city it is easy to make a list of a dozen or a score of such institutions, and there are hundreds of large cities and thousands of towns.

To a great extent rich people seem to act, not always consciously or unselfishly, as mere agencies for collecting money and distributing it for the common good. Even where money is not actually given away, but spent for collections of art, the public usually benefits in the end. Great collectors like Morgan, Frick, Clark and Altman seldom wish—or if they wish to are unable—to leave their collections for the private enjoyment of a few heirs. Usually they go to some public museum. H. E. Huntington, a nephew of Collis P. Huntington, who built the Southern Pacific Railroad, has a collection of books and manuscripts said to be worth $15,000,000. I have never heard what Mr. Huntington intends to do with this collection, but it is a safe guess that no heir will want it, and the probabilities

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ELIZABETH

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

WITH the reverberation of the front door, lustily slammed, still sounding in her ears, Elizabeth let her book dangle like a pendulous blossom from the stalk of her light little wrist and stared down the flight of third-floor steps, whereof she herself adorned the top one, disappearing into the obscurity of the second landing.

Her father's lunch secured—she never ate with him if she could help it—she had retreated to this aerie until his departure. And now, as the door announced to whom it might concern, he had left the house.

Elizabeth's eye, disapprovingly on the stairs, abstractedly registered the fact that the carpet was of two kinds—badly matched in width and certainly not in pattern and greatly attenuated of fiber here and there—paused before the concept of stairs unadorned by any makeshift hideousness; stairs, *per se*, polished jewels of walnut or mahogany, the property of a more successful milieu in which small reddish rolls of lint never accumulated—proof of her own careless housewifery—and which scorned white, worn, painted stair rods set in tarnished clips.

By this time her father would have descended the sagging brownstone steps and turned down the close, oppressive street between the double enfilade of third-rate brick houses.

Elizabeth visualized him with the deft touch of experience and long association.

His lunch had not been a success. He had complained sarcastically, bitterly at her rendition of yesterday's leftovers—a bit of chopped meat browned in a china cup, a bowl of the palest soup, a meager salad of vegetable odds and ends, yesterday's flagrantly not-fresh loaf. Her mother's tray with its simple bowl of crackers and milk had been duplicated for herself and she had retreated aloft.

But now that he had gone and repudiated the house with this gesture of the door, she knew that he had changed. By the time his foot touched the sidewalk he would have altered perceptibly, like a chameleon. His dark preoccupation with an unjust world, wherein the just and deserving were economically and filially oppressed, would be slipping away like snow films in a March sun kiss.

She could frankly see what was happening to father. The little shrug of his shoulders, the slight resetting of his profile to pleasanter, more amiable lines; the slightly affected, theatrical swing of father's long, not ungraceful body and deliberate, easy strides.

Because of the woman in the gray house on the corner. When father got opposite the house—a boarding house harboring transient birds of passage, often theatrical—the second-floor green shutters would part gently, like opening leaves in spring, and a lady would look out—a lady with red hair and two chins and a green kimono and no stays, though sadly needing them. She would look up and down the hot, burning street as though in quest of an airplane, then with a little start would perceive father. Father, quite unaware of her, would saunter more and more elegantly, and just at the corner might even pause and also look up and down the street; or he might go so far as to lift his hat.

Father, Quite Unaware of Her, Would Saunter More and More Elegantly

He had done that much when a conjurer's wife who had been staying there, a black little woman, who sat in the upper balcony overrun by a gaunt, one-legged wistaria, had brought out her fancywork every afternoon at the hour of his passing.

There wouldn't be anything more, of course—just that much—but it filled Elizabeth's soul with disgust. Just as the thought of father's sparring with Annie Caley, the little clerk in the bakery shop; or his brisk, rather suggestive banter with Rose McGinnis, who worked in Doctor Lassiter's dental office; or any one of the half dozen possible female encounters he would make on his way down to Soames Street distressed her. It was not what she would have chosen in a father—this triumphal progression of female greetings, this exchange of *mots;* and father's *mots* were often in the doubtfulest taste.

She sighed before the spectacle. It was of course because father was handsome; or, rather, had been handsome. Even a man of fifty, though not a little seedy of physique and clothing, couldn't be expected to forget more pristine glories; and of course there were feminine eyes still, of sorts, for father, though often they must have been amusedly smiling ones. It was of course a harmless thing in the main, but it was all so silly—part of a little romantic drama father played with himself, little pseudo conquests he made, little possibilities reckoned, just to show—as Thorny Brandon put it coarsely—that there was life in the old horse yet.

"The trouble with your father, Sizzle ——"

"Don't call me Sizzle!"

"The trouble with your father is he's an imaginary rake. What I mean is, he thinks he's a perfect dayvil with the ladies—as nearly any man can be if he isn't particular. He isn't really of course—but that's what he thinks he is, in his own mind."

"Where else would he think it—except in his own mind?" she had asked scornfully.

"Well, you know what I mean. He coquettes and poses—with himself for an audience." Thorny, with the privilege of old acquaintance, handled father without gloves.

"It's a kind of game he plays—he's a daylight Lothario—and he'll get worse, less and less choicy," he went on; "mulierose men always do. It's a kind of disease. They get fat on the inside of their heads with the years. You wait till your father's sixty and he'll be taking off his hat to perambulators. You wait and see."

This would be, of course, a father *in extremis*, but he was, she reflected, pretty bad already. She frowned, thinking of Rosie McGinnis, and the woman with the two chins, and the conjurer's wife, and little notes—oh, quite harmless enough little notes—she had found in his clothes; at the sort of indiscriminate acquaintance he was forever bandying with; at his alertly cocked eye and hound-on-the-scent manner when a new petticoat loomed in the offing; at the whole procession of cheap feminine potentialities with which father's path was bestrewn.

There had been, for instance, the conductorette on the Baxter Street car—father had gone to Soames Street by the Baxter Street car for weeks—riding clear to the end of the line in quest of tête-à-têtes. There was Mrs. Edtrey, the milliner, of whom people said —— But father, to whom she had told her life, had said to know all was to forgive all; and he had always parted from Mrs. Edtrey with a last backward-turning glance and a killing bow—and no floorwalker had a better.

And Elizabeth herself had seen him waiting outside the Pegasus Theater to waylay Dorry Hartigan, who played the piano there. With Dorry and her friends father had joked and laughed like a noisy boy, but with Dorry alone he had enjoyed long periods of emotional verbosity, often following her back into the Pegasus to give her—or so he claimed—good advice as to the perils to a pretty girl of promiscuous contacts with men about movie houses. Dorry, a large, stout, prettyish young woman in a plebeian fashion, was both aggressive and gay—gayer far than Elizabeth had ever dreamed of being.

But the type of woman really didn't seem to matter. Perhaps what Thorny claimed was true, and there was a sort of disease clutching at father of which Dorry and the rest were symptoms!

Even the woman with the red hair was only a symptom, a phantom conquest, father merely registering her tribute of interest *en passant*, to drop her lightly, thoughtlessly, after a while, as he had dropped Dorry and the conductorette and others in his chain of light contacts.

She Would Look Up and Down as Though in Quest of an Airplane

For when he really cultivated a more intensive interest in a person or a coming female event he bought himself a new necktie. It was an infallible indication. And that morning she had come upon a new tie—a carnelian silk with a pattern of black swastikas across it—in his upper drawer. He had not worn it at lunch and she concluded that its potency would have been wasted in the day's routine. Quite likely the new charmer was sabbatical: he had mentioned an upriver excursion for Sunday.

But Elizabeth, who sometimes sleuthed her father relentlessly with the unsparing passion and candor of truth-loving youth, did not waste any further thoughts on it. She had not yet mentioned the tie to her mother—not that her mother was unaware of these sartorial peccadillos, but rather because, in a situation that demanded the utmost financial finesse, the intrusion of an amorous cravat was bathos.

For if flirtatious romance was the bread of life for which father clamored, a bread of a very different sort preoccupied Elizabeth. A bread that was material, a matter of sustenance itself, consumed all her and her mother's energies. And she let the concept of father—who by this time was well by the siren with the green shutters—drop like a paper doll and began the Brobdingnagian task of coping with the concept known as money.

The bar of hot light that sneaked under a mottled green window shade and past a window bordered with squares of cheap indigo-blue glass became a faint lavender in arriving and threw a soft color all over Elizabeth and the stairs and the rods and the rolls of red lint. It could not transmute them.

I am bound to say that Elizabeth in no way resembled a movie heroine. A thick rope of straight and very splendid hair full of captured sunshine did its best, however, to prevent all escape, and was rolled in an ungraceful ball on the back of Elizabeth's neck and secured with wire hairpins of two shades! Her dress, a creation with a past and far too long, obscuring, indeed, as she sat here, the tops of frankly cobbled high shoes and her black cotton stockings, had a little tight bodice with a waistline shrunken out of all bounds. There was no attempt to hold the eye or to offer any coquetry of pose or clothing.

She sat rather like a careless, thoughtful boy, a longish, slimly round young person with long, pale, finely modeled hands, a high, small, feminine bosom straining under the shrunken frock; sweet features beneath a rather broad, intellectual-looking forehead, on which a single wisp of bright hair escaped, which she guided to her lips and chewed along with the cud of reflection.

A moment she sat thus, looking like a meditative abstraction; another, at a sound below, she sprang up and took the downward flight two treads at a time with a sort of antelopesque movement. But at a door in the hall she became noiseless, collected, and entered very quietly.

It was a bedroom furnished in black walnut, with a serpent-backed sofa drawn in the dimness against the bowed shutters of the window.

A woman lay on it, her face like an ivory carving against her banked pillows, and Elizabeth said, "Did you have a nap, mamma?"

"Yes, but the heat woke me. It's so hot."

"It is," said Elizabeth decisively. "It's as hot as hell."

"I wish you wouldn't say a thing like that, Elizabeth."

"I have it on the best authority, mamma—from books and such—that all our modern girls talk like that. It's the voice of youth in protest. I am protesting."

Elizabeth came around, drew up a chair by the couch and began fanning with a near-by palm leaf.

"Father has gone. You must have noticed—even in your dreams. Would you like another glass of milk?"

"I don't think so, dear."

"Perhaps you'd better. It may be sour by this evening. Kelly refused us ice this morning. He said that until we

"I know."

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt me. —— paid our bill we couldn't get another pound. I don't see why you duck things so, mamma. I call a spade a spade."

"Well, but—oh, my dear, we have so many arrears."

"Debts."

"And with your father not having a position."

"A job. Make it spades."

"Elizabeth, it sounds so harsh; but whatever way, you know we have—difficulties. I don't see where ——"

"Neither do I. I've been thinking and thinking. This is the longest we've gone without money, too, even to look at. I spoke to father at noon, but he went right up into the air."

"He told me a while ago a man in Potter owed him some money. I suppose when that comes in ——"

"Why doesn't he go to Major Rounds and take that job the major offered? It's two years since he spoke about it, but didn't the major say he could have it any time—for your sake? It's a good enough job and would help a lot. We can't begin to make ends meet on your little interest."

A sigh issued from her mother.

"Major Rounds told me he could have it any time—a clerkship in a commission house, and a steady if not very large salary; but your father objects. It's the confinement."

"It's the laziness. His, I mean," Elizabeth cried sharply. "He's had eleven different changes of occupation in nine years—hunting something easy. Now you know it, mamma. I don't see why you married him. He bought a new necktie to-day," she added on impulse.

Her mother sighed again.

"That's—that's different, dearie. And it might be worse. There isn't any real harm in—in ——"

"In parties with silly girls and a lot of flirting."

"Well—but it's so. He's never been unfaithful ——"

"Depends what you mean ——"

"Elizabeth, you don't understand. And he might have been—well, addicted to liquor. He was never that."

"Father's got enough addiction without that. He's got a great big one—for himself. His name's Narcissus. He's in love with himself and his passion is fully returned. It all comes to that, mamma. Anyhow, I don't see why you married him."

Her eyes and her mother's instinctively included what was known as the bridal picture, hanging by the bureau. A delineation of a couple in a frame of pierced silver—a slightly yellowed view of a very pretty young woman, with sleeves that belled at the elbow, and a fan of white tulle rising above a modest pompadour. By her side stood a slender, elegant-looking shape in striped trousers and Prince Albert, the type of being known years ago as a Gibson man, with a delicately dapper fleck of mustache riding his lip.

There was no resemblance between the pretty woman in her wedding finery and the sick woman on the sofa, but even Elizabeth recognized that her father bore the honors of his years not too badly.

"He was a great hand to make love," her mother was saying apologetically.

Elizabeth could well believe it. She knew she had evoked a reiteration of that earlier tale of her mother's romance, to whose beauty she still clung in moments of disillusionment. She had been a lonely young woman with a small inheritance teaching school in the city when father had burst upon her with cyclonic violence. He came, he saw, he conquered; he threatened in the event of refusal to destroy himself.

"He told me he would kill himself by jumping out of the window if I said no; and I'm sure he would, dear. Your father loved me very, very much. I could hardly believe it because I had never had any attention. I think perhaps it was that that attracted him, for he had flirted with pretty, popular girls for a great many years and was tired of it, and had saved nothing at all. He wanted to settle down and he wanted me to help him. And he loved me very, very much, dear—while it lasted. He often told me he would cut out his heart before he would do anything to hurt me."

She half closed her eyes in reverie on her pillow. "He had the prettiest names for me; he used to call me Dear Love all our first year."

"Well," said Elizabeth wryly, who had heard it many times, "I'll never have a first year. Oh, don't look at me like that! I mean it. I swear it. I'll never marry in my life!"

"Oh, but you will, dear. And you'll count it worth the price. If you and Thorny Brandon, for instance ——"

"A man who calls me Sizzle! Never! And I wouldn't marry anybody anyhow that I knew all my life—like an old shoe." She rose impulsively. "I'm going down and get our last fid of ice and put it in a cup of milk for you and we'll both pray that the man from Potter will pay what he owes father. Do you know"—with one of her abrupt changes—"why father got that tie? He told me he's going up the river on Sunday with some friends. That means one of the amusement parks probably, and he'll meet some women and fool around until evening. He think's he's Romeo ——" She gulped on the words, bit them off.

All Life, All Movement Were Suspended in Her as She Leaned Forward With a Curious Blankness of Expression

"You don't see his side, Elizabeth."

"I see enough of it."

"You're so hard; that's because you're young. You mustn't hate your father. There's nothing here for him—no recreation—a sick wife."

"Five years ago you were as fresh and pretty as any. He hasn't helped you any getting well—who's kept even the roof over him."

"He's your father, Elizabeth; you can't be too hard."

"And you can't be hard enough."

The girl had turned away. Suddenly she flashed about, swift sobs shaking her, crumpled down beside the sofa, a gale of emotion swaying her.

"It's j-just that I'm m-mad—mad clear through, mamma," she wept. "Look at me. I had to get out of school three years ago to help here because he c-couldn't do enough work to let you have a n-nurse or even a ch-cheap s-servant—and so what am I? I've got a good mind too. I'm not prepared to do anything real in life. And you have nothing. And neither have I. And he—he only p-plays round, and we need everything. Hardly enough food—and clothes! Why, I'm twenty. And when you're twenty—why, I'll be old soon."

Her tragedy bowed her for a moment in her mother's arms.

"You — you — w-want — you want — r-romance — wh-when you're—t-twenty ——"

"I know, dear."

It didn't last long, the gale. The round bun of bright hair suddenly spilled on her shoulders, and she laughed and sobbed a little together as she gathered up the tumbled mass from her wet cheeks.

"Well—one thing we do have is a lot of salt water and hair," she said dryly. "The salt ain't worth much. But I could sell the hair, like the lady in Les Miserables." And she kissed her mother before she bounded out of the room.

II

IN THE cooler air of evening Elizabeth sat on her step, waiting for Thorny Brandon to call.

She was freshly bathed and dressed, her hair arranged in a soft mass about her face, her nose neatly powdered, her slim body clothed in the new organdie she had devised out of excruciating economies and her own construction.

It was a pretty effect of sweet-pea-like fluffiness in a delicate lavender tone, although, as she was aware, when she stood up or walked about it lacked, like her hairdressing, a certain definite smartness, known as pep, which the girls who went out to West Water Park to dance cultivated. There was no pep about Elizabeth's appearance—no *je-ne-sais-quoi*, alias jazz. She had, for example, pinned about her throat a narrow band of black velvet. It was pretty against her glowing hair and white skin, but horribly old-fashioned. Even father had noticed at supper, had asked her whether her throat was sore!

Nevertheless, Elizabeth felt enveloped in content. She had a certain artistic flair—as had Thorny, for whom she had dressed. Whatever his faults, and in spite of his teasing sobriquet, there was in Thorny—seriously yclept Hawthorne—a sincere appreciation of beauty and of finer things which Elizabeth had not discerned in the few young men of her limited world; nor indeed in the young men she met so freely in modern stories.

These nervously accomplished, blasé, dynamic young creatures, usually competent at mechanics of some kind—tooling airplanes or motorboats or high-powered cars, like splendid sun gods, knowing nothing at all of letters but everything of carburetors—oppressed and confused Elizabeth. She liked better Thorny's kind—a brown, dreamy, long-legged young fellow, who smoked a vile old pipe and put on old clothes and walked in the rain with her, with Tantrum, his dog, at heel; who was visionary and booky and not overambitious, who mogged along on fifteen hundred a year in a newspaper office, scribbling at verses and sending them on hopeless quests, in his leisure, when he ought to have been planning coups to conquer the world. Thorny, who called her alternately Sizzle and Lisabetta; with whom she ate apples or pulled taffy or quarreled or discussed Shakspere and Drinkwater. Thorny, who had been her friend for long years, and her definite lover for two; who was infinitely good to look at, and dear and all that, but, well—a sort of habit, as it were. No romance!

Elizabeth had spread an old linen lap robe over the step and set out two slightly discolored straw mats. The sun had retreated and dusk had crept into the street, but the brick walls about her gave off a sense of baking warmth like cooling ovens, glowed, even in the blind man's twilight with a sort of rosy, apricot color. A big ailanthus above her stippled the wall with purpling shadows, and the ends of the street—even the corner house with its cadaverous wistaria and its forlorn implications—lay lost in darkness. From somewhere down near the river, three blocks away, where a fruit steamer was being unladen, a negro voice, resonant, contralto, rich, floated to her in long ululating cries. He was only vending bunched bananas at cut price, but the sound was suggestive of mystery, haunting illusion in the fading light—an atmosphere of Congo forests.

A step, light, sneaker clad, sounded on the sidewalk, and Elizabeth was on her feet, with Thorny's long brown fingers covering her white ones.

There was always a little inward rush of emotion at Thorny's first touch, but Elizabeth preserved a slightly crustacean tone. She assigned Thorny one of the straw mats and resumed the other. They sat in rather similar pose, their hands linked about their respective knees, and exchanged the day's news. Thorny had refused his food because of the heat, had lived on three lemon phosphates; there was nothing doing in the office; the old man was going to Lynhurst for the rest of the summer; he had had to write old General Paxton's obituary—the old guy was ninety and the thing took on the quality of a complete local history, covering three wars—really a special article. In this heat, too. After a while would she like to walk down to the Pegasus? They had some Norwegian pictures—snow stuff.

"Too hot," Elizabeth said, and she thanked him when he told her he had written some new verse and dedicated it to her, and would read it presently.

She gave him her news, about father and her mother's condition and the necktie and the ice man. She never held anything back from Thorny. And in the narration his hand found hers, played with each of her fingers, bending them back softly, giving the hand a little pressure when she got to the worst places.

Elizabeth didn't remove her hand—Thorny thoroughly knew his place.

"To-morrow," she said, "I'm going to Kelsey & Hahn's agency and see if they can find me a job. Not that I have any hope of landing anything big enough to tide us over. I haven't the training or the money to get any; and the little things you could do at home or as an amateur are nothing. I might peddle books or aluminum kettles, or address envelopes or push a gocart. But we need money regularly. The things you read in ads are worthless. I answered one—Let Us Make Music For the Words You Write—but I was to pipe the tune. Fifty-seven dollars' worth. I could be a companion or read people to sleep. But the big things! I haven't got anything. I've only read a lot of books and cooked a lot of leftovers. That's nothing. No system. But I'll go and see Kelsey & Hahn. And I'm going to stop at Major Rounds' and see if father could still have that place."

"Dear," said Thorny, "I hate like sin to see you suffer. I want to take care of you. Why won't you try it? Something new—or old, rather. Say, 'I, Sizzle, take thee, Thorny ——'"

"Out of the frying pan into the fire," she came back.

"That's nice—that's kind, Lisabetta; you're the crustiest girl I've ever known. I can't imagine another man sticking around. I ought to make you jealous. A new girl ——"

"If you can find one interested in fifteen hundred ——"

"That is kind." Thorny removed his hand, but Elizabeth recaptured it.

"I didn't mean to insult you, Thorny dear. You know I—like you."

"That," said Thorny a little unsteadily as their hands seemingly flowed into one, welded, under a curious heart-stirring oneness of impulse, "is a lie—and you know it, dear."

"What do you mean—lie?"

"About—our liking each other."

They stared at each other's eyes a moment; then Elizabeth sighed, released her hand. It wouldn't do to let Thorny get too serious.

"Tell me," she said, "if I refuse you—ultimately—I'm not saying I do this minute—would you jump out of the window and kill yourself, Thorny?"

"I might. I ought to now—just to teach you."

"Anyhow, marrying is so risky. How do you know I won't get like father and start in flirting when I get toward fifty? Flirt with fat men with double chins and red hair—or no hair, even!"

"I'd chance it. I'd look after your flirting, young lady."

"You never could tell." Her voice sobered. "But it is a terrible risk, Thorny; and so finishing to—to hopes, when you think of it. Look at mother. She never dreamed—and I—I want some romance."

"How do you know you wouldn't get it?"

"Does it look like it? You're a dear, Thorny, but don't you think—it would be just a little flat to live in. You know it. Just more struggle for both of us—and how to make a rice pudding on skim milk and custard without eggs. Oh, Thorny!"

"I'd have you to help me," the boy said soberly.

"That's what father said to mother."

"Are you comparing me with your father?"

"Not really, Thorny."

"I may be lazy, but it's constructive laziness."

"But everything's so indefinite—like dreaming."

"That's all anyone has, dear—his dreaming. I'm asking you to share mine." The boy's voice had grown uncertain again. "I know I have my nerve, but—Elizabeth, I love you."

"But I want—things! Not a stuffy flat. I want to travel and see Japan. And go tramping in France."

"Don't we both want it? That's how we'd get it—together. That's how I know we'd get it."

Thorny was very close, his eager brown face near hers.

"Kiss me, sweetheart," he said.

Elizabeth drew back.

"I—no—please—Thorny—on the street."

"Not a soul—'less it's a little old owl up there. Elizabeth!"

"Please—no—Thorny. I don't intend ——"

"Just once—you—armadillo."

She pushed him away, a little stifled, after a moment.

"You said 'once'! Don't act like a cook and a policeman."

"Don't you like me to kiss you?"

"No, I do not—on a public street."

She drew herself up, brought the conversation back to the pragmatic.

She was going, she said, on Sunday to spend the day upriver with Esta Darling, her old schoolmate.

"Esta's been north and I haven't seen her in three years. I'll like a day in the country, and Lenny Haines will come in and stay with mother. Father's going away too."

She talked at some length on divers matters and there was no more sentimentality.

But she thought quite seriously of this business of Thorny and of marrying him—after the faint sound of his footfalls had receded into the eleven-o'clock quiet.

It was clearly impossible—though deeply in her heart of hearts she regretted it. Eminently suitable, too, for if anyone on earth could cope with rice pudding made of skim milk and a custard *sans* eggs it was herself. And she and Thorny loved to spar and had common tastes. And he was Thorny! But Elizabeth shook her head, staring into the guardian ailanthus.

"I won't do it—never in the world. I decline to be poor. I shall not marry anyone short of a millionaire; and as a millionaire would be instantly captivated by so beautiful and vivacious a candidate—'*hic jacet* Elizabeth, an eternal spinster.'"

She rose, gathering the straw mats and the lap robe.

"I shall go to work," she resolved. "We'll try the effect of a little regular occupation in this family for a change."

Yet work, she found, and the regular occupation, in any considerable aspect, were as elusive as the horns of the new moon from her grasping fingers.

She put on her single good dress, the sweet-pea organdie, and with a small hat evolved by herself, rather resembling one of the pork pies affected by the late Queen Victoria, and her single pair of carefully dry-cleaned best gloves, she went around to Kelsey & Hahn's for addresses of putative employers. The crop was distressingly meager, and her prognosis exact.

In the industrial phases of her small city her wares loomed poorly—a young lady who was not at all clever at figures, who wrote a poor hand, had no shorthand or typewriting.

"A few months would prepare you," one employer suggested. "You could train for office or secretarial work. Or you might try proofreading or librarian work. Or take a teachers' course. Just a few months."

Elizabeth looked at the toe of her shoe and thought of the ice bill.

"I need something—immediate," she sighed.

But what could it be? She could push a pram or sell egg beaters or run a machine in the overall factory, but this would not furnish security for her absence, assistance for her mother. Could she crochet mats or do up pickles for the woman's exchange? Not enough in it. Or open a tea room? Not enough backing. She was so discouraged after four or five calls she was almost minded to seek Thorny in his newspaper lair for comfort. But this clearly would not do, since obviously he would continue to point out that her talents indicated an undeniable vocation for a place in his life.

Instead she went down to the warehouse of Major Rounds, her mother's old friend.

She found the major looking like Henry Clay in a frock coat with a velvet collar, giving orders to some negro stevedores straddling a fleet of boxes on the river runway.

The major took off his bow spectacles, with which he could do nothing but read, patted her hand delightedly and led her to his little box of a private office.

He was a business man of the old school, courtly and gallant, and he made divers references to the weather and to Elizabeth's close resemblance to her mother, with whom she actually shared no points of similarity whatever, before he took up the matter of her mission. It was here that Elizabeth was frank. His rosy face beneath his thinning white hair grew sympathetic and distressed before her tale. He had loved her mother as a little child—her mother's family. Something must be done. He patted Elizabeth's hand to reassure her.

"I have not much to offer, for we are feeling the general business depression, but I repeat that I shall do what I can. Your father was associated here some years ago and acquitted himself creditably. Had he remained and accepted the chances of promotion—but that's another matter. Now I have not much to offer—a fairly modest honorarium, but dependable, regular. A place can be made; in fact I can very well use a man of his gifts. He has—er—human approach. Persuade your father to come in and talk things over with me, dear child."

Dear child had promised to persuade; but easier said than done, she thought gloomily, standing presently in her kitchen.

She was making tea and toast for her mother's supper, and a centennial pie for father. A cockroach ran out from behind the sagging old plumbing over the sink and Elizabeth abstractedly slew him.

What a life! What a grayness, what a humdrum hideousness of sordid detail! Then the thought of to-morrow, of Sunday, of a happy day in the country with a girl companion, sprang up. It lifted her heart.

At twenty the thought of adventure, of uncertainty, of romance dogs the heel of the commonest platitude. Anything might happen to-morrow.

At least she would have a day—escape, freedom from worry, and the green and gold of countryside after the burning shimmer of her narrow street.

III

ADORNED once more in the mauve flounces and pork-pie hat, Elizabeth leaned back in a camp chair and watched the riverscape ooze slowly by.

At first, confluent with dump and clinker laden suburban wastes, with scarred factory

(Continued on Page 28)

They Fell Upon Her With the Gusto of Creative Enthusiasm

EUROPE IN TRANSITION

The Czecho-Slovakian Opportunity

By Isaac F. Marcosson

TRAVEL these days in many parts of Central Europe, and especially in Austria and Hungary, means incessant contact with hard luck. Everybody is more or less down in the mouth and bristles with protest against adverse circumstance. The moment you cross the frontier into Czecho-Slovakia you find an entirely different atmosphere. The republic not only drips with self-determination but almost oozes optimism.

There is a reason for all this cheerful uplift. The Czechs—they are the dominating race in the bustling nation headed by President Masaryk—are the Yankees of Middle Europe and the super press agents of the Continent. Only the Hungarians surpass them in volume of propaganda. Moreover, they have something to exploit. In the dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy they bagged the prize province, so far as industrial productivity is concerned, and got a running start on prosperity.

A Racial Marriage of Convenience

IN THE case of Austria and Hungary the question to-day is, "How can we live with the remnant left to us?" With Czecho-Slovakia it is merely a matter of capitalizing the rich spoils of war to the utmost advantage.

There are many reasons why the people of Czecho-Slovakia interest us. To begin with, there are about 2,000,000 Czechs and Slovaks in the United States. The wife of the president is an American, and the chief executive himself labored for years in our midst to further the ideals now realized as a result of the Great War. American relief and hygienic measures have helped to shape the life of the people. A Californian, Prof. Lincoln Hutchinson, is technical adviser to the government. Even in their currency the Czechs have followed us, for the notes of large denomination are greenbacks, made in America. None of the new nations presents so large an opportunity for trade intercourse with us. The economic future of Czecho-Slovakia depends upon her ability to market her surplus of manufactured commodities. Where many of her sister states face a deficiency in resources, she has almost a surfeit.

This rosy prospect is not without its cloud. Before the war much of industry which is now Czecho-Slovakian was not only Germanic in ownership and distribution, but the chief administrative center was Vienna. Now the racial lines are tightly drawn. The Teutons who must live and work within the republic are hostile to their new rulers. Vienna has become the capital of an alien country. Hence there is no escape anywhere in Europe from the eternal conflict of nationalists. Czecho-Slovakia has a race minority endowed with a full-sized kick, and it is as obstreperous as any group of willful senators that ever impeded patriotic progress at Washington.

In almost every other sense, however, Czecho-Slovakia is a distinct change from Austria and Hungary. It is a relief to turn from countries embroiled in the turmoil that has followed disruption to a nation that expresses something like economic unity. Likewise it is grateful to behold a people who in the main acclaim a treaty rather than denounce its stipulations. To put it briefly, Czecho-Slovakia is all to the good. It remains to be seen whether she can realize on her assets and make herself a sound and going business concern.

As is the case with all succession states, a swift historical approach must precede economic and political analysis. What is now Czecho-Slovakia was, with the exception of a comparatively small area, part of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The principal section is Bohemia, inhabited by the Czechs, who admit that they made a mistake in not calling their republic Greater Bohemia. The name it bears is not only difficult to learn, but suggests various racial complications, as this story, told me by the Countess Lützow, widow of the famous Bohemian historian, shows:

A London friend of hers was about to start on a trip to the Continent when someone suggested a sojourn in Czecho-Slovakia.

She replied, "I can't go there. I could never remember the name; and, besides, it sounds like a wild place."

The same objection applies to Jugo-Slavia.

Like the Magyars, the Bohemians have a real tradition of liberty. Slavs in origin, they have played a great part in history. In the Middle Ages Bohemia had her own king and was a power in Central Europe. She has always been a center of culture and religious freedom. One of her first pioneers of toleration was John Huss, who kindled the torch that lighted the way to the Reformation. Although he was burned at the stake, his soul, like that of John Brown, goes marching on. The repression of Protestantism started the Thirty Years' War, out of which Bohemia emerged broken and bankrupt and with a loss of more than half her population. During the sixteenth century she came under Hapsburg sovereignty.

Jan Masaryk, Son of President Masaryk

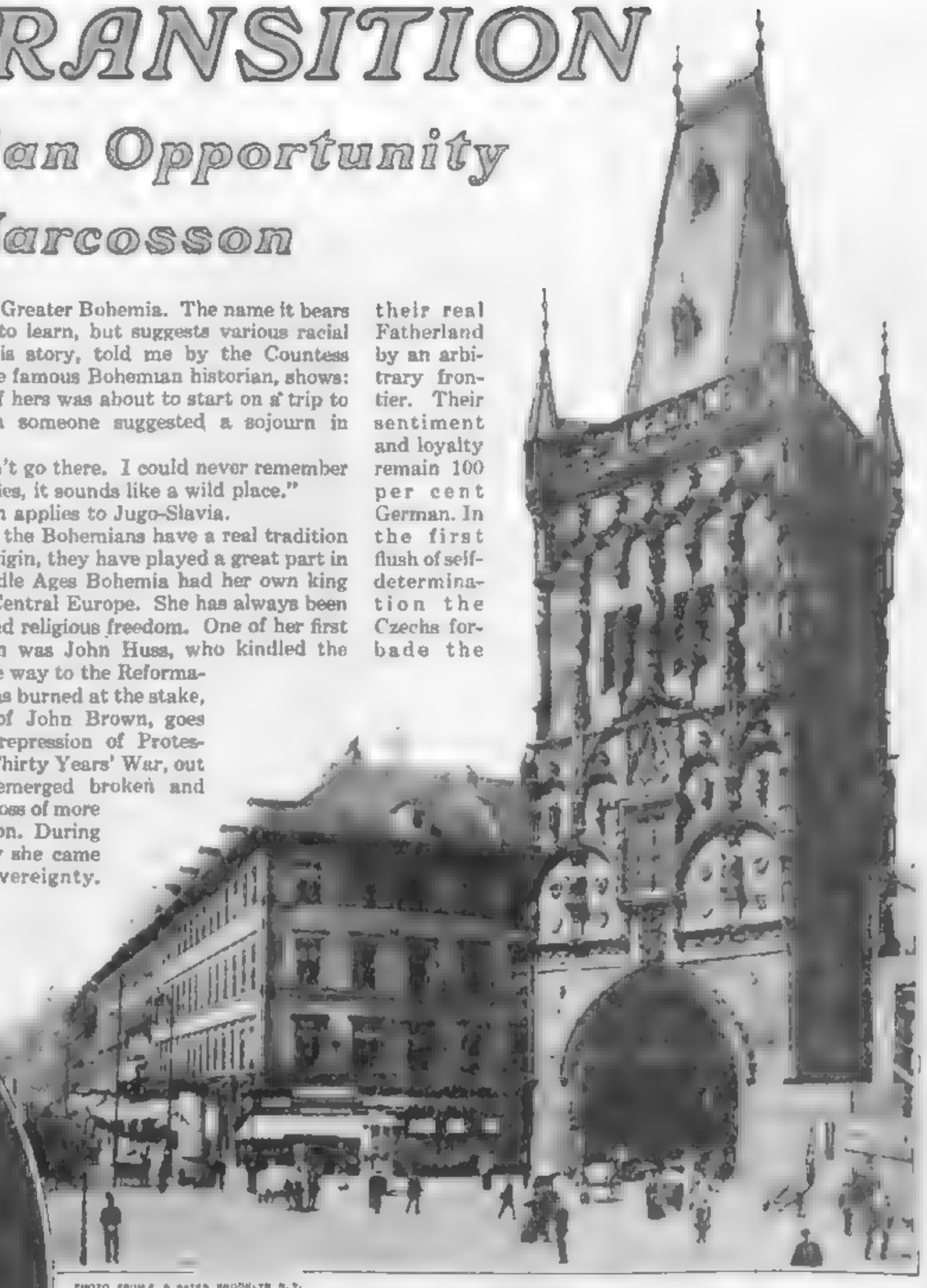

PHOTO PRINCE & GATES, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Powder Tower in Prague

From that time, and until the Great War set her free, she struggled against Teutonic rule. Again you have the parallel of protest with Hungary, but the Magyars have not realized a happy ending.

With the remaking of Europe, Bohemia came into her own. What a clever Czech has aptly designated as a racial marriage of convenience was consummated at Paris. To Bohemia was linked Slovakia, whose natives are culturally an inferior people. The aristocratic Czech refers to them as low-brows. The other provinces that round out Czecho-Slovakia are Moravia, Lower Silesia and Carpathian Russia, which is sometimes called Ruthenia. The total population aggregates 14,000,000, of which 8,000,000 are pure Czechs. The Slovaks roll up 2,500,000. The rest are Germans, who number 3,000,000, Ruthenians and Magyars.

Now you come to the usual racial muddle. The 3,000,000 Germans in Bohemia are boiling mad. So long as Bohemia was under Austrian sponsorship they were content to carry on, although there has always been bitter race feeling. Before the war, if a man called himself a Czech he was ostracized by the German Bohemians, and vice versa. Incidentally a war of cultures—this has no reference to germs, save perhaps the germ of knowledge—raged constantly between Teuton and Czech. Each contended that his brand of civilization was the best. At that time, however, the Germans were not spelling culture with a K.

The Czechs have always declared that the Germans had no real grievance, because Pilsen is in the heart of German Bohemia. The beer that made the town famous has flowed uninterruptedly through all the racial travail. The Germans still have the Pilsener beer, but they are cut off from their real Fatherland by an arbitrary frontier. Their sentiment and loyalty remain 100 per cent German. In the first flush of self-determination the Czechs forbade the use of the German language, and it was only recently that German speech was permitted, and then only in communities where not less than 20 per cent of the population are German.

What makes the German a real thorn in the flesh of the Czech is that a large part of Bohemian industry, and more especially textiles, glass and porcelains, is in German hands and the Germans seem to be the only people qualified to operate it. Economic self-defense dictates that the German be mollified, but he refuses to be placated. The German element in Parliament is a stumblingblock to legislation—there are exactly seventeen different political parties in Czecho-Slovakia—and as a consequence there is a well-developed fly in the ointment that healed the ancient Bohemian national sore.

The Discontented Slovaks

BUT the Germans constitute only one phase of this Czecho-Slovakian racial mix-up. The Slovaks are not charged with love for the Czechs. This is why the union of the Czechs and the Slovaks was a marriage of convenience. The treaty makers assumed that what the Slovaks lacked in affection for Bohemia would be made up by economic necessity. At this point it is important to know that the Slovaks were formerly more or less dependent upon Hungary. Every year they descended from their mountains and harvested the grain on the great Hungarian plain.

With the money thus earned they supplied their winter needs. This one-time intimate relation between Slovakia and Hungary is ended, and the Slovakians must get their sustenance from Bohemia and Moravia. Not only are they discontented, but they have added a new kink to the race entanglement by demanding autonomy.

This reminds me of an amusing story told me in Prague by Jan Masaryk, son of the president. During the war the elder Masaryk spent considerable time in this country and made a number of speeches advocating a Czech republic.

At Pittsburgh he declared to a large audience composed principally of Slovaks that their country, despite the union with Bohemia, would in time have autonomy. After the establishment of Czecho-Slovakia Jan Masaryk was made the first diplomatic representative at Washington. He, too, made a speech-making trip and in time reached Pittsburgh. At the conclusion of his address a big Slovak who worked in one of the Homestead steel mills came up to him and said, "Where is that automobile?"

"Which automobile?" demanded Masaryk.

"The automobile that your father promised us," retorted the man.

It finally dawned on Masaryk that the Slovak had misunderstood autonomy to mean an automobile.

The inevitable consequence of all this racial cross play in Czecho-Slovakia is a ferment of animosity. The motto "Give us this day our daily hate" hangs over the mantelpiece in Czecho-Slovakia, just as in Hungary, Rumania, Poland and a considerable part of Germany. A little catalogue of hatreds might not be amiss here.

The Palace of Industry of the Prague Sample Fair

The Czechs detest the Hungarians because they fear them. So bitter has been the feeling that it was not until January first of this year that ordinary postal communication was established between them, and it was only in June that through railway service was inaugurated. Prior to June the traveler had to go around by way of Vienna or Rumania. There are still several hundred thousand Magyars in Slovakia, and they are constantly stirring up trouble, for they refuse to be benevolently assimilated. Czecho-Slovakia took the initiative in forming the Little Entente, which also includes Rumania and Jugo-Slavia, mainly to keep Hungary in her place.

An Internationalized City

THE Czechs cordially dislike the Germans. I have already given one reason in the shape of the Teutonic control of so many large industries. Reenforcing it is the natural antipathy that the Slav has for the Teuton. The Czechs know, however, that to involve the Germans in a war would be an extremely hazardous procedure, because one of their two outlets to the sea is by way of the Elbe to Hamburg.

A real break with Hungary would be equally costly, because it would close the Danube to them, and the Danube affords the only other highway to tidewater.

Third in this amiable category of abhorrence is the violent Czech feeling toward the Poles. At first glance this would seem to be inconsistent, because they are both Slavs. A little thing like community of racial interests, however, is not allowed to interfere with the favorite Central European indoor sport of nation baiting.

The Czecho-Polish hiatus is likely to be kept alive for a good many years to come, largely because of the extraordinary mess made in the partitioning of Teschen. Since this is one of the illuminating by-products of self-determination that does not self-determine, it is well worth explaining. Nor is it without diverting aspects.

Teschen is a prosperous community of 28,000 people, located in East Silesia, near the Polish frontier. Before the war it was part of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. It contains extensive ironworks and near by are valuable coal mines. One-half the population is German, 42 per cent are Poles and the remainder are Czechs. They dwelt together in harmony because there was a meal ticket for everybody.

Along came the war with its attendant confusion which did not end with peace. When the Dual Monarchy was parceled out Teschen became a problem. On one hand the Czechs clamored for it, while on the other the Poles contended that it was their birthright. The treaty makers did in this instance what they had already done in various other and similar cases. In the American vernacular, they passed the buck to the Council of Ambassadors. After wrestling with it for some time, they in turn could find no solution and put it up to an interallied mission.

As an indignant Czech put it to me: "On a dark night, when everyone was suffering from astigmatism, they drew a line across the map and in this way settled the Teschen question."

As a result Teschen to-day is a hybrid. Half of it is in Czecho-Slovakia and the other half in Poland. The factories, shops, water and gas works and the principal railway station are on the Czech side, while the schools, residences, public buildings, hospitals, cemeteries and churches are in Poland. Every citizen must have a passport. Each morning hundreds of workers and school children are turned back at the border because they have neglected to renew their visas. Most of the doctors are in Czecho-Slovakia, while the majority of their patients are in an alien country less than a mile away. If a Polish woman gets sick during the night she frequently must wait until morning to get medical assistance, or travel a considerable distance back into the interior to the nearest hospital that flies her national flag. Industrially the situation is also complicated, because Poland drew the coal mines that were formerly on Austrian soil. With such conditions as I have just described you can hardly expect anything like economic harmony in this particular corner of the world.

Rich in Productive Resources

DESPITE this overhead burden of nationalistic turbulence, Czecho-Slovakia has big industrial and agricultural assets. Properly administered, they should be race proof. Roughly speaking, she obtained practically 75 per cent of the productive resources of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Perhaps the most striking way to present these rich resources is to say that the territory which is now Czecho-Slovakia, and which comprised 28 per cent of the old empire, produced all of its output of porcelain, 92 per cent of the glass and sugar, 90 per cent of the jute, gloves and malt, and more than 60 per cent of the linen, chemicals, textiles, shoes and other leather goods. To get a different angle, Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia contained only 36 per cent of the population of the former monarchy, but they comprised more than 60 per cent—and in the case of the textile workers, 80 per cent—of all the industrial workers.

(Continued on Page 39)

Prague, "The City of a Thousand Spires," Showing the Old Hapsburg Castle, Now the Seat of the Czech Government

MEN OF AFFAIRS

"If I Tell You, You'll Do Nothing—Say Nothing—Till Eleven o'Clock This Day Three Weeks?"

V

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

RICHARD FRENCHAM ALTAR awoke betimes; he had been disturbed when the four o'clock patrol came round, but subsequently slept for another spell. In the shuffle up he had changed the order of his companions, and as he opened his eyes for the second time he found himself beside an old lady, generously skirted and shawled, who wore a hat from which the bare quills of ostrich feathers pointed this way and that in raffish confusion. In her lap was a sack containing her various possessions. Richard watched dreamily as she emptied its contents upon the pavement and sorted them out in some kind of order. The proceeding was vaguely reminiscent of a barrack-room kit inspection. So far as he could judge she was separating wardrobe from larder, the two having become confused during the preceding day's march. To one inexpert in such matters it would have been hard to decide which was eatable and which was wearable, and Richard watched the operation with a mixture of amusement and disgust.

Having found her breakfast and selected a piece of rag to act as napkin, tablecloth, and subsequently a face towel, the old lady restored the remainder of her effects to the valise and fell to.

Noticing Richard was awake she addressed him in a singularly soprano voice.

"I'm up a bit early to-day," she remarked; and added: "Lovely air, isn't it?"

The unexpected aestheticism of the remark robbed him of speech. He had looked for mutterings or execration, but instead here was appreciation overriding adversity. A powerful desire possessed him to shake hands with his new acquaintance, but being unacquainted with the proper etiquette of the benches he did not risk it. Recovering his composure he agreed about the quality of the air and threw in a word of praise for the sparrows.

"Dear little things!" said the old lady over the gray crust to which she was applying a single tooth. Having gnawed off a corner she threw a glance at him. "Just come down?" she questioned.

Richard nodded.

"My first night," he said, "and I've rarely spent a better, though I confess I should enjoy a shave and a wash."

"There's a bit of mirror in the tobacconist's," she nodded over her shoulder. "I often freshen up in front of it when the mood takes me. Many's the hat I've changed before that glass. But, then, I don't bother much these days." Once again her critical glance came in his direction. "After a time one loses interest, y'know."

The sentiment struck Richard chillily.

"And yet," he said, "you seem to have kept in touch with cheerfulness."

"Ah, but I'm old," she answered, "and to old people one thing's as good as another. If I was you I wouldn't be content."

"I've no intention of being content," he said. "I just happen to have hit the rocks, but I'll get sailing again one of these days."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say so, and now I must toddle along."

He asked what employment could engage her at so early an hour.

"I'm going to pick over the dust bins in Bond Street," she returned; and added: "You never know what you'll find. Only you must be early. Goo' morning." And with a sunny smile the disreputable old thing shuffled away, warbling a snatch of song as she went.

"By jove," said Richard, "I suppose that's about what I'm doing—picking over dust bins and wondering what I shall find."

He looked across the park to where the golden orb of the sun was rising over the tree tops, and lifted his hat in salutation.

"Good morning, day," he said. "Your servant to command. Gad! But I could do with some breakfast."

He rose and walked briskly toward Knightsbridge. The coffee stall by Hyde Park Corner attracted his attention. A few early carters and an occasional loafer were gathered about it, and the smell of victuals was tempting. Richard noticed the driver of a large dray leaning against the railings pouring tea into the saucer of his cup. He was a big man and his apparel was conspicuous by the fact that he wore a collar but no tie. The omission suggested an idea.

"Do you want a tie by any chance?" Richard asked, and listened to a highly decorated ambition to know what he was talking about.

"Only this," he answered: "I've a notion I could do with some breakfast and it occurred to me you might like to buy me one in exchange for a perfectly good Etonian tie."

For a space the driver examined Richard's necktie in thoughtful silence and his expression softened.

"I reckon that 'ud suit me," he observed judicially.

"It would," said Richard, "and a hard-boiled egg would suit me, with a cup of coffee to moisten it."

Somehow the absence of a tie seemed to ease the passage of the simple fare down his gullet, and Richard felt twice his own man as he turned jubilantly into the park and swung along the lower walk. The breakfast had heartened him and he was ready to face the future with a bold front. "I'll take a bit of a constitutional," he said, "and later on roll round to a labor bureau and see what's doing." He paused for a moment by the rails of Rotten Row and watched some early horsemen canter by. In one of them he recognized an old acquaintance and instinctively covered the lower half of his face with his hand. His chin was prickly, for his beard had grown rapidly during the night. As a scrupulous twice-a-day shaver his senses rebelled at the notion of weed upon his face. However, it was useless to lament over trifles like that.

"I know," he said to himself. "A dip in the Serpentine."

A quarter of an hour later he was cutting through the water with long, powerful strokes. On shore he had the good fortune to borrow a cake of soap from another bather who appeared, from the modesty of his folded garments, to be in equally hazardous financial circumstances.

"To tell the honest truth," his new acquaintance confided, "I bagged that bit of soap from a Great Eastern Railway carriage. Managed to nip in and collar it when no one was looking. Suppose I'm a thief of sorts, but a man loses self-respect if he doesn't wash."

They sat side by side until the pale sunlight had partially dried them. "You broke?" Richard queried.

The man shook his head seriously.

"No, I'm a millionaire," he replied; "only I haven't any money—not a bean. Spent it all making myself rich. Look at this."

He untied a string that circled his neck. Richard had noticed the string and a small linen bag it supported. He opened the bag and produced a piece of yellow metal about the size of a lump of sugar.

"It's gold," he said.

Richard agreed that it looked like gold and asked where it came from.

"I made it," was the astonishing reply. "You needn't worry; it is gold, all right. Bear any test." He restored it to the bag. "Seems stupid," he went on, "that here am I, with the knowledge to command millions, and I haven't a sou in my pocket. Cheap process, too, once you've got the plant. Dirt cheap. 'Course getting the plant's the trouble. No one'll believe me. Disheartening. Took that sample to the Bank of England; they asked me where I bought it. Bought it! Lord! Oh, well—one of these days, I suppose. Meet again perhaps. G'-by."

And with a cheery wave of the hand he vaulted the railings and ran lightly across the grass.

"I'm damned," said Richard. "If a fellow like that can make gold it follows to reason I ought to be able to make good."

It was after nine o'clock when Richard turned down the Earl's Court Road. He stopped before a small sweet-stuff shop, attracted by a card in the window which read, "Letters may be addressed here, 1d."

"I suppose a man, even in my circumstances, ought to have a town address," he argued. "After all, one never knows"

Accordingly he entered and registered under the modest name of John Todd. To the little old lady who wrote it down in a small laundry book devoted to the purpose, he said he was probably going abroad and later might send a request to forward correspondence. It was a dignified and pleasant transaction, although he felt that he would have created a better impression had he retained his necktie.

Coming out of the shop he fell into line with the tide of city workers moving southward to the underground station. These were the nobility of commerce who picked up the reins of office at 9:45—persons of substance in no way to be confused with the 8:30 worker. It was an honorable association to walk down the Earl's Court Road in such company. Richard swung along at an even gait with an important-looking individual in a hard felt hat to the right of him and a stout gentleman with a King Edward beard to the left.

The three entered Earl's Court Station abreast and approached the barrier, where Richard stepped aside to let them pass. Leaning against the grille gates was a man reading a folded copy of the Daily Sketch. He looked at Richard for an instant, then looked again searchingly. The repeated action attracted Richard's notice and their eyes met

"Hardly worth while, is it?" said the man.

"I beg your pardon?" Richard returned.

Her Face Was White and Tense, Her Mouth Drawn in a Line of Determination

"Oh, that's quite all right; but I really wouldn't bother with it." He pointed at the opening of Richard's waistcoat and smiled. "That's rather a sound notion—no tie—distracts the eye from looking too keenly at the face. You nearly passed me"

"To be perfectly frank," Richard answered, "I shouldn't have bought crape if I had passed you."

The man laughed. "Getting pretty sick of it?" he queried.

A sure conviction possessed Richard that he was in the presence of a lunatic. "On the contrary," he replied, "I'm just beginning to enjoy myself."

"Well, well; no accounting for tastes. But I should have thought you'd have had enough of railway stations. Better go home and stay there."

Richard shook his head sympathetically.

"Try a little more soda in it," he suggested. "You'd be a different man inside a week. So long."

The watcher by the gate was smiling pleasantly to himself as Richard turned away.

It was nearly one o'clock when his wanderings brought him back to the neighborhood of Piccadilly. He had spent the intervening hours, with little enough success, at the labor bureau in Westminster. From there he walked across the Mall and found an empty bench under the trees in Green Park looking up Park Lane. He had hardly seated himself when he saw a man come out of a big doorway opposite and hurry eastward toward Piccadilly Circus. Even at the distance Richard had no difficulty in recognizing the diner who overnight had nodded to him at the Berkeley.

"Half a mind to give him a shout," he thought; but on reflection: "I don't know, though; he seems in the deuce of a hurry and I can't imagine he's any work to give away."

It would have saved Cranbourne a lot of trouble if Richard had followed his first inclination.

VI

NO WORD had been received from Cranbourne. From the moment he left Lord Almont's flat he disappeared completely. That was Cranbourne's way, for once an idea started in his brain he rested not until it had been realized or proved useless. He had given himself three days to find Barraclough's double and among a population of seven millions the task was no easy one. His quarry had dined at the Berkeley on the twenty-fourth instant, but beyond that point information languished.

The redoubtable Brown, prince of head waiters, who knew the affairs of most of his customers as intimately as his own, was able to offer little or no assistance. He remembered the gentleman who had dined alone in a tweed suit and had said something about having no dress clothes. He believed he had seen him in uniform during the earlier part of the war, but couldn't recall the regiment. Had an impression he paid for his dinner with the last of the notes in his pocket, but that might mean nothing. "A pleasant gentleman, spoke crisply and had a smile."

John, of the cloakroom, remembered a half crown thrown on his little counter in return for a soft hat—"Wait a bit, sir; by a Manchester hatter, I believe"—and a rainproof coat rather thinnish and brown.

The Manchester hat depressed Cranbourne, for it widened the circle of inquiry.

The porter at the revolving door believed the gentleman had gone toward Piccadilly—walking. Yes, he was sure he hadn't taken a cab. Gave him a shilling and five coppers.

Cranbourne thanked them and spent the rest of the day passing in and out of every well-known grill room in London. It was sound enough reasoning but it brought forth no results. At twelve o'clock the same night he paid a

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"I'm Up a Bit Early To-Day," She Remarked; and Added: "Lovely Air, Isn't It?"

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Industrial Conflict

WHENEVER a severe struggle between employers and employes takes place or is narrowly averted there is a natural feeling of discouragement that relations between these two parties in industry should be so hostile. But this is a field, like many others, where failure attracts far more attention than success. Married people who live happily together do not make news for the papers, but it is often different with those who seek divorces. Employers and employes alike have not as a rule said much about their agreements, but nothing has been able to keep their disagreements from public notice. As long as all goes well, human nature accepts as a matter of course, and questioning begins only when things go wrong.

In the last few years, however, interest in industrial relations has been so intense that investigators of every stripe have been ferreting out and reporting upon concerns that get along peacefully with their workers or which are making unusual efforts to do so. The country has been combed, as it were, for instances of happy industrial relations. The investigations have been made by employers' and manufacturers' associations, by government departments, by educational institutions, by churches and by every manner of magazine and newspaper. In one city alone six hundred incentive plans were studied. Every form of profit sharing has been analyzed and reanalyzed. Information has been sought not only from employers but from the humblest of wage earners. The investigators have been invested with every degree of competence and incompetence, and they have sought and apparently found everything from prosaic conditions up to and through the square deal, the new spirit and the Golden Rule.

But though the searching out of successful and industrial experiments has been carried on with an excess of journalistic zeal which may not prove permanent, the net result shows beyond question that in very great numbers of industries the degree of conflict between the two parties is comparatively slight or almost wholly absent. Nor does anyone suppose that such a field of inquiry has been exhausted. Investigators tend to cover ground which has been gone over before, to confirm the conclusions of a previous reporter and to look for the high spots which have already attracted attention. Then, too, though there are managers fully mindful of the possible publicity value of being written up as model employers, for each one who encourages and receives such advertising there are probably dozens just as worthy of study who do not believe in publicity or do not know how to get it, or who thus far have been overlooked.

Certainly it is a fair statement that in almost every locality that harbors industries of any size there is one or more whose industrial relations are almost wholly or reasonably and moderately satisfactory to all concerned, without the world in general having been apprised of the fact. There are entire communities where labor relations are for the most part amicable. There are concerns here and there which have gone on for twenty, thirty, forty and more years with very little trouble and equally little notice from the outside. Now and then a firm celebrates its fiftieth consecutive year of industrial peace. Often these concerns may seem old-fashioned; they may or may not have a particular system, plan or scheme for industrial harmony. It may be that the managers merely know how to get along with men. There are cases where outside expert advice is needed and availed of; in other cases the managers get along much better without it. Commenting on a new book which covers a number of noteworthy cases, the Commercial and Financial Chronicle recently said:

> To show how, in the face of the new times and all the new methods and eager and varied experimenting, recognition of some old-fashioned and very simple fundamental principles applied in kindly human relations has produced and still does produce very excellent results, we happen to be able to give the story of a great enterprise in the centre of the country and in no exceptional surroundings or conditions. It was founded in 1864 to manufacture watches, producing its first watch in 1867. Beginning with 100 a year, it can now produce 3300 complete watch movements every working day. Last year it made one million watches. It employs 4000 workmen and women, and can give steady work, as the market takes up readily its entire product.
>
> It has paid dividends uninterruptedly for 25 years, and during that period has never had a strike. During the war it promptly advanced wages 74% and continues the war rate still, while the price of its product was advanced only 40%.
>
> It has an annual income of $185,000 from its outside surplus investments, and has no bonded debt. It has no novelty of method to present, as its policy from the first under an undisturbed management has been to furnish its employees with the best conditions of working, to pay wages that would make possible a high standard of living and secure contentment among its people. It has been able through the war period to continue this policy by reason of increased production and steady sale. In 1917 the hours of work were reduced to eight, with a half day on Saturday. An Advisory Council of twenty from the different departments aids the administration. There is an Employees' Relief Fund, managed entirely by the men, and a Pension Fund, to which the company contributes equally with the employees, and which now amounts to $600,000 and is the source of much satisfaction, especially to the older men. This story . . . might be repeated by many others less well known.

An astute observer of social conditions has remarked that though we are constantly exhorted to do something to improve the relations of employer and employe he is willing to argue that the relation in life which has the least bad feeling or personal bitterness in it is the pure business relation. "Where is there so much dissension and bitterness as in family matters? . . . We are told that classes are becoming more separated and that the poor are learning to hate the rich. . . . I have sought diligently in history for the time when no class hatreds existed between rich and poor. I cannot find any such period, and I make bold to say that no one can point to it."

He might have added that the dissension between employer and employe is mild as compared with that between youth and age, between neighbors, and sometimes, alas, between factions in the same church. Or what is more to the point, capital and labor, employer and employe, get along singularly well as compared with individuals of the same rank in the same occupation. Even when Jim, who works in the mill, goes on strike he does not hate the boss so much as he does Bill, who works alongside of him and called him an unpleasant name the other day. And as for the boss—oh, how he does love the owner of the rival factory who cut prices on him two months ago! And how lawyers love each other; and rival newspaper proprietors in the same city, one owning the yellow paper and the other the conservative! In plain language, a great part of all the talk about the enmity of capital and labor and of classes toward one another is rot.

Of course only the most theoretical of idealists expects the interests of employer and employe to be completely reconciled. There is no reason why labor should be entirely satisfied. The employer himself is never wholly content. It is unnatural for men and women, no matter what their occupation, to be utterly satisfied, for that would mean stagnation. This is merely a case for a little common sense, a little proportion. In any large family there is usually one child who is discontented. There are sure to be a few such persons, perhaps quite a number, in office and factory, and the employer or investigator who goes into a funk about it takes a narrow view. If the bulk of the steady, well-balanced, representative American workmen of middle age, and preferably those with families, get along with the management, there is cause for considerable congratulation.

A corporation manager who has had much experience and marked success in building up weak concerns, and especially in solving their labor troubles, recently said: "I cannot hope to please all the men. If I get half of them with me then I know things are all right, just as I do if I have fifty per cent of the stockholders with me."

Easy Come, Easy Go

RECENT speculation in German marks affords striking proof of our national readiness to put our money on a long shot without any very careful examination of the chances of winning. Something like one hundred million American dollars are vanishing in the thin air of the German currency balloon, already inflated nearly to the bursting point. Competent authorities have estimated that twenty billion paper marks, out of a total circulation of upwards of ninety billions, are in the hands of American speculators; and the amazing fact is that most of this practically worthless paper was bought at a time when sound bonds secured by mortgages on thriving American industries could be bought to yield seven or eight per cent, and seasoned stocks of the same concerns were returning nine or ten per cent on the investment. A visit to any broker's office would have resulted in access to the fullest statistical data bearing upon the soundness of these home securities, though they would not, to be sure, hold out hopes of the nine hundred per cent profits that were so glibly predicted by the dazzled victims of markomania.

And yet the reasoning of the plungers in marks was sound enough. Its only vice was that it was based on false premises. Firm believers in German industry, frugality and recuperative power, these speculators visioned the economic come-back of the German people and endeavored to turn it to their own account by unprecedented purchases of the national paper currency. Unfortunately for them, they confused the future of the mark with the future of Germany. For a year or two they ran a race with the German printing presses, with the disastrous results that have lately been witnessed. In effect they endeavored to corner a commodity that could be produced in quantities to exceed any possible demand. Germans, in the meantime, were getting rid of marks as fast as they knew how, putting them into dollar exchange, real estate, machinery, motor cars and what not, well aware that no printing press can devalorize a house and lot or rob machinery of its productive powers.

There are still incurable optimists who have the credulity to hope and half expect that the German mark will come back to par or at least within hailing distance of it; but it is to be doubted if they have realized that in order to redeem ninety billion paper marks at par the German Government would have to raise the tidy sum of $21,438,000,000 in hard cash.

Repudiation of the mark, by whatever emollient name the adjusting process may be called, is bound to occur; but Germans will at least have the consoling thought that they have nationally profited to the tune of one hundred million dollars by our American fondness for taking chances. This sum is just about the amount that government officials used to estimate was annually lost in get-rich-quick schemes; but it may prove to have been well spent if it results in teaching us the folly of sitting in games of chance that we do not understand.

ONE-CYLINDER MEN

By Forrest Crissey

SEVERAL million working men in America today are saying the same thing—"Everything dead in my line!" And please notice the qualifying clause, "in my line." Some of these men are desperate and some are merely discouraged, but all are wondering what is the matter with the world that they should find themselves in such a plight. Perhaps a few of them put the problem more personally and ask, "What's the matter with me?" But this class is relatively small.

Anyhow, here's the experience of a man who faced idleness and privation because there was nothing doing in his line. It's a real experience, not an incident framed to enforce a point, and therefore worth 100 per cent. Incidentally it seems to me like mighty good reading for all men who are hunting jobs and all who are interested in the job hunters. It has been a long time since I have encountered any other experience which impressed me as profoundly as this.

How About Apple Wood?

A YOUNG man of pleasing appearance entered the Philadelphia office of the Pennsylvania State Employment Bureau and applied for work as a mechanical engineer. He had been at the front in the field artillery in France and was among the last in that branch of the service to receive his discharge. At first he did not appear to be especially anxious or distressed because there was not an immediate employment opening in his line; but after haunting the employment office for several days, only to receive the same message—"Nothing doing yet in your line"—he began to show signs of wear, and finally blurted out:

"If there's anything in sight that looks like a job for a man who is out of luck and out of money, never mind whether it's in my line or not. Several times in my life, when in a pinch, I've managed to turn my hand to jobs that I hadn't been trained for, and to get away with them too. I can do it again. Just give me a chance at the first thing that shows up and I'll make a drive for it. Of course I'd rather do something which calls for a little headwork and is paid accordingly than to dig ditches, but I'm not going to be particular or choosy."

"Come in to-morrow morning," replied the white-haired man at the front desk in the technical department, "and I'll see if I can't dig up something outside of your line that is worth while. A man doesn't have to keep doing the same thing all his life. I know that from experience. I'm a far greater success as a professional job finder than I was as a druggist, and that is the line which I followed all the earlier years of my life. It came to me by inheritance, and I hated it, although I was well trained for it. It always interests me to see a man who has been carefully trained for one craft or profession who is ready to go into something else when things slow down in his special line. To my notion resourcefulness and adaptability are two of the best traits a man can have."

As the former mechanical engineer entered the employment office the following morning the white-haired man at the desk met him with the question, "Do you know anything about apple wood?"

The ex-service man grinned as he replied, "I know that it grows in orchards and that cutting it into firewood length for the kitchen stove is exercise enough to keep a prize fighter in fairly good form. But what's the big idea about apple wood anyhow?"

"Nothing," returned the job getter, "excepting the fact that the largest maker of saws in this country has a place for an expert in apple wood. Do you know that saw handles are all of apple wood?"

"Not guilty, sir," replied the jobless artilleryman. "But how long do I have in which to make myself an expert? If it were only mahogany or black walnut I'd be rather at home, for I've had some experience with those woods. However, if that chance can be held open for a few days I'll know quite a bit about saw handles and the stuff of which they're made. I'm a college man and experience has taught me that a few days of intensive cramming can work wonders as a preparation for an examination."

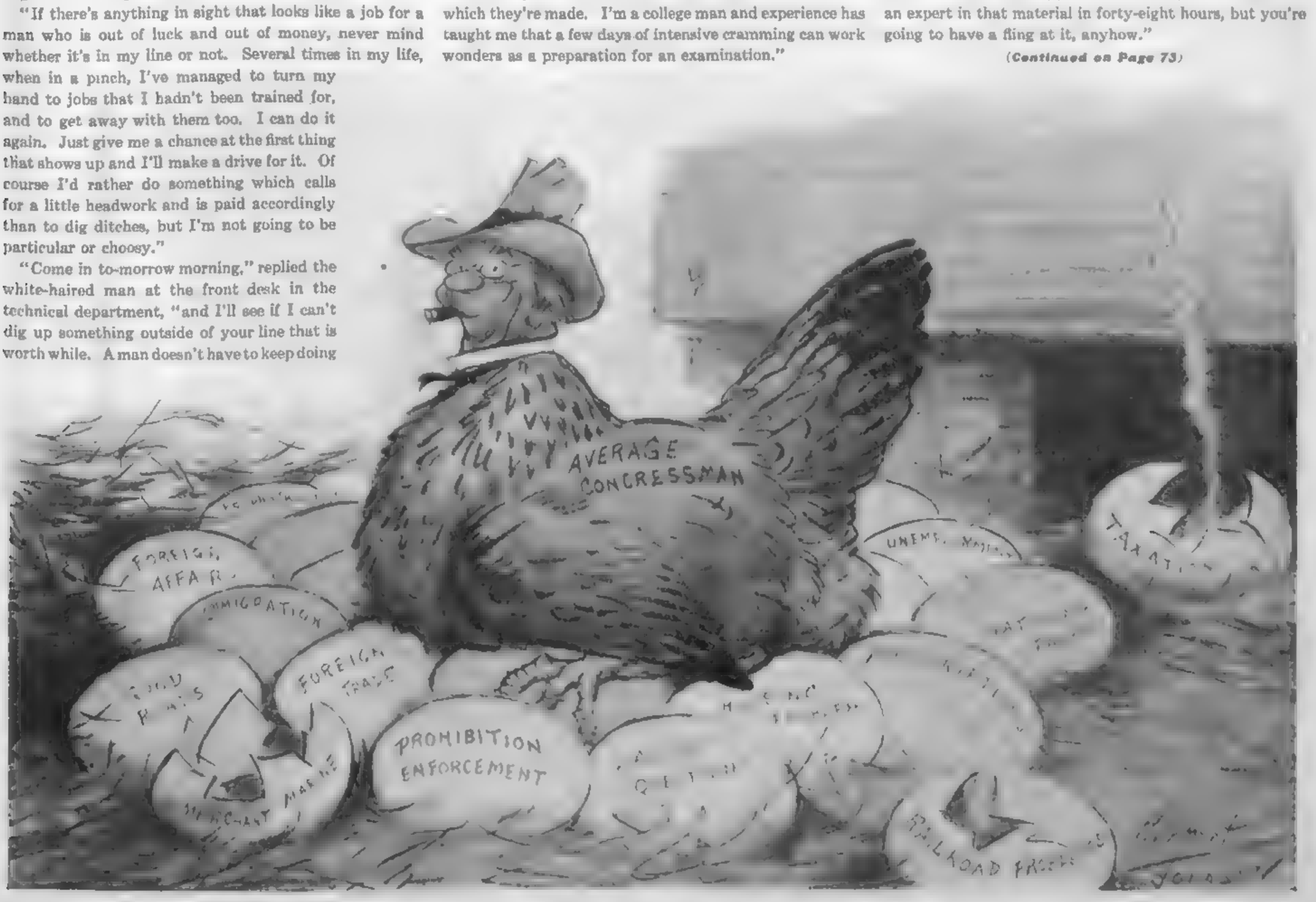
"You'll have to work fast," commented the white-haired examiner of technical applicants, "for the man who gets this position is expected to report in just forty-eight hours. Now what are you going to do as a matter of preparation for the once-over which they'll give you when you enter your appearance at the saw factory?"

"I'm going to talk with men who sell saws and with those who use them and find out their ideas of what defects in the wood cause the handles to break. Then I'm going to try to locate a man in a factory which makes saw handles and learn all I can from him. If possible I'm also going to get hold of a man who buys apple wood—who goes out in the field for orchards—and pump an earful of information from him. That'll keep me busy in the daylight hours. At night I'm going to see what I can dig up in the technical library about saw handle lumber, its main sources, its prices and the processes through which it must pass before it joins the saw blade. I know a practical hardwood lumberman and I think he'll help me."

The Nerve That Wins

"YOU'VE sense and nerve," responded the employment official. "I'm going to take a chance on you. I'd hate to have you fall down on this thing, because we have a fairly good reputation with this firm, and it looks to us to send it the sort of men who make good. We can't afford to get in bad with this house by doing anything that might reflect on the intelligence of the service of the bureau. I can't quite see how a man who doesn't know that saw handles are made of apple wood is going to fit himself as an expert in that material in forty-eight hours, but you're going to have a fling at it, anyhow."

(Continued on Page 73)



Is This Bird Big Enough for the Job?

THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XVIII

MAY had told me once that she couldn't make head or tail of my psychology, and I don't know that you can blame her. Everything is viewpoint, of course, and I don't know that I can explain in words of one syllable the process by which I had filtered back through the wall again. The fact remains, though, that I had no sooner laid eyes on May than that dreamlike question that kept haunting me—hold on, is this right?—was promptly and icily answered in the negative. My soul cried out for rescue, and I found my voice and means to ship Incarnación at one and the same time.

Keeping my arms over my head still, I whispered to Incarnación to run, that I was taken prisoner, but that I might find means to meet her later. I felt her glow at my side, and hadn't courage to look at her, didn't look at her again on that occasion, but walked right up to May, and my features artfully broke into a playful smile as I pitched her these two coy words: "I surrender."

"Don't let me interrupt, please," May said in skewering accents.

"You're not interrupting," I said brilliantly. "May, this is all a fearful mistake."

"Mistake!" she shot at me. "I never was so mistaken in a man in all my life. Let me walk on, I'll thank you to."

I trailed her.

"That was a two-way shaft, it turned out," I pleaded.

"It was a two-way man that went into it," May retorted.

That was the last straw. I was numbered with the slain from that minute. May always did get a lot of kick into her responses; and I was willing to allow for that, but I was too mortally hurt to reply. Why couldn't I have told her frankly that my aim in toying with that woman all along had been to draw Terrazas' gunfire? May's essential nobility of character would have stood up under that disclosure. She was patriotic to the core. And yet I didn't do it.

I pitied myself, and I found something bitterly ironic in my situation. My mind zigzagged back along the road of our sweet partnership—May's and mine—in lightning strokes, and I could accuse myself of scarcely a single vital deviation from that resolve to serve May to the death that I had formed on first acquaintance.

Where was the joint in the armor of my constancy, will you tell me? Do you suppose I would have hurled myself regardless at the slippery side of that Western Flyer if it hadn't been for May's presence in the sleeper and that appeal she had made to me to come aboard? The mere thought of that dare-deviltry has me quaking now where I sit. I make bold to affirm that my courage was nothing, less than nothing, without the attractive force of that exquisite loadstone. I wanted to save May Gowdy from herself. All on fire as I was to chain that young woman to my chariot wheel, can you wonder if I grew bitter when the irony of events persisted in reversing the rôles I had assigned for us to play?

The whole mad dash, those hopes of easy cush and those expectations of completed bliss—all had been for May. I remember a time when I had to shove a bunch of homestead pamphlets into my shoes to keep from puncturing my feet, and I see that even then, more than anything in life, I wanted that girl for my bright fireside angel—every atom of me—not that pale, lovely mocker in the smoke ring, but a being solidified and put to the three-dimensional test.

Well, the hideous levity of chance had mocked me. Even my own character had got warped in the gigantic undertaking, fatally twisted perhaps in that moment when Inky's arms stole round me, and brought to mind those considerations of duty to my country which forced me to reconsider and ultimately embrace the agreeable notion of playing right into her hands.

You say you could have resisted the temptation, but that's easy-chair *sang-froid* again, my friend. You may be able to demonstrate on a sunny forenoon in Kansas, without a breath of wind, that you are able to keep both your feet planted on the ground; but what guaranty is that that you will do the same if a living tornado snakes across your path? No guaranty; and we who draw the inconsistent breath of life can prove it to you.

What would you have had me do differently? Wasn't it the simple truth that May's misinterpreted snub in that hallway at Madcap, under the torn canvas of Pike's Peak, had first dashed me into Inky's arms, like a man being rolled over and over in the surf, senseless and half stunned? The gods do cheat, the ancients to the contrary notwithstanding. There hadn't been a time from first to last when I wouldn't have cried with Keats, "Heaven shield thee for thine utter loveliness"; and heaven did shield her for that same, without my having part or lot in it.

I was as low in mind as Syd had ever been; apathetic in fact. I didn't care what became of Inky, but I didn't doubt for a second that she had gone back to Terrazas to blow the gaff, whisper to him my knowledge of his stolen treasure heap down there, and the advisability of clearing out.

I didn't care for that either. There was a curse on that gold; there was blood on it, and might be more blood. Wild horses wouldn't draw me there again, I told myself, and I felt the more resolute on that point because I was looked at slant-eyed now by practically every member of the Sprowl outfit. Clint himself doubted me, Clint the optimist, down on his knees in that lateral tunnel under the Golden Girl, wheedling his drill into the rock, muttering, cursing and running drops of water off that insistent nose of his. A candle in a twist of wire over his head flared weirdly. It looked like a taper burning on the altar of a false god, and old King Knute, drawing out his blood-red drill and bowing over it, looked like a man praying.

He doubted me, because he hadn't asked me one word about that night's doings, and I was too sensitive to broach

(Continued on Page 24)

I Woke Up, and it Was Morning, the Tent Flap Thrown Open and May Kneeling by My Cot

My little belle you rightly spell
The happiness you wish us
The truest word we've ever heard
For soup that's just delicious!

A masterpiece!

That is what you will pronounce Campbell's Vegetable Soup at the first delicious spoonful. The Campbell's zeal for Quality, the Campbell's nicety in preparation and blending, through more than half a century, tell in the delightful savor and invigorating richness of this famous soup.

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Vermicelli-Tomato

Your grocer can supply any of these soups

12 cents a can

Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

the topic unassisted. There was gold in my very pockets, and I was too mysterious to bring it out into the light of day. Perhaps the keeper of the Pandora had something to do with my backwardness. I certainly didn't want to come to grips with him again.

We blew the shot in the Golden Girl in midafternoon, and I was still wrestling with my problem when I reached the Sprowl flat, just in time to see that Australian gliding through the flap of May's tent. I felt a frenzy through my limbs, and I thought I was going to fall four differentways. Gad, it was like being burned at the stake! I was all on fire to rush in there, sink to my knees with the ardor of a lover returning to his love after a cynical interruption, and gush the whole secret.

And yet I didn't do it. A singular perversity withheld me. I felt a foolish, miserable satisfaction in the low state of my fortunes. They were low, no mistake. A door in her heart that surely all this time had stood ajar invitingly was now shut and bolted. I was struck with dismay, and with that humiliating confusion of passions which arises with first knowledge of the desolating externality of a flirtatious woman. The refractory spirit of the gold itself had tragically invaded that girl's bosom.

I can avow it to you now that I felt worse than at any time since I had set out from Dowagiac. Those warnings of Syd's came back to me. I recalled his passion-haunted words of denunciation of May's conduct in entering, however unwarily, into that game of copenhagen, and her saying that it was no use crying over spilled milk. Spilled milk! It made a difference whose milk was spilled, evidently.

I believe I was veritably on the point of rushing the tent, pulling up the pegs, smothering the precious pair of them in folds of that Egyptian cloth, when Rolfe stepped out of it again. He stopped when he saw me, and I felt my jealousy throwing out a fiery new shoot.

"Are you quick on the draw?"

"Don't think you can throw a scare into me," I said. "Don't think it!"

In the mad impotence of my heart I was about to brush past him without a word, but he seized me by the shoulder.

"You haven't fallen in with Terrazas yet, I take it," he said.

"With Terrazas? No," I faltered. He lifted his hand and hit me twice, softly and deliberately on the chest.

"He is looking for his wife, *amigo*," he said.

"His wife?"

"That same!"

I grew cold all over. She hadn't gone back to him. Wasn't that fatal retaliation, I ask you? She had lost herself in the mazes of the canyon, leaving the general to the just inference that she had succumbed to my superior charms. But again, was it retaliation? It might be sheer faithfulness to me that had motivated my dark Spaniard. I did have a drag with women, you know, and she did demonstrably enjoy herself in my company.

I wouldn't give Rolfe the satisfaction of seeing those inward tremors, though. I rubbed my hands and said, "Good! The plot thickens. The bird is all but in my hand."

"You'll let him stay in the bush if you know where you're well off," Rolfe retorted, and swung off down the trail.

I stood there turning up pebbles with my foot. I felt something like the whisper of an ugly threat in the pellucid air, in the deadly quiet of that flat, all surrounded by black oaks, and with the horrific countenance of the mountain gloating over me at scarcely more than arm's length. All those foothills lying there so smoky green had a composed and watchful air, and there was even a kind of ponderous tranquillity about the farther-lying desert that made me feel frail—not well-bottomed, somehow—and as if my motions were only vain gesticulations. That rotted cactus to the left of the kitchen shack looked like a bald-headed lunatic balanced there, with stumps for arms, beckoning me into an untimely grave.

I certainly did have shoots and darts of queer psychology, and I asked myself whether it was humanly possible for a man to elude the ambush that destiny plants for him? Isn't it plain enough that I had been railroaded into that compact with Maricopa, and that I would have been justified in ignoring it? Yet all the demons of the desert meant that I should keep it. Maricopa himself lay at death's door, it might very well be, his long body in an interesting horizontal pose and his trigger finger uncurled; but yet if the nose of his gun had all the time been pushed into the small of my back I couldn't have done a better job for him.

I tell you flat, it's moments like those that force a man to question the eternal verities. I felt that every man's hand and every woman's heart were dead against me. The sight of Syd coming out of our joint sleeping quarters only confirmed me in that view. Why had I brought him here? What had I got for that kindness but black ingratitude, contempt, a pale display of morals? I had taken him in and fed him and been the means of his keeping his hooks on that respectability which was the breath of life to him, and now he looked at me as if I was the fiend incarnate. He even started to circle round me, the way you circle round a rattler.

I Don't Know How Many Shots They Exchanged, But It Was a Weird Duel for an Unattached Man to Have to Listen To

That was too much for me. I ranged alongside him and muttered tigerishly: "So you are another one that is going to hand me a ticket to oblivion, are you?"

And Syd said hoarsely: "You have deserved your fate. You have played fast and loose from first to last, and it's no more than I expected of you."

Fast and loose! For a second I was all set to climb him, crown him and make him eat his own words. I was on the point of telling him to get out of camp before sundown, but a conviction of my powerlessness in that matter withheld me. By the very fact of Syd's insolence I knew that my day was over in these diggings.

I turned my back on the whole flat and took the canyon trail to think things out. I was light-headed, waggle-kneed from lack of food, but I knew it was no hallucination when Old Sprowl plucked me by the elbow.

"Don't abandon me," he said heavily. "I don't know what you have been up to, and I guess nobody here does; but I'll overlook it. You go to work in the morning the same as usual, my boy."

He looked like an old madman. The light in his eyes had nothing to do with this world.

"I feel like quoting Scripture," he said. He came close to me, shook a ragged, shrunken arm in the direction of one of those glaring holes in the porphyry dike, and whispered: "'Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein—fall therein.'" He laughed madly. "Do you hear that? Young man, you have digged the pit—you have digged the pit—you have digged the pit."

My blood went cold, and I did distinctly feel that I had digged the pit. He clutched me by the wrist and cried tremulously, "Where's the gold, boy? Where's the gold?"

"I don't know!" I yelled, exasperated, and lying to a madman sent a curdle through my blood.

"Yes, you do too! Yes, you do too! You know where it is! I've watched you! You can go and put your finger on it this minute! You know!"

He clawed at me, sank to his knees and prayed me to reveal its hiding place. Was it in the Harsh, the Hard One? Was it in the Neck-or-Nothing? Where was it? He was an old man and he had labored much. Now he was not long for this world. See, he had aided me by not eating that precious store of food. For a week he had eaten nothing, literally, and that I knew for fact. He had sat in his chair, and the mountains had skipped like rams; they had toppled over him and buried him two thousand feet deep. But sitting there in that burning sunshine, he, Dan Sprowl, the wonder of the Western Ocean, had had a dream, and in that dream he had been told to look to me for that great treasure.

"Not for me," he pleaded. "I wouldn't ask this for myself. For my girl, Aury. I had no right to bring her here. I'm an old gambler, and I've wronged her. This is no place for a girl. I said every day that I would go away if God gave me power, and I couldn't go away. My feet stuck fast here. My feet took hold on hell."

I said nothing. I couldn't speak, couldn't collect myself at all, and my own difficulties seemed suddenly small in comparison with Dan's.

"Come!" he panted. "You say nothing! Tell me! Where is it? My treasure—for Aury. I can't go away and leave her unprovided for."

His eyes menaced me, and his voice grew harsh and domineering—his sea voice. Where was the gold? Was it there in those three purplish streaks running down the mountain side? Sat the wind in that quarter? Strange that he had overlooked that patch of color all these years. The mountains must have shifted again, just as they had shifted before, and plucked away from him that vein in the Golden Girl when he had all but got his thumb on it, all but nipped it. The world had turned itself upside down, inside out, to thwart him. The poles had reversed themselves.

Next he attacked me with a bribe. The others need know nothing. He would get a sack and we two could go away and fill it, share and share alike, shovelful for shovelful, neither more nor less. I should have a fair half of the reward of the toil and agony of all these hateful years.

"I make you a fair offer," he gasped, and then his eyes wandered into the skies, where those watchful birds were circling round and round. One of them wheeled lower and lower, dropped into the yellow sand, and the old fellow glared and crept towards it and fell on its neck and throttled it. The dying bird beat the sand up into Black Dan's face with one ugly wing, but the old fellow hung on hard and polished it off.

"I'll show them what they're waiting for!" he rasped at me, and his face was shining wet with sweat. "They, so fond of Dan! I put out strychnine for 'em," he muttered waggishly, "all around, all around."

By George, I could feel heavy in my pockets those lumps of raw gold filched from the treasure which belonged to that old madman! I had eaten his bread and worked his mine, and then kept this knowledge to myself from pure sulks as much as anything. What if they did all take me for a traitor? Something was due them, even so. The thought came back insistently that the gold must still be lying there under the black wing of its hideous keeper, since Inky had not gone back to Terrazas. The general would know that somebody had filed her chain, but it would not occur to him that his cache had been discovered.

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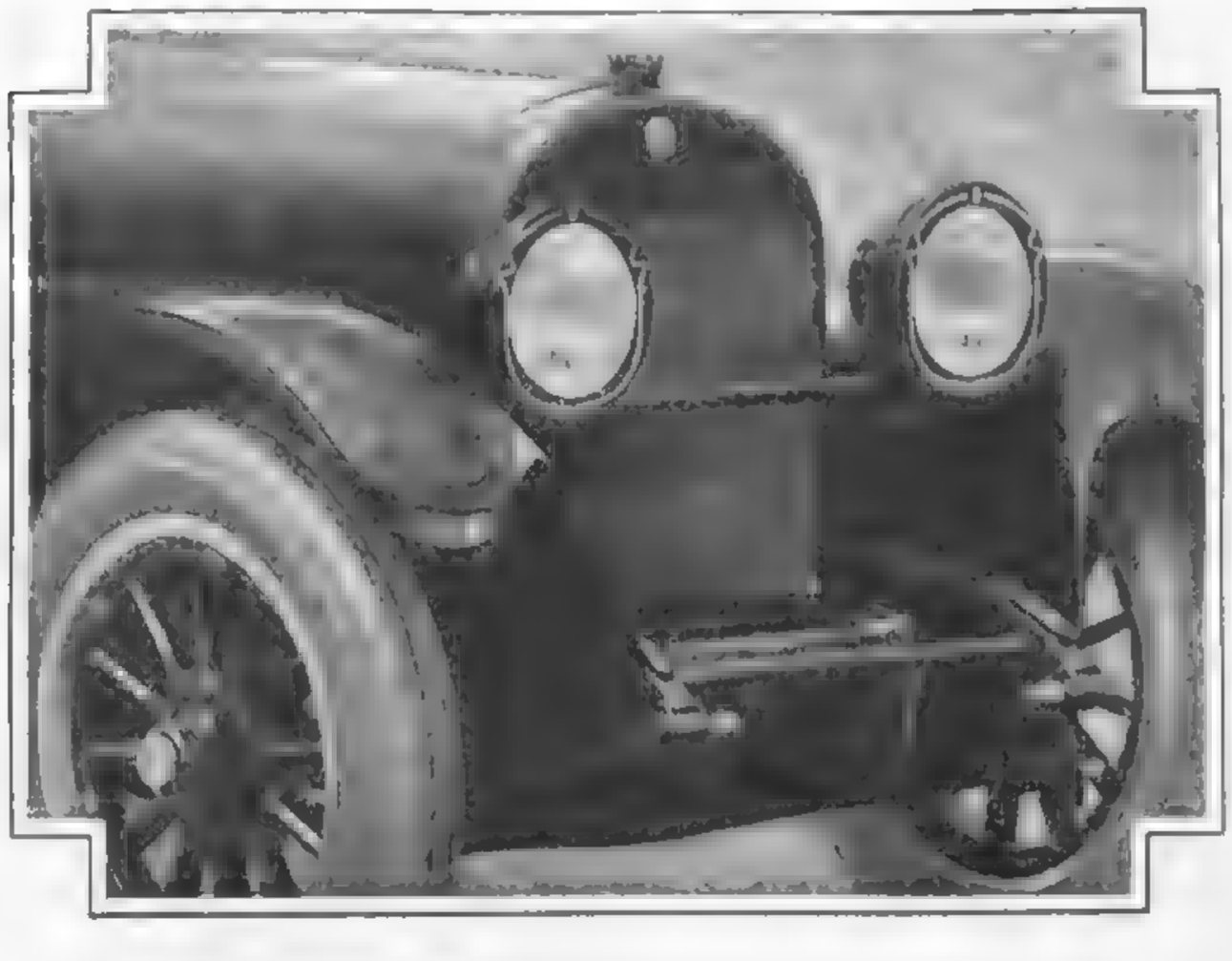

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C A D I L L A C

Division of General Motors Corporation

The Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 24)

Yes, since he insisted, he should have his gold. I wheedled him back into his chair and walked into the tent where Syd and Clint were mooning. Neither of them had one word for me, nothing but portentous looks. I walked past them and threw lump after lump of that fairy quartz on the deal table where Clint's cleavers and saws were lying.

Poor old King Knute! I heard the breath hiss from his body in one long exhalation, as if he had been holding it ever since coming here. He fumbled for his magnifying glass.

"You don't need that," I muttered. "It's gold, gold to the naked eye—three-quarters gold."

"Where from?" he inquired timidly.

"Where from? Where do you think? From the Pandora, where you could have put your hand on it any hour of the day or night ever since you came here, only you wouldn't do it."

"You've been—down there?"

"No, coaxed it up with a magnet," I whispered satirically. "It's the way you said about this canyon—the fools are all dead long ago."

Tears filled Clint's eyes.

"I've felt it—I've felt it all along—in my supreme being," he muttered.

I looked at Syd. He was creeping out of the tent when I collared him and flung him back on his cot.

"Sit down!" I said ferociously. "Don't think you can crawl out of this. Moral or immoral, you're going into it and take your share of punishment. There's work for all of us to-night." I turned to Clint. "This gold is lying bagged in an offshoot from the Pandora, an old working. The stuff must have been gouged out of some low-lying vein in the Neck-or-Nothing. The job is for three men. I don't trust Juan. Syd here and I will go down into the shaft after the gold and you will guard the headgear. The gold is ours, so let's go after it."

"I won't be a party to it!" Syd gasped.

"What's the matter now?" I sneered. "Prudential considerations? Are you afraid you may be going to get a red shirt out of it? Well, you're darn right—you may get something worse. There's some kind of gouffre down there, but you are coming, my beauty, if you come on the point of a gun."

"I was induced to come here under false pretenses," Syd said defiantly. "It may look queer for me to tell you this, but I am in a position—I happen to know something about this gold he tells about, and you have no right, no right to it at all."

"Why, Mister Man?"

"Because," said Syd, "it wasn't taken out of the Neck-or-Nothing. It was stolen from the Black Prince."

I felt as the defeated pug must feel when the mat comes up to meet him.

Stolen from the Black Prince! And Syd would never tell a lie, I knew that perfectly well. I saw him clutch Clint desperately.

"Don't let him do it! Don't!" he whined. "I know his character! It's false, the way I've told you. False to the core! There that girl came out here to marry another man, Jim Harper, and Jim wasn't here, and he worked on her! He worked on her! What do you hear about Jim Harper nowadays? Not a whisper! It would lead you to think that Jim was dead and gone, wouldn't it? But he isn't! Clint, that bandaged man, Polhill, is Jim Harper!"

"That man?" Clint said with a toplofty smile. "You're crazy! Why, that man Polhill is known from one end of the canyon to the other!"

"Known—yes, known for what? Known by what?" Syd continued in a ghastly whisper. "Known for a stuffed figure—not so much as the tip of his nose showing. It's a disguise—Jim's disguise."

Gad, I knew it that minute! Every word of that sorry tale rang true. They were bull's-eyes, and had crippling force. Jim, Jim the ghost, Jim the dim memory, Jim that wraith of a forgotten love, had come into that tent and straddled my cot for a last time. Unearthed, unwrapped after aeons of time, like an Egyptian mummy from its swaddling, he began to crumble already at a breath of air. Disguise!

"What does he want of a disguise?" Clint whispered fearsomely.

"Because he's wanted," Syd answered through his fingers. "He's a thief. He looted the Black Prince."

"Looted it? Impossible!" the lucky Swede thrust in. "You don't know how they are fixed up down there to guard against that."

He asked Syd earnestly if he didn't know the elaborate system there whereby the men undressed in one locker and walked stark naked through a corridor to get to their working clothes. Examination of their bodies was strict. They did everything but look under their tongues, as if it was a diamond mine, and the reverse process on coming out. Not a chance of eluding the rigors of that system.

"Have you forgotten the 'True Friend?'" Syd cried. Ah, to be sure, that mine that had been closed by order of the Federal court, or at least forbidden to pursue its only vein of any consequence through the side lines of the Black Prince. "It belonged to Swasey, and Jim was nothing but a plant of Swasey's," Mr. Hecker faltered out of the abundance of his knowledge.

Swasey was an old rock man. He had seen the indications in the Black Prince and in his own mine. He knew the dip and the strike of that secret vein, and he knew when and where to look for that bonanza, that gold pocket.

"He put Jim into the Black Prince as a sampler," Sydney just breathed with a look of holy horror. "Jim has told me all about it. He was desperate to get a good stake, knowing that May was coming out—he had got her wire just at a time when he was down to hardpan right and didn't want his bluff called—he was ripe for anything."

As sampler it was Jim's duty to bring samples of ore to the surface twice a shift and lay them on the sample table. Jim had pulled the wool over the superintendent's eyes by bringing up samples of barren rock. For that matter nobody had paid much attention to that dark tunnel which was being driven on the confines of the mine. It was being driven simply with the idea of hooking up to two ventilation systems, driven by Mexicans; and, as it turned out later, they were soldiers of Terrazas who were drifting there in six-hour shifts when they broke into that secret chamber of jagged gold.

"Jim told me that himself," Syd whispered. "Terrazas was lord high and mighty of that Mexican village, and Jim had the key to that iron door on the eighth level that separates the mines. The gold was backed out that way, loaded on burros, the sacks covered with mesquite, and away they went. Nobody knew where.

"They brought the stuff here, as a matter of fact," Syd went on. "God knows what they did with Polhill. Jim doesn't know himself. But they put Jim into his clothes and waited for the thing to blow over."

"You don't know what they did with Polhill?" Clint asked hoarsely.

No, Syd didn't. But I did. I saw Polhill now plainly in the rôle of keeper of the mine, that shadow, that hallucination, voiceless and eyeless, chained there deep under the Empire, the uncanny guardian of the loot from the Black Prince.

"How did you come to find out about Jim?" was Clint's next question.

Syd didn't spare himself. He said that when Faggard—Bones—had ceased to come to visit her Azalea had requisitioned his services to take notes back and forth between these worthies. He didn't know what the subject was. The notes were in Spanish. It was one night while he was sitting there in the Empire waiting for Bones to pen an answer that his eye had fallen on the hand of that enigma, that effigy, Sebastian Polhill, and—well, he saw at once that it was Jim's hand. It was Jim's left hand that lay there fiddling with the arm of the chair, his left hook, and the knuckle of the third finger was sunk in out of sight, bashed in completely. Syd didn't say so, but I shouldn't wonder if his own jaw had done that damage.

At any rate Syd was certain of his man, and found a chance to call him by his name, Jim. Open sesame. With that one word Syd drew speech from that effigy that had withstood the temptation to talk through all those weary weeks of being muffled up behind bandages. Jim besought his old friend to take measures to get May Gowdy out of the canyon before insane jealousy—that disease—should drive Jim into the open, force him to strip those bandages from his handsome face, fall at her feet, beg forgiveness, and find himself looking out at her from behind the bars of a cell.

"You see now what his motive was in bringing May down here?" Syd whispered miserably, nodding at me, and he gave me that old look that said plainer than words that I wasn't to be trusted, that I would beat up money while your back was turned. "I knew he had a motive, of course, but I didn't know what it was until poor Jim told me. Somebody had tipped him off that Jim had looted the Black Prince and got clear away into the canyon. But, don't you see, he didn't know

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Tuxedo
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fresh
from the factory

ELIZABETH

(Continued from Page 15)

buildings and smokestacks, the river had spread in a leaden silver sheet adjoining the canal bank. Here a depressed white mule with an angelus-bowed head towed a torpid houseboat, its funnels visible above the rim of scarred, burned grasses; and lower down, where the river became the bay, a flotsam of waste rubbish—boxes, crates, straw, wood shavings and fruity peelings—floated in the hot sun, quivering, oscillating on dark shadowed channels where the docks thrust out or scows, dredges, barges, a dismantled yawl and a black-snouted steamer floated at anchor.

Quickly they had their backs on this, and plashed, a noisy, gurgling, side-wheel steamer, up a narrowing channel between dipping masses of willow, maple and sycamore. White dust lay over everything and a burning sun glazed the river, but Elizabeth turned resolutely from the boat deck. It was not romantic.

Above the pounding of the wheels, a grinding of irons, rose a din of cackling conversation, vying with the mournful plaint of a stout negro in a soiled white coat with a totally disunited banjo, who announced to all who cared to hear that a considerable distance lay between them and a point called Tipperary.

Elizabeth turned away from it, from the packed humans, the teeming flies, the barefoot mulatto boys slipping about selling soft drinks; from frankly enwreathed lovers, from the large woman naïvely suckling her infant, from the interlaced hearts and legends and inscribed signatures penciled on the whitewashed cabin walls.

And presently after a matter of six miles appeared a wharf with an iron ring, and a coatless darky bending under two great graceful sycamores. Then with many cries and commands and much prodigious direction from lacquered ebony helpers the boat put about, a gangplank was dropped, and Elizabeth, her ruffles about her, spurned it for the landing.

Beyond the trees lay a patch of cross-roads village, enwreathed in dusty sedge and grasses, blackberry brier, fox grape and chinquapins. This, too, she forsook, striking up a narrow, powdery, white road. A half mile beyond, she would find Esta's big old country house; and presently the hot sun was quite shut out as she walked, dark foliage enlacing above her, the sky visible through the green lace, a clear sapphire, her foot distributing masses of drowsing yellow butterflies, that rose, fluttering, and dotted her lavender dress with gold.

At the end of this shadow presently she saw the house itself, of white wood, high pillared, once spacious, now decrepit, a great magnolia tree by its porch and sagging stone urns of rose geranium and calendula standing in the thick, unshorn grass of its lawn. A little dog that was all a tangle of yellow hair rushed out, barking at her, and she saw two young girls rising in the porch: a little, vivid, strawberry creature—her friend Esta—and a larger, plumper girl, *brune* and heavy, covered like a handsome dark plum with a fine hirsute down on neck, cheeks and arms.

Esta ran to meet her.

"Oh, this is nice! I'm so glad you came, Elizabeth! I've got so much to tell you."

But the impact of their meeting was a shock to Elizabeth—more than three years would warrant. There had been a time when she and Esta had been beings in a similar world, but now Esta and the friend, Martha Conway, faced her across a gulf. They were, she saw, products like the girls who danced at West Water and moved through smart magazines. Their extreme dress, their modish get-up suddenly cried her down for a frump, a bumpkin—that, though she had come out from town. They appraised her accusingly—her derelictions. She read it instantly in Martha's eyes, a Martha blazing in a short tomato-colored silk, with large downy knees frankly bare above rolled-down white silk stockings; and in Esta's countenance, vividly painted and patched and stripped to the merest *soupçon* of eyebrow above the shortest and thinnest of gray silk frocks.

Elizabeth sank into an offered chair and removed her pork pie. She longed suddenly to hurl it into the river or bury it in one of the urns under the calendulas.

"It's terribly warm!" she gasped after the first hospitalities.

"It must be," said Esta.

"Must be," said Miss Conway.

Esta offered her iced drink and a fan. Both girls had resumed their chairs, and as on a common impulse made a slight pseudo covering movement with the edges of their skirts and immediately thrust forth their legs with their feet crossed—a pair of slim, gray silk legs capped with gray suède Louis slippers; a pair of very bulging white silks capped with generous, not unshapely white kid dittos.

Elizabeth stared at the assembled legs.

"I see you're keeping up with the times, Esta," she said presently. "You've got 'em shorter than any I've seen in Overton."

"Why not? Why be an old mug? I see you wear long skirts and long hair. Really, Elizabeth, you look nearly the way we all did three years ago." Esta went into a gale of laughter.

"I should think with those skirts and a ton of hair, a day like this ——"

"I thought my skirt was short."

"If you call that short ——"

"Nothing lower than the knee," chanted Miss Conway. "You need someone to fix you. You'd be stunning if you were fixed."

"Jackson likes me this way," said Esta serenely. "Men like a girl who keeps up."

"Jackson?"

"I'm engaged. Didn't you know it? Jackson Niblo. He's been down in town three months and I'm crazy about him. But that's what we'll talk about—oodles of things—up in my room."

"I wonder who Jackson'll bring out with him?" Miss Conway yawned.

"She means this afternoon. To Polk Park. I told Jackie we'd go over to-day, and he's going to bring Twig Mowbray up from town. We'll meet him at four at Polk Park. And that means you, too, Elizabeth; we'll all bat round together."

"We-ell," said Elizabeth, "I thought we'd stay here. The country's sweet."

"Too slow," said Miss Conway. "I've been dyin' three days. An' they let you dance on Sundays at Polk, and there are the swan boats too. Anything for a change. Besides, we've got a date with Jackson. We'll have a good time. You'll see."

Elizabeth stared at her hat and the hem of her dress.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I don't go out much. Sometimes Thorny and I dance a little at West Water or Byrone Hill, but I think—I think I'll stay here—till the evening boat, with your mother."

Esta seized her arm, swept her up to her feet.

"That you won't, ol' 'Lizabeth! Marth' and I've planned on this. If it's your clothes you're thinking about we can fix 'em while we talk—up in my room. Can't we, Marth'?"

"Sure!" boomed Miss Conway. "You ought to turn up your dress—baste it in."

"I've got lip rouge and mascaro and liquid powder. Why, 'Lizabeth, I could make a queen out of you! Try me. I'll take out your sleeves. You can have 'em off at the shoulders."

"And hem up her skirt."

"Yes, and I've got lilac stockings. They're all right with those strap slippers. And I'll lend you a pink sash and a big floppy hat with pink roses. Terribly chic with your lavender."

"I won't do it." Elizabeth laughed suddenly. "Why, it's too crazy!"

"No, honestly—think what a lark!" The creator's passion urged Esta. She seized Elizabeth's arm. "Take hold of her, Martha. You wait and see what we do."

"We'll cut off your hair."

"Cut—my—hair!"

Elizabeth, still laughing, put up an uncertain hand to the bright mass that crowned her.

"Look at us! And think of the bother! Come on—this once! Be a sport! You can't tell who'll you meet. Lots of people come up to Polk Park, and Jackson'll bring a dandy fellow."

The world of her narrow home street, the big ailanthus, Thorny, and the dark problems that oppressed her seemed far away and remote under the laughing pressure of two teasing girls.

Suddenly the wish to conform, to be one with her kind, filled her. The shy, odd sense of discrepancy of a moment ago was replaced by a violent wish to alter herself; the sparks of laughter on the others' lips stole into her veins, set in action a stirring current of deviltry.

She had no wish, really, permanently to emulate the girls of West Water or these others. Their standards of dress, she felt, were common, lacking all reticence, all charm. Yet this one time—the lark of it, the prank of it startled in her a mischievous desire to see for herself what it was like, what sort of sensation!

"I won't do it at all," she said, but her tone lacked conviction, and the two others began bundling her into the house.

"Wouldn't think of it—won't do it," she said again on the stairs. They were all laughing now, and Elizabeth stumbled.

"Look at that! Tripped on her own skirt. Think of a dress so long it throws you!" Miss Conway braced a portly knee rimmed with tomato silk against the balustrade to finish her laugh.

But at the top of the step Elizabeth's indecision was gone.

A bedroom offered here, and a dresser with the inscrutable mysteries of modern toilet making. A dozen contrivances of Esta's lay about. Elizabeth picked up a pair of small tweezers and stared at them—at the fine doll-like line of Esta's brows in the glass.

"They're just plain ugly that way," she said flatly, "but I don't care if you want to try it as a joke, girls; just this one time."

She herself sent the pork pie spinning violently into the corner.

They fell upon her with the gusto of creative enthusiasm, and one by one her inhibitions and restraints died before their ardor. With mingled self-scorn and amusement she yielded herself over, and presently the infection of their excitement completely filled her. Even when Martha approached with a pair of shears and threatened her bright hair—there was an instant's pang only—she covered her face with her hands, bent her head, and the harvest fell like golden wheat.

When she approached the long oval glass at the completion of their task a being she could not recognize emerged from the silvery crystal surface, set off sharply against the brown background tones. A butterfly of complete *monde* had come out from a chrysalis of quiet mediocrity. A creature in flyaway skirts fluffing out about silken-sheathed lavender legs, a wisp of décolleté bodice giving complete freedom to neck and slim young arms. A soft sash of blush pink was tied on one hip, and a similar knot coquetted on one shoulder. A drooping hat of lacy black straw that obscured one eye and bore careless sprays of rose repeated the black note of her little strapped slippers, the bit of patch on her left cheek.

It was her cheek she stared at—rather, her whole face. That usual clear, delicately pale oval with thick, soft, dark brows setting off sweet humorous blue eyes, a characterful, pensive, flexible, little mouth, a high-bridged nose and pleasantly determined chin had quite gone. Likewise all trace of the rather intellectual forehead.

A face off a candy box stared back at her. Two thin thread-like arcs of jetty eyebrow; eyes nested, fixedly staring, in thickly beaded eyelashes; a dead, mat-white pallor settled over cheeks and jaw and throat, beauty-patched, and tinted on the cheeks with firm, oval, indestructible blushes; a mouth correctly, inflexibly heart shaped with fuchsia color. And the forehead—almost her brows—drowned in a flaring aureole of short gold hair elaborately curled at the tips. Her hair was a triumph really; bobbed, it escaped its leash and flew in a sunny mist over her ears and temples.

"I feel," said Elizabeth solemnly, "like the little old woman who fell asleep on the King's Highway. 'If it be I, as I think it be, I have a little dog at home and he'll know me.'"

"You'll get used to it," Martha cried. "You're lovely! I told you you only needed fixing."

"Absolutely chic!" Esta added. "You're not Elizabeth any more. We'll call you Betty for to-day."

A motor horn cut in on their words.

"That's Brother Bob. He'll drive us over to Polk. Come along, heartbreaker."

If Elizabeth felt any doubts it was too late to indulge them. The girls had put on their own hats; once more the infection of adventure, the touch of potential romance swept over her. She let them take her arms, and enlinked, laughing again, a triad of young painted American graces, they went forth to meet the day.

The ride to Polk was comparatively short—a public amusement park, with a plethora of pavilions, scattered seats, a small, cramped lake with gondolas and swan boats, labyrinthine paths, *chevaux de bois*, chutes, swings and booths of refreshments.

Green tracts of turf with formal flower beds and brooding trees offered intermediately, and at the upper end of the park a wilder pleasaunce—a sloping reach of ferny, wild woodland growth—invited those in search of obscurity.

A fairly large Sunday crowd occupied the grounds. Families were disposed about tables or benches, a long row of motor cars was parked under the maples. Young men and girls lounged about with an effect of brightly impractical sports clothes of vivid cheap silks and the ubiquitous white-flannel pants. Children shrieked and chattered in the swings and boats, and from a large brown-hooded pavilion escaped the murmur of an electric piano with attachments, vying with the flashing of a brace of fountains outside.

"They let the orchestra play on Sunday nights here, but it's the piano in the daytime. We can go in and dance together if we like. The boys won't be up before four," Esta suggested.

A group of young men disposed on benches and about the steps opened up to let them pass, stood and ogled freely. One called out, "Hello! Look at the peaches!"

"Cheap," murmured Martha languidly; "these are clerks and factory people. You've got to dance with your own crowd."

The floor seemed comfortably filled with the clerks and factory people—young couples posturing and gliding, doing acrobatic things with their bodies and not moving their feet, or doing acrobatic things with their feet and not moving their bodies. A slim wand of a youth with no forehead but incredibly supple feet cased in caramel leather approached them with a pleasant suggestive bow—was promptly frozen by Martha and Esta. The three girls seated themselves aloofly at the end of the room.

They remained aloof, offering an air of detachment, of dissociation from the shapes about them, and yet to Elizabeth's eye they made no valid claim to such dissociation. By every possible gesture of dress and carriage they formed an amalgamation of spectacle—they were one and alike in their effect, powdered and tinted and beaded of eyelash, no less short of skirt or gay of color.

There was something wrong, Elizabeth felt, in a discrimination of taste or feeling that did not manifest itself on the outside; that was fed by a common vulgarity of appearance, and enforced purely by hauteur or withdrawal of manner. She felt it the more a little later; Esta and Martha had got up, begun posturing together about the room.

A costly motor car had driven up outside and disgorged a fresh group of young people. Elizabeth caught the comments of a little creature in a poppy satin sports skirt near by.

"Stuck-ups! Swells! Going over to the Coventry Country Club. But they stop here to dance. If the girls wasn't along we could pick some o' the fellas up."

They were seven in number, evenly coupled with one odd man—and here one saw a certain difference in type, in the men.

There was an atmosphere of brownness, of outdoors, sunshiny carelessness about their grooming, certain accents of tweeds and dogginess and heather that totally removed them, say, from the dapper boy in the caramel shoes and pinched waist and white flannel pants; but this atmosphere in the case of their girls had been carefully, even studiously overlaid by, again, that curious approximation to the common, unnatural ideal.

One of the girls danced near to Elizabeth, her clothes discrepant by every canon of Fifth Avenue expense from those about her—yet the lines, the colorings conformed. She clung to her partner like any little mill girl, and the face over his shoulder was as staringly expressionless, as manipulated as Elizabeth's own.

The seventh or odd member—a tall young man in gray-tweed Norfolk and breeches—leaned casually against a pillar. He was a big, clean, pink-brown man, with sun-bleached fair hair, clear, water-gray

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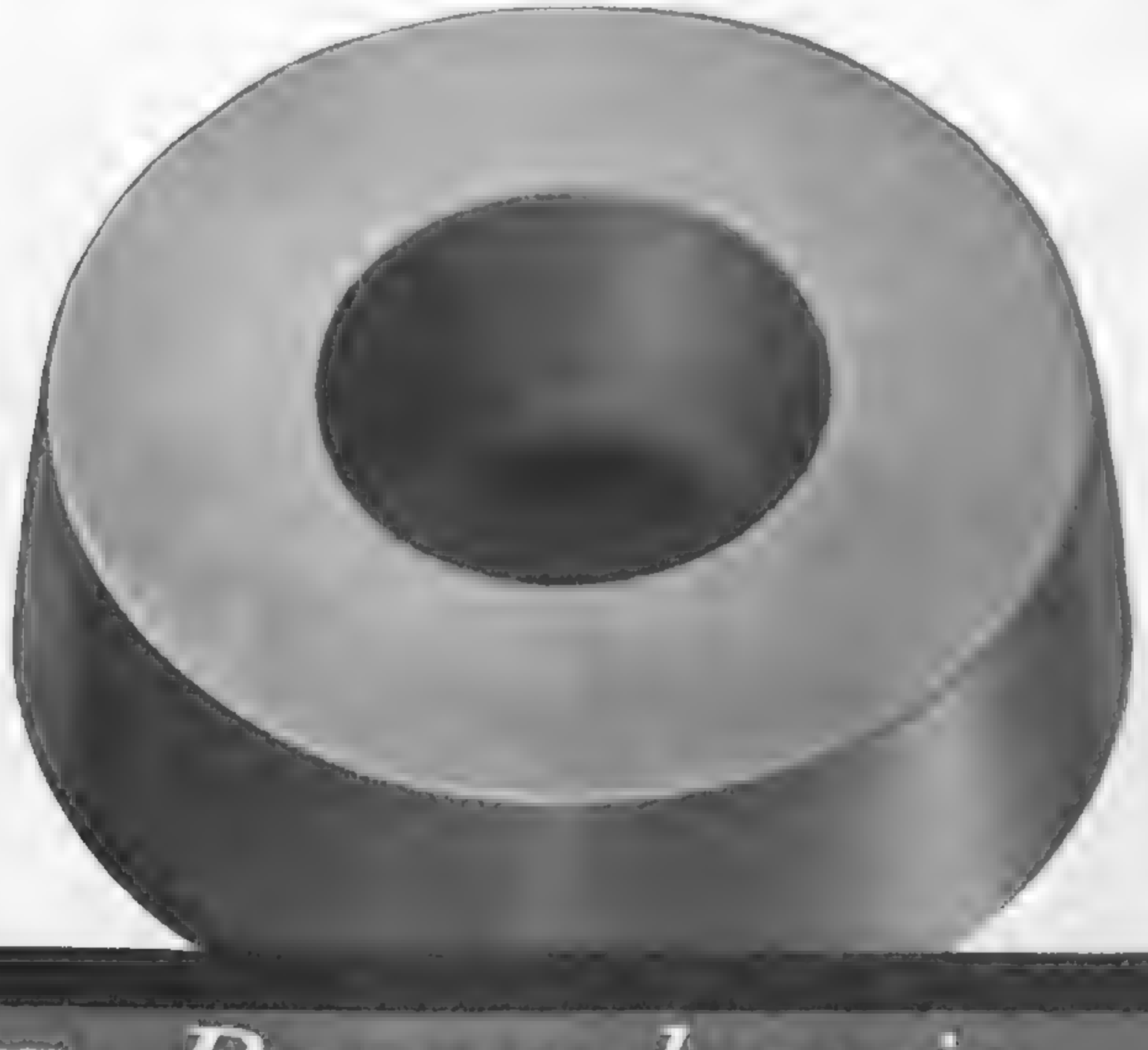

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MERCK

(Continued from Page 28)

eyes and fine white teeth, clenched a moment before on the stem of an English pipe, which he had pocketed on entering. In some indefinable way he suggested Thorny to her; there was a certain likeness of type if bodily conformations and facial planes counted for anything.

He turned and his glance met hers, and it seemed to Elizabeth that there must flow between them some common current of sympathy, some touch of amused appraisal before this pageant.

Then she saw his face light to a pleased smile, evidently recognizing someone near her, saw him swing toward her. With a stifled sense of horror she perceived that he had construed her glance as a signal.

"How d'you do?" he said amiably, and bowed to her.

Elizabeth had never been picked up; indeed she had forgotten her transformation of appearance—her gauds, her new rôle.

She looked up, a slight choking in her throat, and said faintly, "How d'you do?"

"It's a bully afternoon," he said easily, "and the floor's pretty good. Will you dance? You oughtn't to sit here alone, ought you, sweetness?"

It was that mechanical "sweetness" that crucified her. She swallowed, gulped, stared like something stricken, into his pleasant, half-contemptuous eyes. Then she mastered herself, remembered her guise, completely absolved him.

"Thank you," she said with cold trembling lips; "I—mistook you for someone I knew. I prefer to sit—alone."

His surprised eyes, the newly respectful turn and sweep of his back and shoulders as he bowed and left her, comforted not at all. A thorn pricked. It was the amazing, the outrageous thing she had done, which now she clearly saw she had cheapened herself by doing. Coming out like a burlesque actress, so accoutered that the most casual glance would be regarded as an approach. She didn't blame him—only herself. And now the prank, for her, ceased. What would Thorny say if he saw her—if he knew what had just happened? What would this stranger say if he could have known of the silly eagerness for transformation, her desire to dip into a different form of amusement? She wished almost fiercely that she could confront him in her old habit—that longer dress of hers, even the pork-pie hat—and say, "I'm not really a doll. I may be a frump—but it's better, I think. And you and I really could talk to each other."

But now of course he could not recognize that indefinable bond of equality between them—between his type and hers and Thorny's. How suddenly she wished for Thorny. She wanted to tell him, to shrive herself of humiliating cheapness, but she was temporarily bound, held. She sat with clenched, cold hands, stinging tears she could not shed trembling on her noir-touched lashes.

When after a little Esta and Martha danced near her she stopped them abruptly.

"I want to go outside," she said. "Let's go out—somewhere."

"All right," said Esta. "We can try a boat; the fellows'll be here any time now."

But the boat did not reassure her. She fell silent before the chatter and teasing of the others. Once she let her fingers trail in the water and Esta sharply said, "If you do that, Betty, you'll wash the powder off; then you'll be two shades."

So she drew together like one incased in rigidity, both of spirit and physique, and when presently they landed she declared for a bench by the water's edge.

"If that's the way you feel!" said Martha. "I want to sit where I can see something. Esta and I'll go over there where we can see the cars come in."

They left her for a position about twenty rods away—the end of the tracks by a gray-stone arch, bounding the park, with masses of clumped honeysuckle, pink geranium. By turning her head Elizabeth could see the entrance too. With each bouncing jerk and abrupt stop of the incoming trolley car, connecting with the river boat a mile away, the crowd was swelled by a new energy, pleasure bent, by a creeping caterpillar of chattering, giggling humanity in flecked colors, whose ambition was to drink deeply of the Nirvana of Polk Park.

But Elizabeth repudiated Polk Park. Better far that she should have stayed back at the drowsy old white house by the magnolia; better to be at home reading a friendly book, or best of all, in the cool of the evening on her step with Thorny under the ailanthus, his pleasant derision, his teasing affection in her ears—if this was romance! Polk Park! She swallowed, refused to turn her head when Esta called.

"Betty, come and join us. I think they're on this car!"

Betty! She stared obstinately at the patch of tawdry lake, but from the corner of her eye she saw the yellow car come in, jerk to a stop, expel more passengers, more pleasure seekers.

There were masculine shapes—two—detaching themselves in the direction of her friends. Elizabeth rose suddenly to her feet, a sense of unutterable boredom and disgust filling her.

"I'm going for a walk," she called to the other girls. "Two's company—three's a crowd."

"All right, pouty," Esta called back, and Elizabeth turned directly down a narrow path by the pavilion, where dancing shapes still moved about.

She walked hastily, almost fleeing in the direction of the screened upper end of the park. Once a cavalier with inviting eye would have stopped her, but the flying nymph felled his intention with a thunderbolt glance, and in a minute she had found the sanctuary she sought, beneath a clump of scrubby, undersized maples. Here dusty grasses and chicory weed grew despondently, trying to create an illusion of unforced Nature, but to Elizabeth's cold eye wore a forlorn and heckled look.

"Even the ants don't look right—park ants!" she muttered.

She sat down on the ground and drew her legs inelegantly beneath her, reached mechanically for that wisp of hair on which she chewed in meditative moments.

"Good heavens, I won't be able to think until my hair grows!" she sighed. "Silly ass! Darn fool!"

She wished with all her heart she hadn't had her hair cut; she wished she had soap and water for her face; she wished it wasn't so hot. "To-morrow I'll send 'em back their old hats and ribbons," she reflected. She wished most of all for Thorny; something came into her throat here. "I wonder why I treat him like a beast, and all the time I know I love him."

She fell to dreaming of Thorny now, to dwelling on little intimate phases—the crooked way he drew up one eyebrow when he teased her, the way he pursed his lips when he laughed, the little gold sparks that came into his eyes. She must have dreamed literally—at least lapsed completely from consciousness a moment—for she was roused by a mellow, barytone buzzing as of a contented bee near by. Or was it a bee? No, a man's voice, resonant, caressing. She caught only the tone, not the words, as her senses sharpened. Then a girl's voice spoke and she realized that seekers after solitude like herself—though with a quite different motive—had settled behind the maples against which she leaned.

"I've counted 'em, too, bud—you wouldn't believe—every hour since I saw you last week." The voice was young, eager, a little shrill. "I—I never met anyone like you before. So—well, so romantic-like. You're—well—you're that kind that just rushes a person off of their feet, don't you know. Sort of—kind of like a person in a play."

Elizabeth decided to cough, but the male voice, gentle, caressing, anticipated her.

"You pretty child! Aren't you pretty? Yes, you are. Well, I've been thinking of you, too—ever since Thursday; and of coming up here to meet you. That makes you blush, doesn't it? That's why I liked you so much when I saw you the other day in Heinmann's. I said to myself when I looked at you, 'There is the little girl for me. She's got class and beauty—a pretty face and the thing we all want—a lot of style and romance to her,' and I said to myself, 'If I could find a way to meet her ——'"

"And then you come right up, bud, and—and—spoke to me right off just 's if you couldn't help it."

"Well, but I couldn't."

"Oh, bud!"

Bud! All desire to cough had left Elizabeth. All life, all movement were suspended in her as she leaned forward with a curious blankness of expression. Could she be—was she sleeping, dreaming?

"You don't know," the hidden male voice swept on, "you don't know what it means to me to have you meet me here to-day. You don't know when a fellow's on the grind day in, day out, and alone, and not a soul to give him any sympathy or care a hang—well, to have a little girl with enough heart and enough sense and not too darn conventional, to read how lonely he is and to come up here and play round with him a little and forget the world—well, that's the romance of it—what everybody wants, even a fellow getting on to forty."

"You don't seem old a bit, bud—but I know what you mean. I feel it there in the store, and when life gets so stale in the boarding house and all—well, when you ast me to come up here and told me your troubles, and all—it must be horrible to have your wife go away and leave you and not a soul left—well, I just up and thought I'd come—you rush a person off their feet so, and mebbe I'm foolish, but I don't think so. Mabel Hornby said you looked like a real good jolly to her, but I know you're a gentleman from your voice."

"If I'm not a gentleman to you and straight with you, and show you a gentleman's good time, you sweet child, may I be—— But if you don't trust me ——"

"I do trust you, bud."

"Well, then, little girl. And we'll come up here sometimes and play together and have some nice talks together and be friends, won't we, little girl in a pink hat? Tell me, where'd you get your pretty pink hat?"

"Same place you bought your pretty red tie."

There was a peal of clear, impudent young laughter and the world about her—Polk Park—faded completely from Elizabeth's sight in an engulfing certainty. With tightened throat, the blood mounting into her face, and with a springing, catlike movement she pulled herself up, stepped around her tree and parting the thin screen of growth faced the couple behind her. A young, pretty little candy-stick creature in a mint-green frock and an outlandish hat of flaming rose, and close by her a drooping and graciously bent shape that was vaguely familiar. At least Elizabeth's confused vision recorded wonted impressions. But she was sure of only one thing—that beneath the slightly worn and now very affable elderly face and above a still not inelegant figure there glowed like an unmistakable beacon a patch of new carnelian silk across which swam dizzily now, like little drunken fishes, a shoal of tiny, printed, black swastikas.

They did not speak—nor she. And in a flash she realized her own complete lack of identity. It brought her again a pang of self-scorn and abasement and, curiously, a gleam of insight, almost sympathy, for the vagrant impulses of her erring parent. Then she spoke in a thin, remote voice, as from a distance.

"Father!" she said.

The romance-dispelling word fell into that tense and somewhat erotic atmosphere with the impact of a bullet. She uttered it again.

"Father," she said, "have you and I gone crazy—here in Polk Park?"

Across the sunny interval between them, across her barricade of transformation he knew her then, an incredible, a transmuted Elizabeth! His face turned pale, his mouth fell open, but the little creature in mint green scrambled up.

"'Father'! What d'you mean—'father'?"

"Him," and Elizabeth pointed to the man beside her. "I belong to him; at least he's my father. I've sometimes doubted it, but to-day I know it."

"B-but—why—he said ——"

"Oh, that's nothing. He was just being romanticlike. I'm like that too. It runs in the family."

Elizabeth spread her skirts, like a fluffy, mauve sweet pea, and stared at her father.

"You are romantic, father; you're a credit to anybody. I had no idea how good you were until I heard your stuff."

Her father made an incoherent, indecipherable sound. The blood was pouring back into his face, he swallowed once or twice, but no word was born on his lips as he stared at his daughter. This, Elizabeth! She had been for him, heretofore, an abstract concept of the juvenile, the imperfectly filial, the usually irritating that was all. A person dissociate entirely from the feminine pulchritude that absorbed his attention. And here she arose like a phœnix out of that old concept—a finished, a modish, yes, a beautiful young woman. She wiped out the common little person beside her as the sun wipes out a candle flare. He could only sit there, staring, wetting his lips as Elizabeth swept on.

(Continued on Page 33)

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Blueprint sketch and insert photograph of Goodyear Blue Streak Belted Bucket Elevator in the service of The Marble Cliff Quarries Company, Columbus, Ohio

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GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 30)

"But I don't believe that too much romance is good for a person, father—and I think this family has had about enough."

But here the girl in green cried out: "'Father'! It's a lie. He told me himself. Bud, here ——"

At this Elizabeth threw back her head and laughed.

"'Bud'! Would you call him a bud? Why, he's fifty. He was a full-blown rose before you were born."

But she could say no more for laughter. It claimed her now in a merciful, releasing flood, wiping out her anger. It took her like young wheat bent beneath an August storm. It was not less awful, less bitter, to the man watching her. His eyes mutely begged for mercy, but she showed no mercy. She laughed at him—his child—no, an unknown and beautiful young woman—laughed him down to earth in his pretenses, tore from his shoulders the Indian-summer cloak he had hidden under. She left him no doubt.

"It's b-because you're so—f-funny—f-father—running after girls—and wom-women—all the t-time—at your age—f-flirting so. Why, you're t-too old—you ought to s-settle down—it's funny ——"

"Mebbe it is funny to you," the little girl in green sobbed noisily, "but it's not so damn funny to me. Bein' gyped by an old fam'ly man. The girls in Heinmann's would laugh at me. Oh, it's too bad."

"No." Elizabeth wiped her eyes. "It's not too bad—only silly. And the girls at Heinmann's won't know. Because I shall never tell. And I wouldn't call father a family man—exactly. Not yet. But he's going to be. I've got a job waiting for him down in the city and he's going down to take it. He hasn't worked much lately, but he'll have to now—to take care of my mother, because I'm going to be married. So you'll have to forgive him."

But the little green-clad girl shot a last Parthian arrow at her deceiver.

"You a sweetie!" she cried. "Posin' and pretendin' you need sympathy and—and love. Old fam'ly man! You're a hell of a sweetie!"

"Yes," Elizabeth said thoughtfully. "I'm afraid he is. But he's sorry, and he's never going to do it again—because I won't let him. Come, father!"

She spoke like a patient, admonitory mother to a refractory child, laying a compelling hand on his arm. And looking at her, eye to eye, for just a moment, her parent fought a silent, mortal battle with her. Their glances struck, locked in implacable embrace; then slowly youth that was hope and future and all true romance knew its mastery. The man turned with a faint Lot's-wife gesture to the other girl—symbol of the things he was leaving, but her face was clear scorn and Elizabeth was adamant.

"Come, sweetie," she said firmly, and took his arm.

And without further protest he let her lead him out of the stuff of dreams, out of the pleasant piffle of mock spring, into their reality.

HOW ONE BOMB WAS MADE

(Continued from Page 4)

LLOYD GEORGE: But the Germans say that this is precisely not the case in Silesia.

CLÉMENCEAU: What? You know perfectly well that German statistics themselves show a large majority of Upper Silesia to be Polish.

LLOYD GEORGE: But the legal is not the only aspect; there's sentiment, and I want to know that.

WILSON: The racial question is not doubtful. As to the rest I'm quite willing to amplify what we have decided, but we are not obliged to do so by the basis of the peace.

LLOYD GEORGE: On the racial basis one would have to say that Alsace is German.

CLÉMENCEAU: The case of Alsace-Lorraine, as you know well, is not analogous to any other.

WILSON: What I maintain is that our decision in regard to Silesia is not contrary to the fourteen points.

LLOYD GEORGE: Who of us had thought of Upper Silesia before the report of our experts had brought it to our attention?

CLÉMENCEAU: You're absolutely wrong. All the Poles, from the start, have claimed Upper Silesia.

WILSON: Monsieur Clémenceau is right. When I received Dmovski and Paderewski in Washington I questioned them a long while, map in hand. Their claims were excessive, but we all agreed upon the formula "to give Poland all regions inhabited by Poles."

LLOYD GEORGE: I tell you again that we can never have thought of giving to Poland a province which hasn't been Polish for eight hundred years.

CLÉMENCEAU: And I tell you again that the claim as to Upper Silesia has always been formulated by Poland and recognized as just by us.

WILSON: We must finish. We might consent to a plebiscite under the control of an interallied commission. We would declare the plebiscite to be void if the commission reported to us that pressure had been exercised.

LLOYD GEORGE: I fancy that Germany would accept an American occupation.

CLÉMENCEAU: Well, I promise you that no matter who the occupiers may be, Germany will protest just the same.

WILSON: Germany doesn't love the United States any better than she loves the other allies. What is your decision? Do you want a plebiscite and do you wish an interallied commission to define how it shall be held?

LLOYD GEORGE: The German troops must evacuate Upper Silesia.

WILSON: Quite so, and the interallied commission must even be able to summon allied troops.

CLÉMENCEAU: But what force do you think necessary?

LLOYD GEORGE: One division.

CLÉMENCEAU: I'm not convinced.

LLOYD GEORGE: If the Germans refuse to sign I must be able to prove to my cabinet and to the people that the fault is not ours.

They then decided that the experts draw up a scheme, and on the morning of June fifth they had in Mr. Paderewski, whom Mr. Wilson addressed as follows:

WILSON: They tell us that the most serious question for Germany is Upper Silesia. Our experts have prepared a note, which has been communicated to us. But before deciding we want your opinion. The material change will be the provision for a plebiscite. The population by a large majority is Polish, as we know, but some think that a plebiscite, held of course after the departure of the German troops, will give more strength to our decisions.

PADEREWSKI: The actual text of the treaty is justice itself. In Silesia there are two districts where Poland has an undoubted majority, and one where the majority is German. The part to the west, which is agricultural, is under the influence of the Catholic clergy, very dangerous from our point of view; it influences the opinion of the peasants. To the east the population is more thoughtful and freer, but if only the east becomes Polish, the whole industrial region will be close to the frontier.

LLOYD GEORGE: Which zone is the more densely populated?

PADEREWSKI: The east. In the mining region there are 900,000 Poles, 400,000 Germans. In the farming region there are 600,000 inhabitants; it is an indisputably Polish country.

WILSON: The Germans themselves recognize that the population is Polish.

PADEREWSKI: Yet nevertheless they claim Upper Silesia.

LLOYD GEORGE: If we were to speak of Silesia as a whole, and not merely of Upper Silesia, in its entirety it is mainly German.

PADEREWSKI: Yes, many people were speaking Polish at Breslau when I was there.

CLÉMENCEAU: But as to what concerns Upper Silesia, do you agree to a plebiscite after the evacuation of the territory by the German troops? That's what we want to know from you.

PADEREWSKI: Such a change in the treaty would oblige me to resign, for the people to whom the text of June seventh promised Upper Silesia would lose their confidence. [Lest the reader be confused by my literal transcription of the date, let it be said that for "June" should be read "May." The treaty was delivered to the Germans on May 7, 1919, and these conversations are taking place nearly a month later, while the Germans are pausing and protesting before they sign, and Mr. Lloyd George is being nervous lest they refuse to sign. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Clémenceau, as the reader will perceive, are not so nervous. That Mr. Paderewski says "June seventh" instead of "May seventh" may be ascribed either to a stenographic error or to Mr. Paderewski's great but suppressed emotion. Mr. Lloyd George now speaks with unsuppressed emotion.]

LLOYD GEORGE: We promised nothing at all, we wrote the scheme of a treaty, we didn't give it the form of an ultimatum. We reserved our liberty to examine the reply of the Germans, and consequently we have the right to make concessions if they are reasonable. What? Yesterday Poland was divided in three pieces, your fellow countrymen were fighting separately against each other, and all were fighting together against the independence of their own country. To-day you are certain of a resurrected Poland which will have 20,000,000 inhabitants; you're demanding in addition, for example, population in Galicia which is not Polish. You're demanding all this from us; you, whose liberty has been won by the death of 1,500,000 Frenchmen, 800,000 Englishmen and 500,000 Italians. It's our blood that has paid for your independence. If you kick against our decisions we shall have been mistaken in you.

PADEREWSKI: I confined myself to stating that I could not remain in office.

[Mr. Paderewski's concern about remaining in office appears less acute than that of Mr. Lloyd George, in whose remarks throughout we may read a more lively preoccupation with his tenure of power in England than with the destinies of Europe that he is deciding. Upon that same May seventh which Mr. Paderewski apparently calls June seventh, and soon after the treaty had been delivered to the Germans, I was sitting next to one of Mr. Lloyd George's colleagues. He said to me: "Do you think they'll sign?" "I've a hunch that they will," I said; and I explained what we Americans mean by hunch. "I have the same hunch," said the Englishman. He was less nervous than Mr. Lloyd George, whose further remarks to Mr. Paderewski now follow.]

LLOYD GEORGE: We have given liberty to Poland, Bohemia, Jugo-Slavia; and those are the countries that kick against the plebiscite. They are much more imperialistic than the great nations themselves.

PADEREWSKI: I cannot admit what you say; you are merely reproducing newspaper talk.

LLOYD GEORGE: I say that you want to annex peoples against their will.

PADEREWSKI: Not in the slightest degree. We defend our countrymen when they are attacked.

CLÉMENCEAU: I want to come back to the question of the plebiscite. If it is held after some postponement and until that time American troops occupy the country, do you think the vote will be free and favorable to Poland?

PADEREWSKI: Yes, undoubtedly in the eastern part. As for the western part, the threefold influence of the freeholders, the officials and the clericals will make the outcome uncertain. Furthermore the object of the Germans is to provoke a disturbance in order to have to repress it. They have 350,000 men on the Polish frontier.

This, it will be remembered, was said by Mr. Paderewski on June 5, 1919, and General Ludendorff's remarks two years later at Königsberg seem to prove that the distinguished musician and patriot knew what he was talking about. The facile certainty of the British Prime Minister that all would be well with Poland and a plebiscite recalls an appraisement of the British delegates made at the time of the peace conference by an Englishman. Mr. Bonar Law, he said, cared but didn't know; Mr. Balfour knew but didn't care; and Mr. Lloyd George didn't know and didn't care.

The conversation about Poland was resumed on the morning of June ninth.

LLOYD GEORGE: The experts who have been at work over the plebiscite do not agree as to the interval between the signing of the treaty and the plebiscite. Now this

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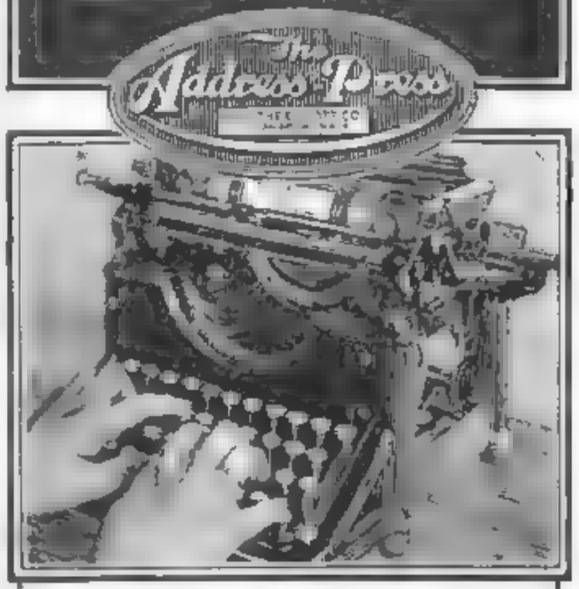

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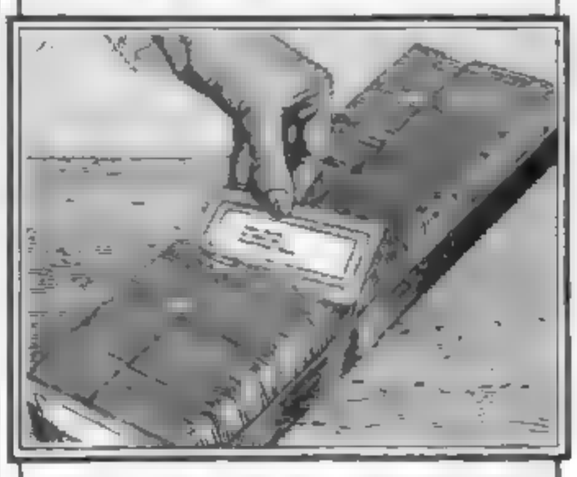

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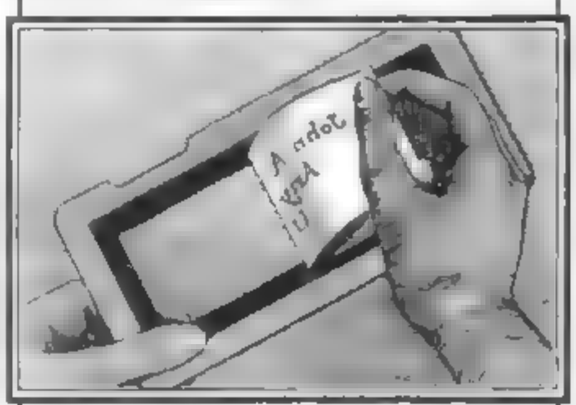

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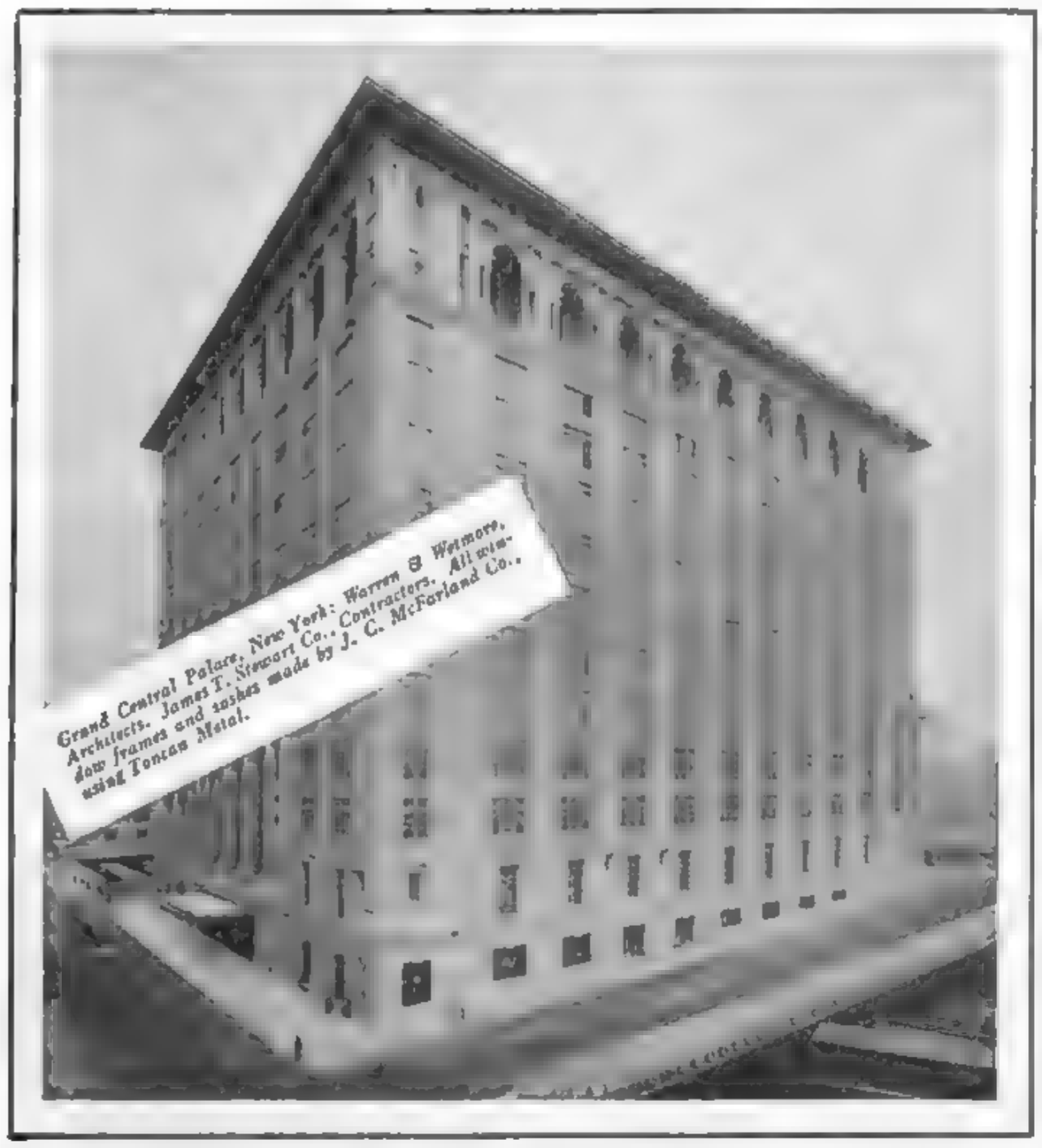
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interval bears upon the system to be established. We alone are able to solve this question. Do not forget that three of the experts are hostile in principle to the plebiscite.

WILSON: It will be enough to ask them to explain the two systems.

LLOYD GEORGE: That's it. Moreover, some proposals are not acceptable, such as the expulsion of the entire clergy. The commission who will be on the ground must be exempt from its decisions.

CLÉMENCEAU: I recognize that it may be difficult to expel the entire clergy, and yet you cannot overlook the pro-German influence that it will exert.

LLOYD GEORGE: As in Ireland; and in spite of that we do not expel the Irish clergy. The plebiscite will deprive the Germans of all pretext for fighting. With concessions as to the reparations in addition, the Germans will sign.

On the afternoon of June eleventh they returned to the question.

CLÉMENCEAU: Do you wish to hear the commission on Polish affairs?

LLOYD GEORGE: That commission is very biased regarding Poland; I don't want to debate with it.

CLÉMENCEAU: We'll debate only with each other, but we must first hear the commission, question it and listen to it. I desire to repeat once again that I am against a plebiscite in Upper Silesia. Since you all agree to the principle I'll be with you in a spirit of conciliation, but I can't forget that wherever the population has elected Polish deputies the plebiscite is useless. [He means that Polish deputies to the Reichstag count for nothing.]

WILSON: We can examine its limitations. I should add that my colleague, Mr. White, has also brought me reports of the pro-German influence of the Polish clericals.

LLOYD GEORGE: I'll bet those reports come from Polish sources. Look what the Poles are saying about the Jews. They claim to be giving them the best treatment in the world, and we all know it's not true. A plebiscite is a just thing. Without a plebiscite our consciences would not be at ease if British troops had to be sent to get themselves killed in Upper Silesia. A plebiscite put off for several months or an interallied occupation will give us free elections.

WILSON: You're very biased yourself. My information comes from Americans on the spot. You appear to have forgotten what the Germans can do in the way of propaganda and pressure. I know what they did in America. What will they not do in Silesia, where they are politically and economically sovereign? When it comes to the Germans I am against them and for Poland.

CLÉMENCEAU: That's truth.

LLOYD GEORGE: I tell you again that if we have to fight about the east frontier of Germany our soldiers won't fight if Germany can prove that the plebiscite was rejected in spite of Great Britain's opinion.

WILSON: We've been making no sacrifice of our own interests; don't let us consent to them at the expense of a little country. [Mr. Wilson meant by this that after a lively discussion and upon the unbreakable opposition of Mr. Clémenceau the clauses relating to the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine and the reparations had been retained without change.]

LLOYD GEORGE: You know perfectly well that my sole object was not to give Poland territory that was not Polish. Were we to do that we could not fight to assure such territory to it.

WILSON: I'm sorry for the excitement into which I've thrown you. It's also quite certain that you've never changed your opinion about this.

LLOYD GEORGE: I want to avoid conflict. The Germans in Upper Silesia consider the Poles an inferior population, for whom they entertain contempt; and to put Germans under Polish rule would be to provoke trouble.

CLÉMENCEAU: You'll have trouble, never doubt it, of all sorts, now or later, with or without a plebiscite.

LLOYD GEORGE: I hold an utterly opposite opinion.

CLÉMENCEAU: The future will settle it, but I beg you not to forget what I'm saying to-day.

WILSON: The first thing to do, according to the experts, is to cause the withdrawal of German troops. Will British soldiers fight to make the plebiscite respected?

LLOYD GEORGE: Yes, because it's a just principle; and what I'd like to know is, if the French Army would fight for Upper Silesia to become Polish without a plebiscite?

CLÉMENCEAU: I reply yes, because the question is not as you put it; here's the one question: to know if the Germans will sign or not sign the treaty.

WILSON: The American soldiers will always fight against the Germans.

LLOYD GEORGE: I'm not speaking for your soldiers; I'm speaking for mine. You know how Lord Northcliffe is attacking me in his newspapers, and yet he is for the plebiscite in Upper Silesia.

[The experts are brought in—Mr. Jules Cambon, General Le Rond, Mr. Morley and Mr. Lord.]

WILSON: In what do the experts agree and in what do they disagree?

LE ROND: We agree upon the territorial question, the coal question and the financial clauses. We disagree upon the question of the plebiscite in Upper Silesia. President Wilson two days ago ordered us in the name of the Four, to present two schemes—one for a plebiscite shortly, the other for a postponed plebiscite. In Upper Silesia the Poles are not their own masters. The big freeholders are lords of the soil; they are really feudal with more power than those of the thirteenth century, because they own not only the ground but what is beneath, and the manufactories and the capital.

CLÉMENCEAU: Chiefly the bishop of Breslau, who is one of those big freeholders.

LE ROND: I'll speak presently of him. The big freeholders hold the country in a net, notably the clergy. The bishop of Breslau is particularly powerful. Since the armistice the Polish priests have been sent elsewhere. The Germans suppress the Polish newspapers and it's being said that if Silesia becomes Polish the money in the savings banks will disappear. According to the general opinion of the experts, serious precautions should be taken. The majority of the experts consider that a pretty long postponement is required; between one and two years.

LLOYD GEORGE: I accept.

LE ROND: Out of eight electoral districts in Upper Silesia, five were represented in the Reichstag by Poles.

CLÉMENCEAU: Did these Poles claim they were independent?

LE ROND: They couldn't under the German system.

WILSON: There was a strong Polish party in Upper Silesia?

LE ROND: Yes.

LLOYD GEORGE: I fancy it's useless to bring up the question of an immediate plebiscite.

LE ROND: I'll speak of the preparation for a plebiscite. If it doesn't take place until after a fairly long wait you must give wider powers to your commission.

LLOYD GEORGE: The question is settled for me.

LE ROND: Who will settle the date—the Powers or the League of Nations?

LLOYD GEORGE: I'll accept either method.

WILSON: Can you inform us as to the Polish part of Upper Silesia?

LORD: There are two parties, one socialist, one not, but both are working for union with Poland.

LLOYD GEORGE: But is it not the same thing as in Ireland or in Wales—attachment to the nationality, but never until recently, even in Ireland, a serious idea of separation?

LORD: Separation was not in the program, probably because it wasn't supposed possible in the condition of Europe.

LE ROND: Since the war the movement in favor of union with Poland has been very active in the whole of Upper Silesia.

LLOYD GEORGE: I don't contest that, but what I don't know is the strength of Polish sentiment.

The experts retire.]

WILSON: I consider that we must decide for a plebiscite a year off at least, two years off at the latest. Mr. Lord has it from an American on the spot that all classes of the population want a plebiscite. Now Mr. Lord himself is against a plebiscite.

CLÉMENCEAU: I've nothing to add to what I have said. I persist in thinking the plebiscite a mistake. Since I'm alone in this, I must bow; none the less I continue to believe that we are headed for grave difficulties in Upper Silesia and that a prompt settlement would have been better.

WILSON: Here is the scheme for defining the powers of the commission on the plebiscite.

(Continued on Page 36)

The MASTER FORMULA

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NEW YORK ATLANTA CHICAGO DES MOINES DENVER SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 34)

[The scheme is adopted.]

CLÉMENCEAU: Is occupation provided for?

WILSON: Yes.

CLÉMENCEAU: Is the evacuation of the German troops stipulated?

WILSON: Yes.

CLÉMENCEAU: What interval shall we set for the plebiscite?

LLOYD GEORGE: The committee will make a proposal at the end of the year.

CLÉMENCEAU: Who are the troops of occupation?

LLOYD GEORGE: I think we'll all have to participate. I'd still prefer that it was the American.

WILSON: I'll consult my military authorities.

CLÉMENCEAU: Who'll pay the expenses of the occupation?

ORLANDO: The country who'll get Upper Silesia.

They resumed on the morning of June fourteenth.

WILSON: We have decided to have recourse to the plebiscite to deprive Germany of the slightest pretext for irredentist action in the future. Besides, the Germans realize that the population is Polish in majority but they deny its wish to be joined to Poland. Mr. Paderewski has marked out two zones—the mining region to the east, where the result of the plebiscite seems to him not doubtful, and the farming region to the west, where the result is doubtful. This must be taken into consideration. Accordingly we have decided:

1. That the plebiscite shall be held by commune [township, parish].

2. That it shall be put off for several months in order that German pressure may be eliminated.

3. That the German troops shall immediately evacuate Upper Silesia.

PADEREWSKI: I can't pretend that this is not a cruel blow, for we had been promised Upper Silesia. If the plebiscite turned out unfavorable to us it would be the peasants, the workingmen, who would suffer. As to the period of waiting which you have provided, it will create an unwelcome tension. The plebiscite should not be put off longer than six months at the most. Our delegation accepts your decision with the respect it has for you, but not without profound regret.

WILSON: Your words move me deeply; I've gone through many doubts and scruples of conscience.

CLÉMENCEAU: You know that my opinion has never changed.

LLOYD GEORGE: I was myself much moved by the statements of Mr. Paderewski. We have reflected a long while, but I am certain that Poland has nothing to fear in the mining region from the plebiscite.

WILSON: An American who went there tells me that union with Poland is desired by everybody and that the result will be favorable.

DMOVSKI: I am convinced that taken altogether the plebiscite will give good results. I know the German argument well. They declare that the population does not want to be Polish. I realize that fifty years ago it was no longer Polish save in speech, but during the past half century there has been a great awakening. This might now create difficulties if districts which in 1919 might hesitate to vote for Poland should rise up against German rule later. What would the great powers do?

WILSON: To deal with such questions is one of the essential offices of the League of Nations.

LLOYD GEORGE: Quite so; we can't settle everything at once, but there'll be permanent machinery for adjustment.

DMOVSKI: What have you decided about the evacuation of Upper Silesia by German troops?

WILSON: It will take place at once after the signature.

DMOVSKI: What have you decided about the German officials?

WILSON: The commission has full power to drive them out.

DMOVSKI: The commission in its work would have to be aided equally by the German and the Polish element.

WILSON: The commission will have discretionary powers.

[Mr. Paderewski and Mr. Dmovski retire.]

LLOYD GEORGE: All the partisans of Poland asked that the plebiscite be put off, and here's the Polish delegation asking that it take place as soon as possible.

WILSON: I should have supposed that an interval of from one to two years was a guaranty for Poland.

CLÉMENCEAU: Possibly; but Mr. Paderewski tells you that the intervening period runs the danger of driving everybody crazy.

WILSON: We must take what he said into consideration and adopt a plan that allows at need an abridgement of the interval before the plebiscite. I suggest we say from six to eighteen months. [Adopted.]

III

THUS in June, 1919, they began the making of the bomb. Mr. Lloyd George must possess a copy of these conversations. Does he ever read them now? It is said that he never reads anything; but he may make an exception in favor of his own works. Who was the true prophet of these three that dealt with the destinies of Upper Silesia—Mr. Lloyd George, or Mr. Clémenceau? For Mr. Wilson abstained from prophecy; he merely changed his mind, which at the start was with Mr. Clémenceau and against a plebiscite, on the ground that it could not be held fairly on account of German pressure, and that if allied troops were present the Germans would say that pressure had been exercised.

Let us follow the completing of the bomb.

In January, 1918, Mr. Wilson had formulated his fourteen points, on the third of the following June the allies had issued their statement, and in both these documents Upper Silesia was, by implication, to go to Poland; between January and May, 1919, it was given to Poland, but in June Mr. Lloyd George forced the assent to a plebiscite, as we have just seen. He declared that Poland would get Upper Silesia anyhow, and that he was certain there would be no trouble. Mr. Clémenceau was certain that there would be trouble. Eight months later, in February, 1920, the bomb receives another little touch: On the plebiscite of Schleswig the allies permit Germans emigrated from it to come back and vote. This is contrary to the Treaty of Versailles, as a glance at Article 109, Section 2, will show. The voting provisions for Upper Silesia are practically identical.

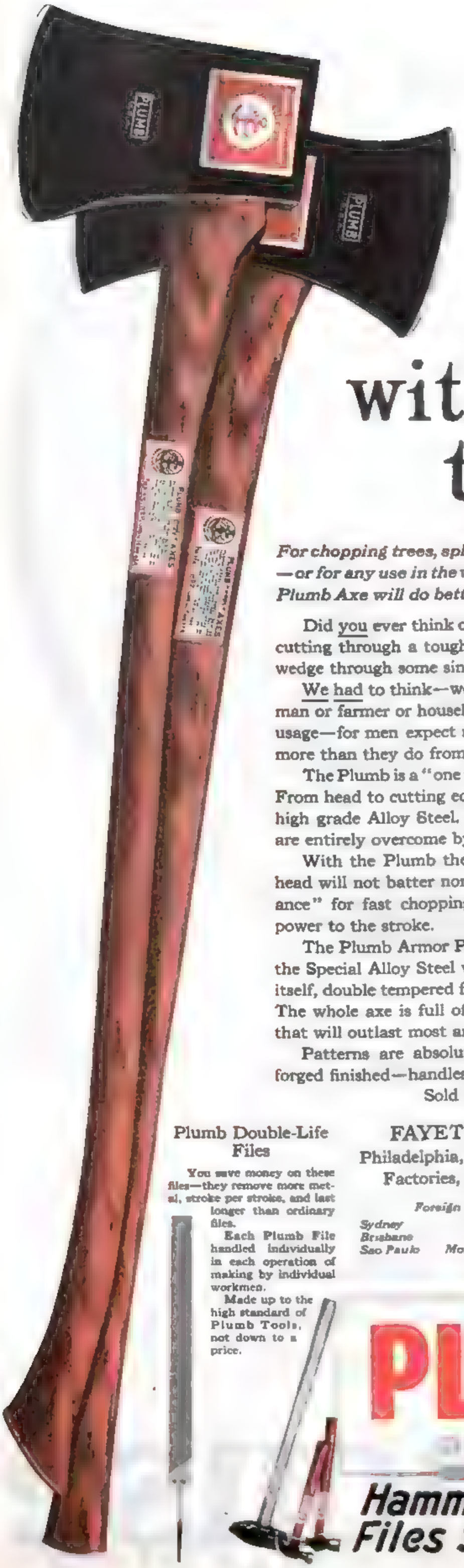
Article 88: "In the portion of Upper Silesia included within the boundaries described below, the *inhabitants* will be called upon to indicate by a vote whether they wish to be attached to Germany or to Poland. . . . Germany hereby renounces in favour of Poland all rights and title over the portion of Upper Silesia lying beyond the frontier line fixed by the Principal Allied and Associated Powers as the result of the plebiscite."

As I don't want to stuff this article too full of matter which the reader can find elsewhere, let him read the rest of Article 88 for himself, skipping the merely geographical paragraphs. It is only a little more than two pages, and in these are to be found the provisions of the Annex, Section 4 of which is particularly to the point, for it describes exactly who shall be entitled to vote. To be a qualified voter in Upper Silesia all persons without distinction of sex must have completed their twentieth year, must have been born there or domiciled not later than January 1, 1919, or must, through being expelled by the German authorities, have lost their domicile against their own will. This final clause enlarges the meaning of inhabitants by including the class of banished inhabitants. To have meant that all persons born in Upper Silesia should vote, and then in an annex describe specifically which persons should vote there, would have been a manifest absurdity.

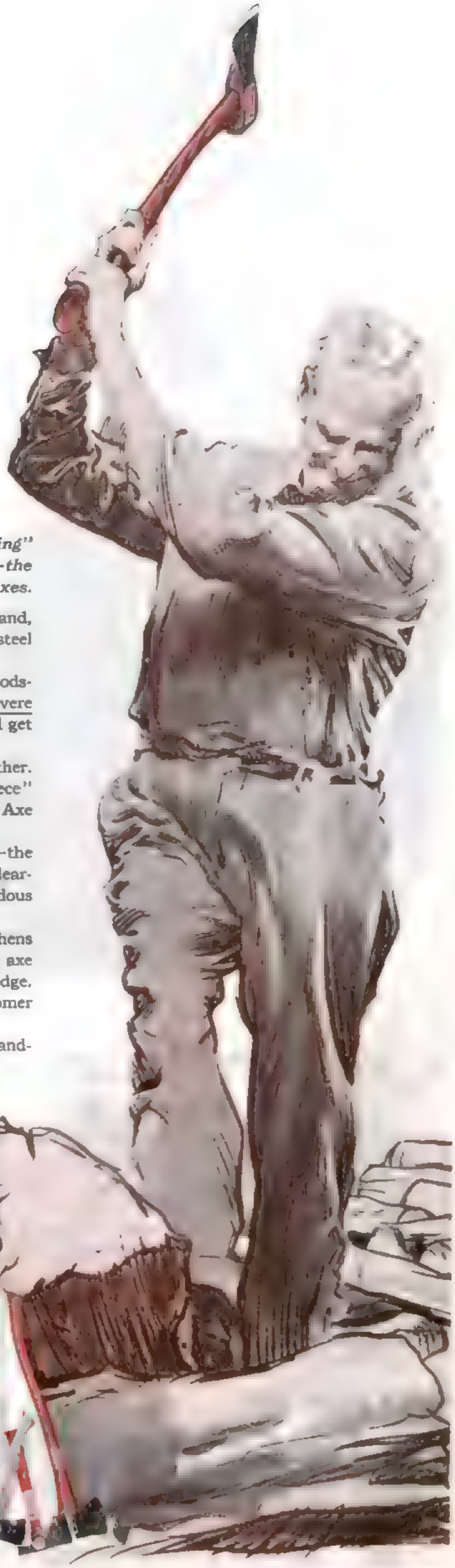
One would suppose this pretty clear; but the Germans who had emigrated from Schleswig were allowed to return and vote in violation of provisions virtually similar to these. The same provisions, virtually, applied to Allenstein and Marienwerder in East Prussia (see Article 95), and the treaty was violated in the same way. Why was this allowed? I refer you to Mr. Lloyd George, for I do not understand it—but it will be understood by anyone that when it came to Upper Silesia the precedent thus established was claimed by Germany and conceded by the Allies. Germany asserted that Section 4 of the Annex destroyed the meaning of "inhabitants" in Article 88. Can you see why?

The more you read Article 88 and Section 4 the less you will see why; but somehow France's contention went down before Mr. Lloyd George and Germany. This grows more inconceivable when you find,

(Continued on Page 39)



An Axe with twice the life



For chopping trees, splitting logs or firewood—for "stumping" —or for any use in the woods or farm or around the home—the Plumb Axe will do better work and outlive two ordinary axes.

Did you ever think of the enormous strain an axe must stand, cutting through a tough old hardwood knot or smashing a steel wedge through some sinewy old monster of the forest?

We had to think—we had to make axes for the sturdy woodsman or farmer or householder that would stand unusually severe usage—for men expect more of Plumb Axes and Tools—and get more than they do from ordinary tools.

The Plumb is a "one piece" Axe, not two pieces stuck together. From head to cutting edge the entire Axe is built of "one piece" high grade Alloy Steel. The faults of the old style welded Axe are entirely overcome by this revolution in Axe making.

With the Plumb the "eye" will not buckle nor spread—the head will not batter nor "mash"—blades have the right "clearance" for fast chopping, while the "heft" enables tremendous power to the stroke.

The Plumb Armor Plate heat treatment refines and toughens the Special Alloy Steel we use—the bit is a solid part of the axe itself, double tempered for two full inches above the cutting edge. The whole axe is full of life and service—It's a tough customer that will outlast most any rough usage.

Patterns are absolutely uniform—heads handsomely hand-forged finished—handles beautifully mahoganized.

Sold by dealers everywhere.

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You save money on these files—they remove more metal, stroke per stroke, and last longer than ordinary files.

Each Plumb File handled individually in each operation of making by individual workmen.

Made up to the high standard of Plumb Tools, not down to a price.

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PLUMB

Hammers Hatchets Files Sledges Axes

Electric Ware for Worth-While Gifts

Your electrical dealer has a New Idea for you about Christmas giving—a practical suggestion for making worth-while giving easier.

What most of us want to do at Christmas is to send gifts that are useful as well as tasteful, that are correct in sentiment, and of real and lasting value from all points of view. That is why there are so many who would like to give, and to receive, electric ware for Christmas.

Westinghouse dealers are ready with a rather unusual suggestion that will make possible the realization of this good wish.

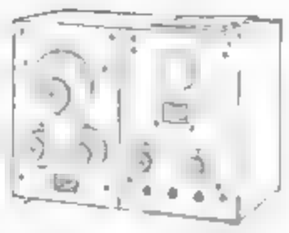
Windows like that above will everywhere guide the Giver of Sensible Gifts to the New Idea. You have but to go in and ask for the "1921 Christmas News." This little publication is much more than a list of the Westinghouse appliances which the dealer has on display. It is primarily a description of an idea that will help to solve the very real problem that Christmas raises for many people, and solve it in a way that is intelligent, tasteful, and in perfect keeping with the spirit of the season.

There is good news in the "1921 Christmas News" for everyone who asks for it.

Type M Iron

Curling Iron

Waffle Iron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WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO. [Offices in all Principal Cities · Representatives Everywhere]

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC WARE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

(Continued from Page 36)

in Section 5, that "regard will be paid to the wishes of the *inhabitants* as shown by the vote"—nothing said about emigrated Germans; that the report of the commission computes the number of voters as 1,900,000—which is the number of inhabitants of Upper Silesia in 1910, according to the Prussian census—no question of emigrants here; and that the German note of May, 1919, confines itself to requesting that the right to vote be granted to "any German subject aged 20 years complete and living in the plebiscite territory *at least a year before the conclusion of the peace.*" No question of emigrants here. There is but one thing to say: that whenever it has come to an encounter of wits, Mr. Lloyd George and Germany win, and France loses.

Let us proceed with the bomb. In the summer of 1920, then, the Allies allowed that emigrated Germans should vote in Upper Silesia. In the autumn, Monsieur G. Leygues obtained the concession that at least these Germans should not vote on the same day as the inhabitants. In January, 1921, at the Paris conference, this concession was renounced by France. In March the plebiscite took place, and Germans to the number of 190,000 entered and intimidated the voters. From March until August—again in violation of Article 88, which sets one month after the vote as the term in which frontiers and administration are to be settled—nothing is settled; and the Supreme Council, convening then with possibly its belated sense of the ridiculous, passed the bomb, now perfect and lighted, to the League of Nations, while, over in Königsberg, General Ludendorff with his declaration of battle was cheered by his Prussian audience. Then the League of Nations by its decision awarded Poland more than was, according to German ideas, satisfactory.

IV

THERE is the bomb—the most dangerous in Europe.

The Treaty of Versailles has had but few readers. During our presidential campaign last year many friends of the League of Nations reproached me for being a Republican. Not one of these friends had read the treaty; most of them had never even seen the outside of it. Yet, perfectly ignorant of its many provisions creating bombs needless, unwise and hastily prepared, they wished it ratified. Most people now—editors and public men who daily discuss Upper Silesia—betray the same ignorance of the treaty, and their inaccurate discourse confuses a situation which otherwise would be clear enough. I hope that I have made it clear enough to the reader.

First, early in 1919, Upper Silesia is to be given outright to Poland; next, a string is tied to this gift by a plebiscite, at which shall vote only native-born and residents naturalized before January 1, 1919, and residents exiled by Germany; next, contrary to this signed agreement, German emigrants are to vote; next, these are to vote on a different day from the inhabitants; next, they are to vote on the same day; finally, 190,000 of them enter and vote on the same day, and the election is an intimidation and not free, precisely as Clémenceau told Lloyd George it would be and Lloyd George told Clémenceau he was sure it wouldn't. Naturally France objects, naturally Germany insists; the Supreme Council meets and meets and meets—and then it passes the responsibility to somebody else.

Would not a sticking to the treaty have been simpler for all of us? I say "us," because if Ludendorff proves a prophet and war starts over Upper Silesia, we shall become just as surely involved as we were when war started in 1914 over Serbia. We may not fight, but we shall suffer. This is not a case of posterity *interpreting* the vague language of a document it did not write, it is the departure by the stipulators from their own specific stipulations. Not to stick to a treaty you have signed is a losing game for everyone concerned—for Germany, too, whose welfare depends upon the rehabilitation of her character, from which she has torn off the few shreds which remained at the armistice, so that she has no sleeve left to laugh in and has to laugh right out loud. Does anyone suppose that Ludendorff and his coherent, compact body of Prussians are going to bow to any decision of the League of Nations which is distasteful to them? What is to make them bow? Force? Whose? A trade boycott? Can you see us boycotting German trade after that wonderful Knox resolution, by which we claim every benefit under a treaty we refused to sign, and disclaim every burden and responsibility? As to this going back on your signed agreement, that is the scrap-of-paper doctrine, and many a set of politicians has gone back on a treaty which their predecessors signed; but never until now have we seen a set of politicians going back within two years on what they have signed themselves; and this irresponsible levity about a solemn agreement not only belittles the Allies and encourages Germany in her plan of revenge but it insults and impairs the sense of honor, the standard and the ideal, of the entire civilized world.

POSTSCRIPT. Two weeks after the above was finished, the fuse of the bomb hissed vigorously. All on account of the League of Nations' decision as to Upper Silesia, the German cabinet resigns and reconstitutes itself, while Berlin papers make such remarks as "We must help accelerate the Polish process of decay," and that Germany is no longer bound by the Peace Treaty, since it "has been grossly violated again."

EUROPE IN TRANSITION

(Continued from Page 17)

The same predominance applied to agriculture. Czecho-Slovakia is the only European sugar exporter and the second largest beet-sugar producer in the world. One-half the total area of 54,000 square miles is arable soil. Forty-two per cent of the inhabitants are employed in agriculture and 30 per cent in industry. This is the same proportion that obtains in France.

Combined with all this productive strength is an element of weakness. The cause goes back to the war, when there was a rigid stewardship of output centering in Vienna. It was similar to the wartime control in the allied countries, for no manufacturer could import raw materials without a government permit. With peace came a difficult situation. The job was to free industry from the monarchical and supervising fetters.

In their desire to hasten decontrol the Czechs made the mistake of throwing all the leading industries into syndicates. The idea was to control the purchase, importation and distribution of raw materials, and also the sale and distribution of the finished products. These syndicates were to bridge the period of transition from control to economic freedom.

In theory the proposition was sound. What the performance lacked was ripe experience and knowledge of world commerce on the part of the promoters. The Czechs have big ideas, and following their rich industrial inheritance they wanted to leap into the world commercial arena at a single bound. They were just like a small boy who puts on long trousers when he should be wearing knickerbockers.

I could illustrate with half a dozen syndicates. Perhaps the most typical was the cotton pool. There are 8,500,000 cotton spindles in Czecho-Slovakia. On the basis of a ten-hour working day the manufacturers need more than 700,000 bales of cotton each year. When what is called the Purchasing and Selling Association of Czecho-Slovak Cotton Spinners was formed at the instance of the government early in 1919 cotton was comparatively high in price. The association sent a flock of buyers to the United States and literally begged for the fleecy product. They bought at the high price and got early deliveries. One reason for this hasty buying was that Czecho-Slovakia wanted to dominate commerce in all the succession states. The first installment of buyers bought 120,000 bales at sixty cents a pound. Hardly was the raw product in Europe when the price slumped to twenty cents. Of course, there was a tremendous loss, and the government had to stand its share of it.

The government control of wood is another illuminating example of the failure of this paternalistic industrial supervision. About 32 per cent of the entire area of the republic is covered with forests. Coincident with the organization of the cotton trust, the government assumed control of timber.

In the course of a single year it was intrusted to exactly four different governing

(Continued on Page 41)

THE RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITS OWN BLADES

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Set shown below—silver plated razor, strop, year's supply of blades, in compact case—
$5.00

Just a few strokes on the strop—the blade is keen again

A Christmas gift men choose for men

A safety razor that saves constant blade expense

Three times as many bought at Christmas as in any other month of the year—that's what many dealers report about their sales of Valet AutoStrop Razors. And they say that 75% of them are bought by men, by *satisfied users* who see in Christmas an opportunity to let their friends in on a good thing.

It's the safety razor that sharpens its own blades on a straight leather strop. Poor shaves, fast dulling blades, constant blade expense—all are avoided. It's a gift that stands out in any group of Christmas presents. *In ten seconds* a man gets a freshly stropped blade. Morning after morning he enjoys the same comfortable, smooth shave.

No knack is needed. A few quick strokes on the strop—and the blade is keen again. Strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade. Ask any dealer for a demonstration today. It will settle one or more of your gift problems.

VALET AutoStrop Razor

The Deep-Chested Bumper

The Weed Spring-Bar Bumper is easy to identify by its "deep-chest"—the deep rebound space between the contact shock bars and the strong arched bar behind it. This over-plus flexion space gives the strong, resilient steel room to work—enables the Weed Bumper to meet and to cushion the heaviest blows.

Collisions become only harmless contacts, so effectively does the scientifically constructed Weed Bumper absorb the jar.

Note how full advantage is taken of the laws of curve strength. There is great strength in those flowing, graceful lines. Observe the exceptionally wide buffing area presented by the parallel shock bars; they are protection from other bumpers, none of which can go under, over or between them.

Resiliency, strength, graceful lines, the "big three" of bumper usefulness, are built into each Weed Spring-Bar Bumper. The name "Weed" on a bumper commands the same confidence, carries the same guarantee for quality, for maximum efficiency, that it does on Tire Chains.

Weed Spring-Bar Bumpers, front *and* rear, will give real security and add distinction to your car. See your car agent, accessory dealer or garage man.

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HOOVER—1105974 1191305 1212059 1221800—*And Patents Pending*
FAGEOL—1175348 1202690 1205608 1207007 1266240—*And Patents Pending*
PANCOAST *and* GROTENHUIS—1344649 1364261 1374893—*And Patents Pending*

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Licenses to manufacture Bumpers under the above mentioned patents have been granted to the following companies: L. P. Halladay Co., Decatur, Ill.; Bilex Products Co., Waukegan, Ill.; New Era Spring & Specialty Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.; Gemco Manufacturing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.; Bilt Rite Products Co., Chicago, Ill.; The Bellevue Manufacturing Co., Bellevue, Ohio. The Wolverine Bumper & Specialty Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.; Allith Prouty Co., Danville, Ill.

WEED SPRING-BAR BUMPER

(Continued from Page 39

bodies. First it was administered by the import and export commission, which was succeeded after a few months by the wood syndicate. Matters did not develop satisfactorily, so the Foreign Trade Office took it over. This agency, in turn, was superseded by the Wood Commission of the Ministry of Finance. At the time of my visit to Czecho Slovakia last summer authority had again passed, this time back to the Foreign Trade Office. Each one of these organizations instituted new rules and regulations, and the result has been that the foreign dealers naturally came to regard the Czech wood exporters with misgivings. Furthermore, the efforts of the Ministry of Finance to allocate a portion of the export profits to the state caused confusion and near-demoralization.

Still another blunder was perpetrated with a so-called compensation contract with France. It did everything but compensate. The Czechs needed various highly perfected wares, so they made a deal to exchange a big shipment of sugar for them. Instead, the French sent soap, perfume and lingerie!

Unhappy as were these adventures in government control, they pale alongside the blunder made with sugar. Here human frailty, embodied in lack of judgment, caused another loss of hundreds of millions of crowns.

Sugar is the most important industrial bargaining asset of Czecho-Slovakia, and before the war the average annual production was 1,500,000 tons. During the great conflict the output was naturally much curtailed, because sugar became a luxury and the land had to be employed for essential commodities. With peace the production picked up. The 1920 output was 670,000 tons, and this year it is 700,000 tons.

Prior to the Great War there was no sugar control, and every manufacturer marketed his goods on his own. No sooner was the republic established than the era of governmental supervision started. Sugar naturally came into its ken, and a sugar commission was set up with drastic powers. It divided the crop into three parts. One was to be sold in advance, another at delivery, while the third was to be held for purely speculative purposes.

The Sugar Fiasco

Once more a plan that looked good on paper went wrong in practice. The Czecho-Slovakian Minister of Commerce, Dr. Rudolph Hotowetz, had an inspiration. He said to the commission, "Instead of dividing the sugar output into three parts, let us hold all of it for speculation."

In the language of Wall Street, sugar looked good for a rise. The minister argued that the scarcity of sugar during the war would lead to an immense demand for it in the first years of peace. He believed that he could market it at an average of $400 a ton.

But Doctor Hotowetz did not reckon with the irresistible forces that crumpled up the markets of the world. In the general smash of business sugar led the way, as many American grocers know to their sorrow. In countries like England people had learned to get on with little or no sugar. In addition, fresh competition had sprung up and old markets like Austria and Hungary were lost. Austria, for example, had begun to use the Java product.

Naturally the price went to pieces. Instead of realizing $400 a ton, the sugar commission was glad to stand from under at an average of $120 a ton. The actual financial loss on the sugar deal was greater than in the ill-fated cotton transaction. Moreover, the sugar fiasco was a national calamity, because the government had planned to employ the profits to bulwark the public credit. The crown dropped to 104 to the dollar, which was a decline of over 30 per cent.

Let it be said to the credit of the Czecho-Slovakian sugar manufacturers that they took their medicine like gentlemen and will profit by the costly mistake. The process of decontrol is well under way, and by next spring there will be a complete return to the prewar open production. Sugar remains the principal bargaining asset of the country, and with constructive sponsorship will come back to its own. Meanwhile the crop of 1921 is being administered by the sugar commission, which fixes the price. In this respect it resembles the Cuban Sugar Sales Committee.

In passing, let me disclose the other side of the trust picture, created since the war, and which is best illustrated by Germany. The whole tendency in the Teutonic republic is toward huge industrial mergers of the type that Hugo Stinnes heads. Almost without exception they have been successful, because seasoned judgment and experience are behind them.

Like every other European country, Czecho-Slovakia has a coal problem; this, too, in face of the fact that she has rich mines and immense potentialities. The tangle in Upper Silesia has affected her vitally, because she uses a considerable quantity of Upper Silesian coal for her own industries, and exports the native mineral to Germany and Austria. Her contracts demand that these exports be continued. During the past six months she has been compelled to employ a considerable amount of lignite, which is unsatisfactory fuel as compared with the bituminous article. Compared with most of her neighbors, however, Czecho-Slovakia is not exactly hard up, because she can produce, under normal circumstances, more than 30,000,000 tons in her own field. Incidentally Czecho-Slovakia produces practically every metal used in trade except platinum.

Still another obstacle to Czecho-Slovakian industrial expansion lies in German competition. Take pig iron: The Czech price at the time of my visit was almost twice as high as the German, and the same applied to tin plate. One reason why Germany can outsell Czecho-Slovakia is that her cost of production is much lower, especially for coal and labor. She also has an advantage in freight tariffs, which are two-thirds lower than those of her neighbor.

National Industries

Do not get the idea that because Czecho-Slovakia made a fizzle of her trust program the resources of the country are impaired. On the contrary, her business men have taken a brace on themselves and are determined to be factors in world commerce. In no other Central European country is a big foreign trade so vital to the general prosperity. I will tell you why.

Czecho-Slovakia has the industrial production of a country of 40,000,000, while her actual population is only 14,000,000. Many of the latter are addicted to underconsumption as a result of war rationing. It follows therefore that she must export a large proportion of her wool, sugar, textiles, beer, agricultural implements and other machinery, glass, porcelain and iron.

In certain picturesque commodities Czecho-Slovakia has the export field to herself. Most people do not realize, perhaps, that practically all the red fezzes worn by the Turks are made in Bohemia. Likewise, the glass spangles which adorn the costumes of the East Indian and other Oriental women are produced at Gablonz. During the war, when international trade was shot to pieces, the Japanese tried to manufacture these spangles, but failed to produce an article as good as the Bohemian. With peace the Czechs have won back this trade.

Czecho-Slovakia is not lacking in enterprise, and a campaign for world business is under way that would do credit to any progressive American board of trade or chamber of commerce. She has trade commissioners scattered throughout the world, and the flood of literature about Czech resources sizzles with opportunities.

The Czechs have started an offensive to make Prague the commercial capital of Central Europe. One of their selling points is that it is the geographical center and therefore much more accessible than Vienna. Behind this campaign is the natural racial desire to put the capital of the old and despised monarchy out of business. It takes more than big business, however, to make a world capital. One essential is the cosmopolitan atmosphere, and in this detail Prague is conspicuously lacking. The Czechs also want to make Bratislava—the old Presburg—the chief port on the Danube. They are constructing huge granaries and warehouses and enlarging the shipyards.

When you know the Czechs you also know that there is nothing modest about their aspirations or their claims. Having received 71,000 tons in barges and nearly 4000 horse power of tugs in the distribution of Danube shipping, under the Walker D. Hines arbitration, they now want to create an immense Danube fleet and outstrip Austria on these historic waters. Contracts for large steamers have been placed, and there seems no reason why she should not

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It goes farther in a day—yet does not take as much fuel to do so.

It is more comfortable to ride in—yet requires no strength, imposes no strain in handling.

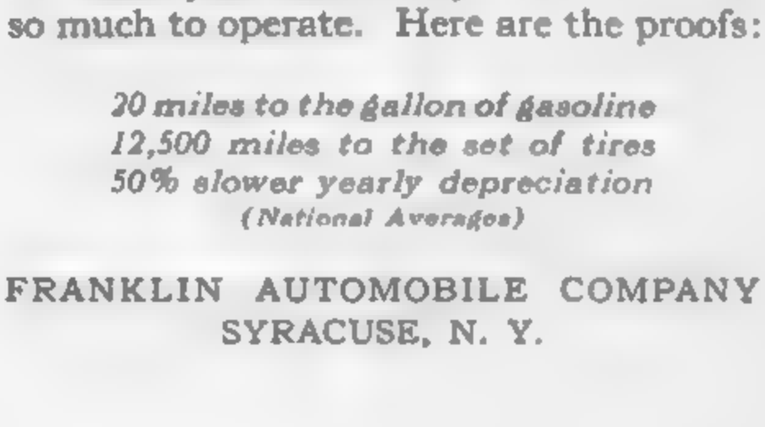
Its system of direct air cooling is more efficient—yet employs no radiator, uses no water, cannot boil, freeze or leak.

It depreciates more slowly, and lasts longer—yet does not require as much routine care from day to day.

It gives a more dependable, more finished all-round performance—yet does not cost so much to operate. Here are the proofs:

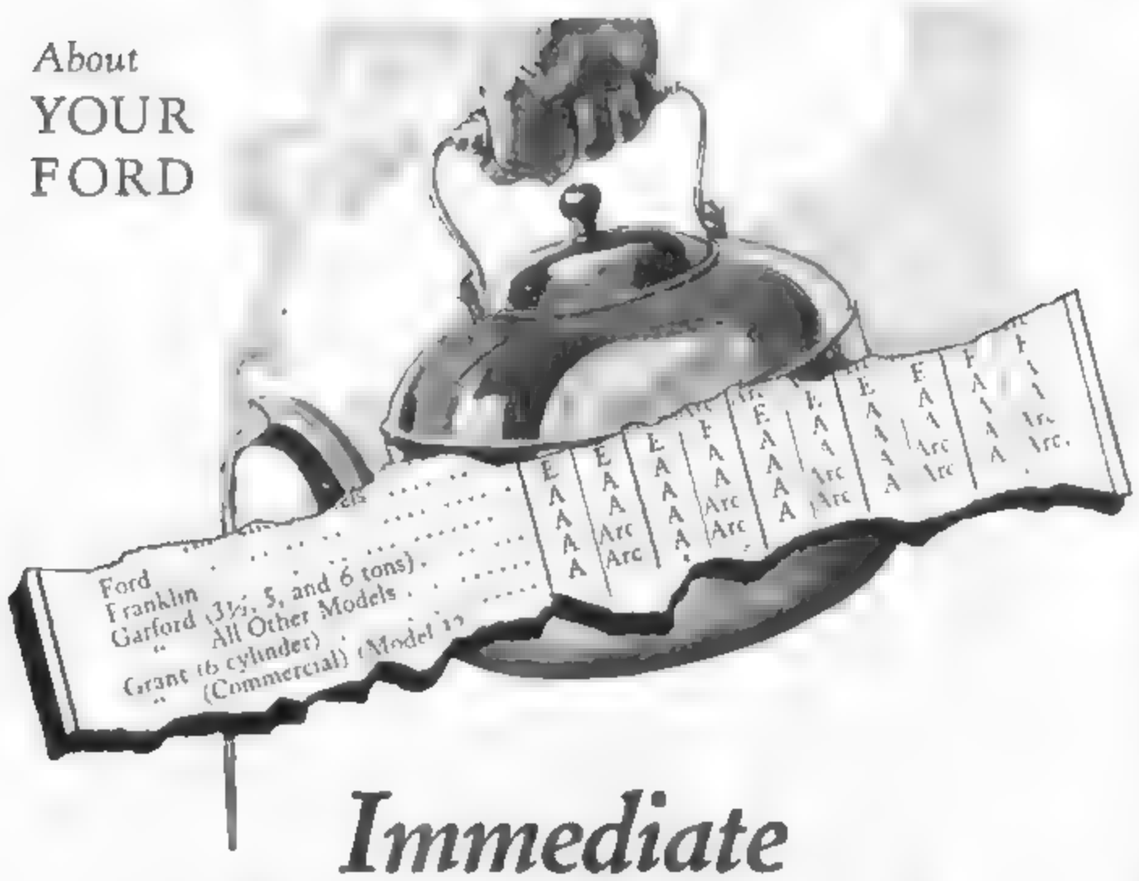
20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(National Averages)

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.



Touring Car $2350 *Sedan $3350* *Runabout $2300*
Brougham $3200 *Demi-Coupé $2650* *Demi-Sedan $2750*
(All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse)

About YOUR FORD


Ford
Franklin
Garford (3½, 5, and 6 tons)
" All Other Models
Grant (6 cylinder)
" (Commercial) (Model "
E A A A A
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Immediate Circulation at 0°

THERE are two reasons why your Ford is harder to start in winter: (1) Gasoline does not vaporize easily. (2) Oil may congeal on engine parts or clutch.

To help gasoline vaporize more easily, the motorist sometimes pours hot water into the radiator and over the carburetor, or he may wrap a hot towel around the intake manifold.

What is he to do about oil that congeals?

One of the qualifications of an oil that is correct for Ford Lubrication is that it must not congeal, even at zero temperatures.

With Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" in your crank-case you need not strain either your arm or your battery. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" will distribute in a Ford lubricating system at temperatures considerably below zero.

This means more than mere ease in starting. It insures thorough distribution of the oil at all times, and thus gives perfect protection to every moving part.

In cold weather Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" begins to lubricate immediately. There is no "thawing out" period during which your engine is only partially protected.

For the differential of Ford cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

New York *(Main Office)* Chicago Detroit Boston Philadelphia Minneapolis Indianapolis Kansas City, Kan. Pittsburgh Des Moines Buffalo Dallas

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

be a factor in traffic. The waterway to the North Sea by way of the Elbe is being exploited in the shape of an increase in tugs and lighters.

The strategic strength of Czecho-Slovakia is evident. For one thing, she stands almost at the gateway of Russia, and when that great domain is opened up economically, like Germany, she will be among the first to launch an economic penetration. The Czechs have many articles that the Russians will need, and being brother Slavs will stand a good chance to get a considerable volume of trade.

Wherever you turn in Bohemia you find the commercial press agent on the job. The Prague Sample Fair is one evidence of this alertness. It is similar in scope and operation to the famous exhibitions held at Lyons, Leipsic and Frankfort. The first was opened on September 1, 1920, and attracted exhibitors from thirteen countries, including the United States. The second, which took place in February of this year, was on a more extensive scale, and registered sales amounting to nearly 750,000,000 crowns.

At the conclusion of the spring fair the Czechs did a characteristic thing. They placed the most representative native exhibits on a special train and sent it through the Balkans. This traveling show made one-week stands in cities like Bukharest, Belgrad and Sofia, and more than justified the expense involved. Now you see why I called the Czechs the Yankees of Central Europe.

It is not surprising to find that the Czecho-Slovakian trade with the United States is on the increase. The principal articles that we buy are chemicals, glass, novelties in jewelry, velours hats, porcelain, bent-wood furniture, artificial flowers and bottles. Unhappily for the American lovers of Pilsener beer, the latter are now empty. We export large quantities of cotton, copper and machinery. Most of our shipments go by way of Hamburg on the north and Triest on the south.

The Commercial Outlook

I discussed the Czecho-Slovakian foreign-trade situation with Minister Hotowetz. Like Hegedüs, the former Hungarian Minister of Finance, he booms with energy and his mistakes have been those of action. Among other things, he said:

"Despite the mistakes that we have made in government control, Czecho-Slovakian industry is on the mend, and it is bound to be a considerable factor in world commerce. Four-fifths of our industry is founded on raw materials that we produce ourselves. These materials include the malt and hops for our beer, the wood for furniture, the clay for wares, and the iron for the machinery which goes all over the world.

"We have concluded commercial treaties with Jugo-Slavia, France, Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, Austria and Germany. Similar arrangements with Poland and Hungary will be made before many months pass. We believe in reciprocity, and as a result the whole trade of Central Europe will be developed.

"One handicap to all Central European trade heretofore has been in a lack of adequate railway transport. Many of the new nations distrust each other, and it is difficult to get freight cars back once they leave a country. This condition, however, is improving, and the same is true of the postal service.

"We have great hopes of a closer commercial relationship with the United States, although a commercial treaty has not yet been made. We prefer to do our cotton business direct instead of through Liverpool and Bremen. I hope that American cotton commission men will establish warehouses on the Elbe, which would simplify and cheapen the whole Czech-American relationship."

It is high time that we push on to Prague—the Czech name is Praha—and get a look at the place and the people. I went there from Vienna. This trip, which occupies only eight hours, was one of many experiences which showed that Central European travel is still far from normal. No reservation of seats could be made, although it was the one train of the day and made the through journey from Vienna to Berlin. As a result it was packed almost to suffocation.

Throughout Middle Europe the population is still travel mad. In Austria every public official either has a pass or gets a reduced rate, and they spend most of their time on the road. To a lesser degree this applies to Czecho-Slovakia.

When we got to the Czecho-Slovakian frontier I had my first insight into Czech self-determination. Everybody had to pile out of the train and submit to the most rigid personal and customs third degree that exists anywhere in Europe, with the possible exception of the Polish border. The Czechs are determined to know who and what comes into their country. I fortunately escaped this ordeal because I had fortified myself in Vienna with a Czech *laissez passer*, which gave me the prerogatives of a diplomatic courier. I therefore was able to stand on the side lines, as it were, and see my fellow travelers made miserable.

It was midafternoon when I reached Prague. The City of a Thousand Spires did not belie its other title of Golden Prague, for it was aglow with sunshine. It is the Slavic farthest west and the center of a culture that has affected all Europe. No Continental city is more picturesque, for it combines the architectural quaintness of Nuremberg with much of the civic character of Basel. The winding streets reek with history. The inhabitants, however, wish that they abounded with more dwelling houses, for nowhere in Europe is there such an acute housing shortage.

Crowning the huge hill that overlooks the capital is the ancient Hapsburg palace, with its 600-odd rooms and only three baths. This noble and imposing pile is now used as the residence of the president. It also houses hundreds of high-placed officials, including the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Money Like Ours

Through the city flows the Moldau, spanned by many tower-sentineled bridges, some of them dating back to the fourteenth century. This river, by the way, has suffered the fate of everything else in Middle Europe in that it has various labels. The Germans call it Moldau. The Czech name, however, is Vltava, and woe to the Czech who presumes to call it by its Teutonic appellation. As a matter of fact, it is only within the last six months that one could speak German with impunity in Prague. This means that the ordinary traveler had a hard time of it, because comparatively few of the inhabitants speak English or French.

The moment you get into Prague you encounter a tidal wave of propaganda. Like the residents of some of the cities in the American Northwest, every citizen is a booster. You almost feel that you are back in a booster town when the hotel clerk tells you that you have arrived in the grandest city in Europe, with unlimited commercial possibilities. The motto of the Czechs is "*Ceskoslovensko první v Evrope*," which means "Czecho-Slovakia, First in Europe." In this spirit you have one good reason why Czecho-Slovakia will never be a has-been among the nations.

These natives do not lack resource. At the leading hotel in Prague I asked for a certain well-known native mineral water. The waiter brought me another kind, which he strongly recommended. When I protested, he said, "This comes from only half an hour away from the kind that you want, and it is much better."

In Czecho-Slovakia you find the only greenback money in Europe. Even with their currency the Czechs cannot resist the impulse for publicity. One reason why the American model was followed was to create what salesmen call a talking point about the country. These greenbacks are engraved by one of the largest American houses specializing in the production of stock and bond certificates. Naturally it was a costly procedure for the Czechs. The government sent a trustworthy man to New York, who personally supervised the engraving of the bills, guarded the plates from which they were made and brought them to Prague in trunks.

Every present-day traveler in Europe will attest to the Czech enterprise in the matter of issuing a durable evidence of exchange. Most of the money made in the new countries is cheap in quality as well as in value. It almost lacks the staying power of tissue paper. Twenty-four hours of ordinary usage converts it into a filthy rag which is not only difficult to carry but is often laden with germs.

The most effective comment that I heard on the new Czech currency came from an enthusiastic American whom I met in

(Continued on Page 45)

WHAT luxury for any member of the family is a bath with the Fuller Flesh Brush! Or the restfulness of a dry rub when tired or nervous. This brush is curved to fit and easily reach the back. It's all bristle—gentle, yet firm enough to invigorate and stimulate the circulation—no harsh back or uncovered end. All the forty-five Fuller Brushes are just such a friendly lot.

These brushes cannot be sold in stores—it is only from the trained Fuller Representative that you can learn of the many ways that Fuller Brushes shorten and make easier the daily home duties.

He explains how each brush is designed and shaped for one or more special personal or household uses. He helps in the selection of required brushes and then personally delivers them. He offers a real service, based on the needs of your family and home. He shows how time, labor and money can be saved. Here also is economy, for Fuller quality and service are unequalled at any price.

The Fuller Man should be welcomed in your home. He is a gentleman and will not waste your time. He may be recognized by the Fuller trade-mark button. There's a Fuller Man in your vicinity—write us to have him call and save you time and effort in your Christmas shopping. May we send you "The Handy Brush Book"—it's free.

The Fuller Brush Company

Hartford, Connecticut

Fuller Brush Company, Limited
Hamilton, Canada

Branch Offices in over 150 cities—consult telephone directory

FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

SUN OILS

Must you shift to "second"

on hills you once easily climbed on "high"?

Does your engine lack its former power and speed? Has it become sluggish and hard to start? Does it falter on grades and seem to "eat up" gasoline and oil?

Look for faulty lubrication—*your oil is poor in quality or wrong in type.*

Does carbon clog up your cylinders and cause valves to leak? Do bearings pound and pistons knock on a stiff grade? Are you always having engine trouble and big repair expenses?

Look for faulty lubrication—*your oil is poor in quality or wrong in type.*

Hill-climbing power—the power that sends you over the stiffest grades on high—that gives you speed when you need or want it most—is impossible *unless you use the right oil.*

Proper lubrication demands an oil exactly suited to your particular engine—an oil that will maintain a power-tight piston-ring seal and prevent excess friction drag and wear on the bearings.

SUNOCO Motor Oil is proving to thousands of motorists every day that it will increase engine power and gasoline mileage—eliminate the trouble and expense of carbon—lessen repair costs and depreciation and improve the performance of their cars.

Sunoco is the latest and greatest achievement in motor lubrication. It is a non-compounded, wholly-distilled oil, made in six distinct types but *only one quality—the highest.* There are no "seconds" to confuse you.

Do this at once. Have your crankcase drained, cleaned and filled with the type of Sunoco specified for your particular car by the dealer's "Sunoco Lubrication Guide."

Make certain, however, that you get *genuine* Sunoco and the exact type for your car. Examine the container from which Sunoco is drawn, or better still, buy it in sealed cans or faucet-equipped drums.

Every motorist should have a copy of "Accurate Lubrication"—a booklet that tells how to operate your car with greater economy and efficiency. It is free. Ask your dealer or write us for a copy at once and give the name and address of your dealer.

SUN COMPANY

Producer and Refiner of Lubricating Oils, Fuel Oil, Gas Oil, Gasoline and other Petroleum Products

More than 1,500,000 gallons of lubricating oils per week **Philadelphia** *Branch Offices and Warehouses in 32 Principal Cities*

SUNOCO

MOTOR OIL

TO THE TRADE—A wonderful sales opportunity is open to dealers. Write for the Sunoco Sales Plan.

(Continued from Page 42)

Prague. He had just been to the bank and obtained a bundle of crisp 100-crown notes. When I encountered him he flashed the bills and said fervently, "Thank God, at last I have found some European money that I can carry in a roll!"

Not only is the Czech greenback sound in manufacture, but it has a larger buying power than most of the money in Central Europe. At the time of my visit it averaged seventy to the dollar. The Austrian crown at that time was 600 to the dollar. On the day I write this article, which is early in October, the Czech crown has slumped to about ninety, while the Austrian crown has dwindled to nearly 2000. This decline in Czech value is partly due to the general collapse of all Mid-European currencies.

The Czecho-Slovakian financial situation is fairly sound. Among other things, the government has forbidden an increase of bank-note circulation without a corresponding legal reserve. This precaution aims at the root of the fiscal evil that blocks progress and general reconstruction in the new nations. The Czechs also present that marvel of marvels in the finance of self-determination in that they had a balanced budget for 1921. Here again they brought about an agency for national publicity. As a matter of fact, the budget did not strictly balance, because it did not include, for example, a large issue of bonds for public utilities. It was a good piece of bookkeeping, however, and provided excellent selling talk for the republic.

That the Czechs are taking every precaution to bulwark their finances is evident from the rigid supervision of all the foreign currency that gets into the country. Every business man who obtains dollars, pounds or francs in exchange for commodities must immediately sell this actual money to what is called the State Banking Office, which pays the ruling price for it. As an earnest of faith that they will do this, all importers are required to keep a certain deposit of crowns with the Minister of Finance. Hence a sudden rise in alien funds cannot be exploited.

This reference to Czecho-Slovakian finance brings to mind one of the most original strikes on record. Just after I left Prague all the clerks in the banks walked out. Evidently they were strongly bitten with self-determination, because their foremost grievance was to continue the right of veto over the decisions of the directors. This right, I might add, had been in operation in the German banks for some time. The Czech bankers refused to stand for it, and for five weeks they were compelled to man their institutions with volunteers. Some of the leading magnates of the country went behind the counters themselves and cashed checks. The employers won and the clerks are now a subdued lot.

The Housing Famine

I have already referred to the housing shortage in Prague. Since it has some features of exceptional interest, it is worth dwelling upon at greater length. In no other European capital is the congestion so acute. One reason is that no houses were built during the war. Another is that the high prices of materials, coupled with inflated wages, have made peace construction practically prohibitive. Meanwhile Prague remains one of the great rallying points for Russian refugees, and the situation only grows worse.

By act of government the landlords are forbidden to raise rents. In addition, the municipal authorities have been given the right to commandeer living quarters. As in Germany, a family is allowed only one room for each member, a kitchen and a general living room. All additional space is requisitioned, and the city allocates the spare rooms to citizens without roofs over their heads. Of course they pay rent. I can offer no more striking evidence of the lack of residences than to say that although the American representative in Prague of the Rockefeller Institute, who is attached to the Czech Ministry of Health, had an order from President Masaryk to the Director of Buildings demanding that he be given a house, he was forced to live for more than a year in a tiny three-room apartment.

In its group of public figures Czecho-Slovakia presents a distinguished gallery. Unfortunately for me, President Masaryk—the coachman's son who became head of a nation—was absent at Capri during my visit. His son, Jan Masaryk, however, was on the job. Not only was he a sort of acting president, but he was a general Poo-Bah of the government, with his finger on the pulse of every department and running things generally.

Masaryk is the livest human entity in Czecho-Slovakia. Son of an American mother, he talks American instead of English. The first time I lunched with him at the palace his initial question was, "Will your bus come back for you?" He never deigns to call an automobile by its proper name, but prefers the Yankee slang.

Masaryk is clean-cut and self-made. He ran away from home when he was in his teens and got a job in an elevator factory at Bridgeport, Connecticut. By one of those odd freaks of fate the son of his first employer, who was Charles R. Crane, is American Minister in Prague. He lived and worked in the United States for nearly fifteen years, and, like his father, has an accurate knowledge of life and conditions over here.

It was eminently fitting, therefore, that he should have been the first diplomatic representative of Czecho-Slovakia at Washington. While filling this post he figured in a characteristic episode which shows his keen sense of appraisal of the American mind. He was one of the guests of honor at a large luncheon given by the Merchants' Association of New York for the Democratic Mid-European Union

Short and Snappy

To this gathering were invited representatives of all the new nations. If you have visited any of these countries you know that their advocates are decidedly long on speech. It followed, therefore, that when the various delegates got up to speak they had little regard for time. At half past three o'clock only the Polish and Jugo-Slav speakers had had their say. The hundreds of hard-headed New York business men, who were not especially excited about self-determination, began to get tired and look nervously at their watches. Mail had to be signed and there was still much to do at the office.

At this psychological moment came Masaryk's turn to speak. He looked at the talk-ridden crowd and said:

"My name is Masaryk, and I represent a new country called Czecho-Slovakia, which has large commercial possibilities for the United States. I am stopping at the Vanderbilt Hotel in New York, and my Washington address is 1634 N Street, N.W. I will be glad to give you any information you want."

With these few snappy remarks he sat down. The tired business men were suddenly galvanized into attention, and they gave him three rousing cheers. He was the hit of the day.

Masaryk summed up the Czech aspiration and considerably more when he said to me:

"The Czecho-Slovakian republic is a stepping-stone to the democratization of Europe. That democratization cannot be achieved with excessive speech. It lies only through work."

In Dr. E. Benes, their Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Czechs have the ablest statesman in Central Europe. At thirty-seven he has become a figure of international interest. Like the chief executive of the nation, he graduated from academic life into politics, for he was a professor in the University of Prague. There is a strong impression throughout the country that he is the logical successor to President Thomas Masaryk. Benes was the instigator of the Little Entente, and, with the president, pleaded the Czech cause so eloquently at Paris that the republic got everything it wanted.

Benes is the real link between Czecho-Slovakia and France. Largely through him French influence has become strong in the country. French officers are training the Czech army. The great Skoda munition works at Pilsen, which produced the forty-two-centimeter guns that the Germans sprang as the first big surprise in the Great War, are now owned jointly by the Czechs and the French. The president is Doctor Scheiner, head of the Sokols, a powerful league of all the gymnastic societies of the republic. The vice-president is M. Schneider, the Krupp of France.

This Gallic influence in Czecho-Slovakia is one of the many evidences that France is taking no chances on the future. She is preparing to meet any outbreak of the German power that she still fears. She is

Why so many men begin to give out while still young—

Science discovers our food is failing to supply two basic needs . .

FOR years he had eaten plentifully and thought that he was being really nourished. And yet—suddenly—there came a downward turn. He is surprised to learn that health is going—surprised to learn that his food, although plentiful, never supplied the elements necessary to build up and maintain health.

We now know that our food can never really nourish and sustain us if it lacks two great essentials—the life-giving elements which build up our body tissues and the elements which keep our bodies free from poisonous waste matter.

It is now known that American diets often lack these basic elements and that faulty eating lowers the vitality and resistance of many. As a result, yearly, thousands of men and women still young die from old-age diseases.

Today millions are securing these needed food essentials by adding Fleischmann's Yeast to their regular diet. For Fleischmann's Yeast combines in a remarkable way these two health-maintaining qualities.

A noted professor and doctor of medicine says that fresh compressed yeast is more or less of a stomach and intestinal antiseptic, that it increases the action of the intestines, and stimulates the production of white corpuscles.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a food assimilated like any other food. Only one precaution: if troubled with gas dissolve the yeast first in very hot water. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast.

Eat 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals. Have it on the table at home. Have it at the office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. ***You will like its fresh distinctive flavor and the clean wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.***

Fresh Yeast has received general attention from the public since recent scientific tests have proved that fresh yeast stimulates digestion, builds up the body tissues and keeps the body more resistant to disease. These original tests were all made with Fleischmann's Yeast. ***Beware of untested yeast-vitamine preparations that contain drugs or other mixtures.*** Fleischmann's Yeast (fresh) is a pure food, rich in vitamine, in which it measures up to the high standards set by laboratories and hospitals. ***The familiar tin-foil package with the yellow label is the only form in which Fleischmann's Yeast for Health is sold.***

Send 4c in stamps for the valuable booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. TA-29, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Laxatives gradually replaced by this simple food

A noted specialist, in his latest book, says of fresh, compressed yeast "It should be much more frequently given in illness in which there is intestinal disturbance . . . ." This is especially true in cases where the condition requires the constant use of laxatives.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food, always fresh, and better suited to the stomach and intestines than laxatives. It is a food—and cannot form a habit. In tested cases normal functions have been restored in from 3 days to five weeks.

Eat from 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day.

Skin disorders cleared up

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. In one series of tests forty-one out of forty-two such cases were improved or cured, in some instances in a remarkably short time.

Economic Statesmanship

The world has learned that the character of its business is a measure of civilization. Upon the orderly conduct of commerce and industry depend the health and well being of all.

To a degree which few people realize, the sound prosperity of the United States is dependent upon the economic statesmanship of those who direct our financial resources.

It is not enough to raise great crops of grain, cotton or tobacco, or to organize industries and commercial institutions. From planting to consuming, crops must be financed. Thousands of factories depend upon the importation of rubber, silk, sugar and leather, which must be paid for months before these commodities are distributed as finished products. Manufacturers have heavy credit needs for purchase of materials, pay rolls and goods in transit. Railroads require active financial cooperation in their essential operations.

To adjust national finance in accordance with these vast credit requirements, balancing seasonal variations and driving through the arteries of business a steady, ample flow of financial vitality, is a responsibility and a public service of supreme importance to the economic life of the country.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York employs its great resources to finance the current operations of commerce and industry. Its self interest is identical with the business welfare of the United States.

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits
Over Fifty-five Million Dollars

strongly intrenched in Poland, where she has for the moment drawn a liability instead of an asset. The enemies of France call all this effort imperialism, but she catalogues it "security."

Before we leave Prague it is necessary to touch upon a detail far more searching and significant than is afforded by her bustling life and booming publicity. Ever since Bolshevism overthrew the first provisional government in Russia the Czech capital has been the principal rendezvous for the exiles of freedom. It was also for a time the fountainhead of Bolshevist propaganda for all Europe. The government, however, succeeded in putting a quietus on this brand of agitation, for it menaced the integrity of the republic.

What concerns us is the colony of men and women, still loyal to the principles that triumphed over czarism in 1917, only to be overwhelmed later by the red tide of organized terror and assassination. Although the Russian intelligentzia is scattered all the way from Helsingfors to Constantinople, the real leaders are camped at Prague. For more than three years they have lived in crowded and unsanitary quarters and have suffered untold privations. They disseminate the spirit of protest against Bolshevism and look forward to emancipation. Here are the headquarters of Kerensky, who bobs up periodically, still flaming with ardor for the cause of which he was once the spectacular leader.

The most compelling personality among these refugees is Mme. Catherine Breshkovsky, the Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution. She lives in a tiny villa just outside the city, where she labors valiantly for the ideals to which she has dedicated her long and troubled life. At seventy-seven she is still full of fire and fervor, and the inspiration of the scores of her countrymen who visit and venerate her daily. They call her Baboushka.

When you pursue the kind of career that I follow you find, as a result of continuous contact with the march of events, that life resolves itself more or less into a matter of dramatic contrast. I can well illustrate with the case of Madame Breshkovsky. The first time I saw her was in Petrograd during the period that followed the March revolution of 1917. Amnesty was in the air, and the victims of an autocracy that now lay prostrate were flocking back from isolation in Siberia and elsewhere. Chief among them was the gray Breshkovsky, an aged Joan of Arc.

Faith in the Peasants

On a day of days she came back to Petrograd in triumph. The Nicolaievsk Railway Station, where she arrived, and all the adjacent streets were packed with people. When she stepped from the train Kerensky, then at the pinnacle of his success, greeted her with an embrace and the multitude went nearly delirious with joy, while a dozen bands blared the Marseillaise. Her journey to the Duma Building was a continuous ovation.

The whole city was in a frenzy of tears and cheers. In that hour she shared with Russia the fruits of those long years of service and sacrifice.

Those fruits of freedom withered under the red fire of Bolshevism, and once more the grandmother became an exile. The patience, courage and steadfastness that sustained her in Siberia are no less potent today, when she awaits another deliverance.

I asked her to give me a message to the American people, and this is what she wrote:

> Do I still believe in Russia? Do I doubt that the Russian people are again on the way to light and justice? I can only answer that I have unfailing faith in her noble and glorious future, and I am sure that it will be realized.
>
> I know Russia's history. All my life I have studied the psychology of the people from the days of their slavery to their victory in March, 1917. They are religious, honest and convinced of their right. Our peasants, that ocean of brave souls, will overcome and finally vanquish the madness of the present time, and not only give peace and security to all Russia but through Russia to the whole world.

When I left Prague I had another strenuous experience with the hazards and handicaps of Central European travel. It is so typical of one phase of transport disorganization that I dwell upon it. The afternoon I arrived I had literally to fight my way out of the train, so wild was the rush of incoming travelers, scores of whom climbed through the windows in their mad rush to get seats. I determined not to undergo this ordeal again.

Therefore, when Jan Masaryk asked me what he could do for me I replied, "The one thing you can do is to guarantee me a compartment out of Prague."

Although Masaryk at the moment was acting president of the republic, I noticed that for the first time in all our intercourse a puzzled look came over his genial countenance.

After a moment's reflection he said, "We will commandeer the Minister of Railways and see what he can do."

I knew that I was making a request alongside of which the stabilization of the currency was a mere incident.

The preparations for what might be called my railway offensive were elaborate. First of all, the Minister of Railways ordered the superintendent of terminals to arrange for a compartment to the German border, where I had to change trains. This, however, did not assure even a seat. The chief of the station had to send a man to a station just outside of Prague, with instructions to board the train and grab a compartment before the arrival in the capital. He was to announce his success in this matter by poking his head out of a window. Meanwhile I was escorted to the terminal by a government official, who commandeered half a dozen porters. Surrounded by these huskies, I was given a place on the platform just about where the train would stop. As it rounded the curve before pulling in I saw a Czech head stuck out of a window, and I knew that the compartment was marked.

Feeding the Children

I still faced a struggle to land it. Before the coaches came to a standstill the grand scramble began. While the Czech scout held the compartment almost at the risk of his life I was projected upon the rear of the coach and fought my way down the corridor to the reserved place. As I slammed the door two diplomatic couriers sought to contest ownership, and it was only after I had locked myself in and pulled down the blinds that I felt a sense of possession. You can get action wherever you turn in the Czech domain.

In Czecho-Slovakia you get the first definite answer to the question, "How long must American charity in Europe continue?" It is the one country where our relief has pulled up stakes. With the gathering of the 1921 harvest our work ceases. There could be no more emphatic tribute to the country's recovery from the wounds of war and the hardships of peace.

Immediately after the armistice the independence of Czecho-Slovakia was endangered from within as well as from without. The task of men like the elder Masaryk and Benes was not alone to stabilize the government in its new and untried foreign relations, but to check the social and political unrest inside the borders, a problem common to most of the succession countries, but aggravated with the Czechs by serious lack of food, wide unemployment, Bolshevist propaganda and the mixed character of the population. To relieve this situation the American Relief Administration began the mass feeding of children in the early part of 1919. At the high peak of its effort 600,000 were fed.

This work has been distinctly coöperative in character. Under the protection of the government, what came to be known as the Czecho-Slovak *Pece o Dite*—Child Welfare—was established, with local committees in practically every community. More than 10,000 volunteer native workers were recruited, and a great constructive work developed, which not only conserved life but contributed largely to the economic rehabilitation of the country. One reason why the American relief work became so quickly effective was that the Czechs themselves instituted admirable constructive institutions, specializing in social service, sanitary housing and general hygienic education. None of the new nations is quite so progressive in the matter of safeguarding the public health. One of the conspicuous leaders has been Miss Alice Masaryk, daughter of the president, who was imprisoned during the war for defiance of the Hapsburg authority. Miss Masaryk is now head of the Czecho-Slovakian Red Cross.

The American relief organization in Prague includes a unique human asset. One day I observed a bright-eyed mulatto boy, about fourteen years old, wearing a

(Continued on Page 49)

What do they think when they leave your parties?

"MY, oh, my, I was never so bored in my life," or "Well, didn't we have a jolly time! Those folks certainly know how to entertain."

The answer is in the *kind* of entertainment you provide. Follow this suggestion—

Play cards for wholesome recreation

and you will find everybody helping to make the evening pleasant for everybody else. The most backward people will enter into the spirit of a card game as if they had known each other for years. The informal folks will be calling each other by their first names before the evening is over. And they'll all be glad to come to your house again whenever you say the word.

Send for these books:

"The Official Rules of Card Games," giving complete rules for 300 games and hints for better playing, and "How to Entertain with Cards," a 48-page book of interesting suggestions. Check these and other books wanted on coupon. Write name and address in margin below and mail with required postage stamps to

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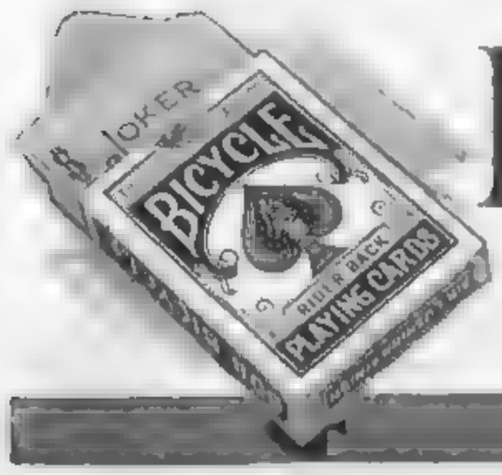

BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS

(Also Congress Playing Cards. Art Backs. Gold Edges.)

"500" at a Glance

THE PACK—Two-hand, 24-card pack, A (high) to 9 (low); three-hand, 32 cards, A (high) to 7 (low); four-hand, 42-card pack, A (high), 4 (low), (deleting two 4's), five-hand, regular 52-card pack; six-hand, 64-card pack, with 11 and 12 spots. The Joker may or may not be added to any of these.

PLAYERS—Two to six (a good three-hand game). The four, six and five-hand are partnership games—the four-hand, 2 against 2, six and five pairs of partners. In the five-hand game the successful bidder designates any one player as his partner during that hand, and such player cannot refuse; or he may designate one partner on bid of six or seven and two partners on bid of eight, nine or ten; or he may call upon holder of a certain card to act as his partner, but the holder of the card makes no announcement until the card called for falls in the natural course of play.

RANK OF CARDS—Trump suit: Joker (when used), high; J (right bower); J of same color (left bower); A, K, Q, 10, 9, etc. Other suits: A, K, Q, J, 10, 9, etc.

CUTTING—Cut for deal. Low deals—ace being lowest of a suit; Joker lowest of all.

DEALING—Deal 3 cards to each player, then for a "widow" lay 2 cards face down on the table (3 if Joker is used), then deal 4 cards to each player, then 3.

OBJECT OF THE GAME—To take tricks. Player (or partners) who names trump must take full number of tricks bid, to score and to avoid being set back. (See Set Back.) Adversaries score for each trick they take. (See Scoring.)

MAKING THE TRUMP—Beginning at dealer's left, each player bids for privilege of naming trump or "passes". Only one bid is allowed each player. Bids are made to take a certain number of tricks, with a named suit as trumps; or to take them without a trump. The form of bid is: "six in clubs", "eight in diamonds", etc. The Avondale Schedule determines the value of these bids. Highest bidder names trump.

AVONDALE SCHEDULE

Tricks	6	7	8	9	10
Spades	40	140	240	340	440
Clubs	60	160	260	360	460
Diamonds	80	180	280	380	480
Hearts	100	200	300	400	500
No Trump	120	220	320	420	520

No bid can be made for less than six tricks. When all players pass, the cards are bunched and the deal passes to the left. In some localities if no one bids the hands are played "no-trump"; each trick taken scores 10, and there is no "set back". (See Set Back and Scoring.) In such case the widow is not used. A player can not raise his own bid, if all other players pass.

IRREGULAR BIDDING—If any player bids out of turn, his bid is void, and his partner or partners lose their right to make any bids that deal. Playing each for himself, there is no penalty for a bid out of turn.

DISCARDING—Highest bidder adds the "widow" to his hand, then discards to reduce his cards to ten. He may retain part or all or none of the cards of the "widow". After discarding, successful bidder leads any card he chooses.

THE PLAY—Beginning at the bidder's left each player must follow suit, if possible. If no suit be held, player can trump or discard. Winner of trick leads for next one. When there is a suit bid, the Joker is the highest trump. On "no-trump" bid, the hand is played without trumps, with Joker as highest card of all; but Joker may not be played to another's lead if holder can follow suit. Player who leads Joker names the suit that shall be played to it.

IRREGULARITIES IN PLAY—If a player fails to follow suit, when able to do so, it is a *revoke*. When revoke is claimed and proved, hands are immediately abandoned. If an adversary of bidder revokes, the bidder scores the full amount of his bid; the side in error scores nothing. If bidder revokes, he is set back the full amount of his bid, and the adversaries score any tricks they may have taken up to that time.

SCORING—If bidder takes as many tricks as he bid, he scores as per Avondale Schedule. The bidder scores only the amount bid, except when he takes all ten tricks. For this he scores 250, if his bid was for less. Each player opposed to bidder scores 10 for each trick individually taken. Partners add their trick scores together.

SET BACK—If bidder fails to take as many tricks as he bid, he is "set back", that is, the number of points bid are deducted from his previous score. If a player is set back before he has scored anything or for more points than he has scored, he is "in the hole" (indicated by drawing a ring around the minus amount). Partners are "set back" together the full amount bid.

GAME—Game is 500. If more than one player scores game on the same hand, and one of them is bidder, bidder wins if he makes good his bid. If neither is bidder, player first winning enough tricks to make his score 500 wins. If any player scores out during play of a hand, balance of hand is not played unless the bidder can win out. Abandoned hands must be shown, to prove there has been no revoke.

FIVE HUNDRED FOR TWO

When 2 play Five Hundred, the 33-card pack may be used and a dead hand dealt to the left of the dealer, besides the usual widow in center of the table. This dead hand must not be touched. Its purpose is to make the bidder speculate whether the aces and kings which are out against him are in the dead hand or among his adversary's cards. This makes bids of 7 or 8 at no-trump quite common.

For full rules and hints on bidding and play see "The Official Rules of Card Games" or "Six Popular Games" offered below.

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All 6 books 40c. Write Name and Address in margin below.

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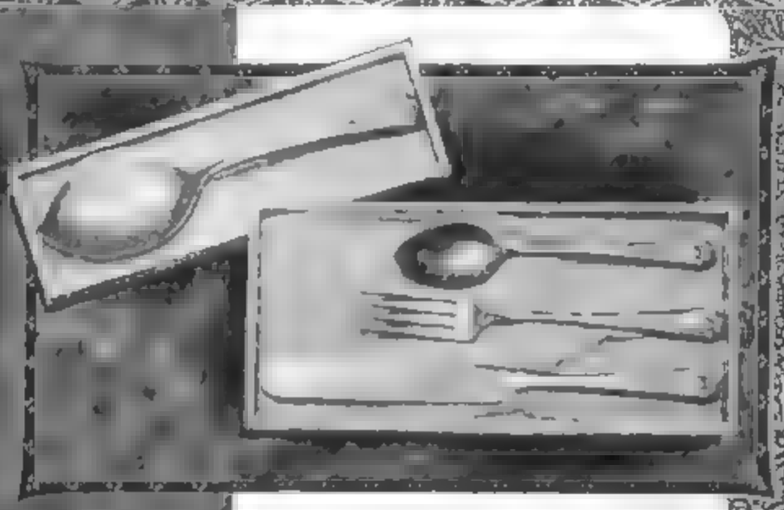

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Jelly Server, $1.50 ea.

HERE is a great variety in this table silver, nicely packed as illustrated. Whether you want to spend $50 or $1 you will find Wm. Rogers & Son silverplate a practical, as well as beautiful gift.

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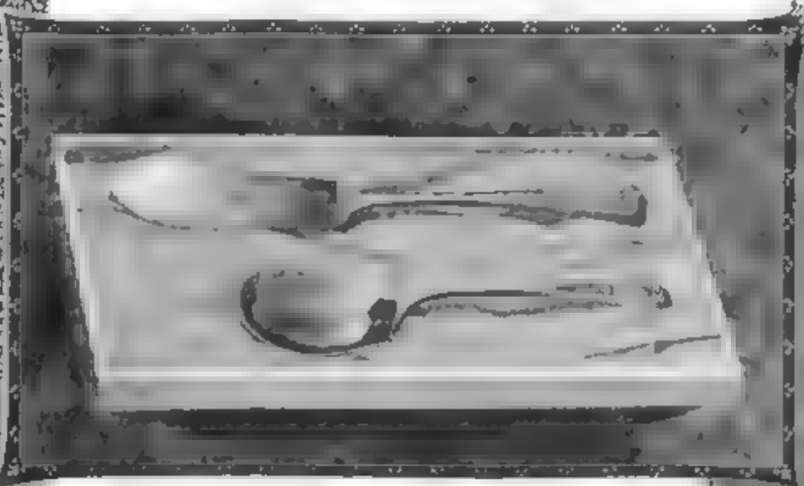

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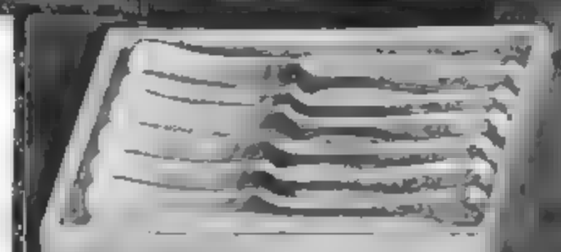

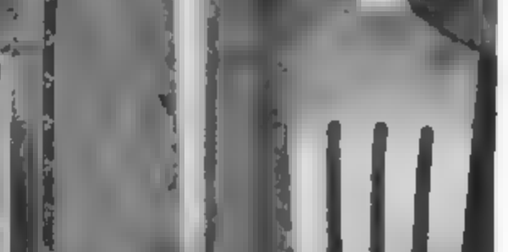

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½ doz. $4.25

Fruit knives, $2.50 per ½ doz.
Flat Server, $2.00 each
Salad Fork, $4.75 per half doz.
6 Knives, $9.00 6 Forks, $3.50
6 Teaspoons, $1.75
6 Table Spoons, $3.50

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(Continued from Page 46)

much-reduced doughboy's khaki uniform and who spoke English with a Russian accent. He was employed as messenger and everybody called him Jim. Naturally, he interested me, and upon inquiry I found that he was one of the many odd waifs of war that you find scattered throughout Europe.

Jim's father was a big Atlanta, Georgia, darky who gave exhibitions of wrestling on the Continent before the war. He married a Czech woman and Jim was the result. The family was caught in Russia at the outbreak of the war, but finally got to Siberia, where the father joined the Czech Legion and saw service. Subsequently he died in Shanghai and all trace was lost of the mother.

Jim was adopted by the Czech Legionaries who were attached to the Russian forces, and came back home with these troops. An American relief worker found him huddled amid the thousands of Russian refugees who have flocked to Prague during the past few years, took him in tow and he became a ward of the mission. Jim speaks Czech, Russian, Chinese, German and English, which is no small achievement. His great ambition in life is to see America and eat a watermelon.

Economically and politically, Czecho-Slovakia can exercise a potent influence in shaping the future of Middle Europe. Her rich resources constitute one of the principal bulwarks of Continental prosperity. She is alive with energy, and in her scheme of national expansion the sky is the only limit. In Yankee parlance, she is the one best bet among the Succession States.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the European economic and political situation. The next will be devoted to German finance and reparation.

MEN OF AFFAIRS

(Continued from Page 19)

flying visit to all the dancing rooms—Murray's, Ciro's, Rector's, The Embassy, Savoy and half a dozen others. At three o'clock he rang up and hired a car and drove to Brighton, because many men come up from Brighton by day and bring no evening clothes. Besides, the time of his quarry's departure from the Berkeley plus a walk to Victoria Station more or less synchronized with a down train to Brighton.

He spent the best part of the following day racing through hotel lists and looking at visitors at Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings and Folkestone. He was back in town again by 7:30, at a theater library, where he bought single tickets for twelve musical plays and revues, choosing them from the class of entertainment Barraclough himself would have been likely to attend. It was a restless evening, dashing from one place to another and sorting over the audiences in the narrow margin of time allowed by intervals.

Afterwards he spent an hour by the fountain in Piccadilly Circus, keenly examining the thousands of passers-by.

It was very late, indeed, when he struck one hand against the other and cried out, "Oh, my Lord, what a fool I am!"

A new significance had suddenly suggested itself as a result of Brown's repetition of the mysterious diner's remark, "I repeat, I have no evening clothes." Cranbourne had taken it to imply that there had been no time to dress, but why not accept it literally?

Two whole days wasted looking at men in white shirt fronts and black coats!

"Lord, what an idiot I am! Alter your line of thought and alter it quick."

He began to walk briskly, muttering to himself as he strode along:

"No dress clothes—deuce of an appetite. Chap who had scraped up a few guineas perhaps to do himself well—on the bust. No, that won't do. Ordered his dinner too well for that. Had the air of a man accustomed to the best places. Brown said so.

"A shilling and five coppers to the porter. Queer kind of tip! What in blazes was the fellow doing? What sort of company does he keep?"

Cranbourne jumped into a taxi and returned to the Berkeley. It was closed, but a night porter admitted him.

"Look here, I want to get hold of Brown," he said.

"You're in luck, sir," the man returned. "One of our visitors 'as been giving a supper and Mr. Brown was in charge. If 'e 'asn't gone I'll try and get him for you."

He returned a moment later with Brown following.

"Tremendously sorry," said Cranbourne, "but I want to ask you a few more questions about that fellow I spoke of."

"I've been thinking about him myself, sir, and one or two things have come to mind. Remembered his tie, for instance."

"Yes?"

"Old Etonian colors," said Brown.

Cranbourne nodded enthusiastically.

"Anything else?"

"I was looking over his bill this afternoon and it seems to me he did himself too well to be natural. Rare for a man by himself to order a long dinner like that. Then again he looked at the prices on the menu just as if he meant to spend up to a certain amount. Something odd in that—unusual. But I'm pretty sure it was in his mind, sir."

"And you believe he spent the last of his notes?"

"Certain of it."

"What's your idea?"

"He was very hungry—eat everything put before him. I should say—'course it's only a guess ——"

"Well?"

"He'd gone a bit short and was wanting that meal."

"Did he seem depressed?"

"Not a bit. Rather amused. But it struck me when he got up he looked like a man saying good-by to his mother."

"How old should you think?"

"Thirty-two or three."

"Old Etonian tie?"

"Yes."

"You're a man of experience, Brown," said Cranbourne. "Ever know a case of a chap who's on the point of going under, blowing the last of his cash on one big dinner?"

"I should just think so. There's a type does that sort of thing."

"His type?"

"Or one very like it."

"Many thanks. You've helped me no end. Now I'll get a taxi and drive to Windsor. Good night."

Just beyond the Ritz he found a taxi willing to undertake the journey. It was a pity he found it so easily, for a hundred yards farther down the slope the man he sought was sleeping fitfully on a bench facing Green Park.

It was an unlucky drive, which included three punctures and some engine trouble. They came into Windsor about 7:30 in the morning. After a hurried breakfast Cranbourne set out to interview the photographers of the town. The particular one he sought did not arrive until nearly nine, but on being questioned proved himself amiable and anxious to help. He produced Eton school groups of fifteen years' antiquity, and Cranbourne spent an hour anxiously scanning the faces of the boys in the hope of tracing a likeness to Barraclough. But boys are much alike and very dissimilar from the men they grow into. There were several dozen who might have passed for Barraclough in infancy; no one in particular that could be pointed out with positive assurance. Cranbourne made a list of twenty names, and Frencham Altar's was not among them.

Rather despondent, he said good-by to the photographer and entered the taxi.

"Think I'll go back by the Bath Road," said the driver; "it's a better surface."

"Please yourself," said Cranbourne and settled himself within.

He was beginning to feel done. His eyes had the sense of having been sandpapered and his lips were dry and parched from want of rest. He glanced at his watch and shook his head.

"Only thirteen hours left," he said, and closed his eyes.

Sleep comes very suddenly to the weary, like a pistol shot out of the dark. Cranbourne's head pitched forward against his chest and his hands slithered inertly from his knees.

He awoke with a start to the sound of smashing glass, a sharp rattle of imprecations and a sense of being turned upside down. The front near-side wheel of the taxi was in a ditch, the wind screen broken, and a large dray horse was trying to put its fore hoof through the buckled bonnet. The taxi driver had fallen out and lay cursing gently on the grass slope to the left; one of his legs was up to the knee in water. Through the off-side window Cranbourne caught a glimpse of the man in charge of the dray horses—a powerful person, high perched, his weight thrown back against the tightened reins, his face purple with effort. From his mouth came an admirable flow of oaths, choicely adjusted to suit the occasion. Then Cranbourne saw something else. Beneath the man's vibrating jaw showed the pleasant colors of an old Etonian tie. There could be no mistaking it; neither could there be any reason why the driver of a Covent Garden dray should exhibit such an ensign.

Cranbourne let the window down with a bang, stuck out his head and shouted, "Where the devil did you get that tie?"

It is not hard to believe that this remark, apparently so irrelevant, did little to calm an already excited situation. The driver loosed his hold upon the reins, seized his whip and slashed at Cranbourne's head. Cranbourne caught the whistling thong and tugged hard, with the result that the driver, who held to the butt, lost his balance, pitched forward to the flank of the near-side dray horse and rolled harmlessly to the road. Cranbourne embraced the opportunity to get out, seized the bit rings of both horses and backed them away from the débris of the taxi.

Meanwhile the driver had picked himself up and removed his coat as a preliminary to battle.

"Put 'em up," he invited Cranbourne. "Put 'em up, you ——" But the descriptive titles he employed do not affect the narrative.

Cranbourne shook his head and tugged a note case from his pocket.

"Five pounds," he said, "if you answer my question. Where did you get it?"

The driver exhibited some sample uppercuts and left hooks and besought Cranbourne to guard himself. But Cranbourne detached a fiver from its fellows and extended it temptingly.

"Don't you see I'm in earnest, man?"

The tone of his voice had a sobering effect and the amateur pugilist ceased maneuvering.

"Why do you want to know?" he demanded.

"Never mind that; take the money and tell me."

"I got it," said the driver, "from a blame fool at the coffee stall by Hyde Park Corner. Bought 'im a doorstep and a ball of chalk b'way of return."

"When was this?"

"Day before yesterday; six o'clock in the morning."

"And what was he like?"

The answer clinched it.

"Was he shaved?"

"No."

"Broke?"

"I reckon. Been sleepin' out by the looks of 'im."

"Seen him since?"

"Couldn't be sure. Maybe it was 'im I saw sleepin' on the bench by the Shelter 'Ouse in Piccadilly 'bout four this morning. There was a bloke there with a soft 'at and a brown coat."

Cranbourne produced another fiver and pushed it into the man's hand.

"You're the best fellow I've met in years," he said. Then turning to the taxi driver: "Get home as best you can. I'm going to look for a lift. Here's my card. I'll stand your losses on this."

He looked over his shoulder at the sound of a persistent croaking. A long gray car with a special body was coming down the road at speed. Cranbourne ran forward in its track, waving his arms. The man at the wheel looked over and braked. The big car skidded, tore serpentine ruts on the metaled road surface and stopped.

"Trying to get killed?" asked its owner sweetly. "'Cause you seem to have got the right idea of doing it."

"I want to get to town and get there quick," said Cranbourne.

"So do I," said the man at the wheel, grinning amiably, "but it's a daily habit of mine. In you get!"

"Gad," said Cranbourne, leaping in as the car began to move, "I believe you come straight from heaven."

"I come from the Slough Trading Company as a matter of fact," said the young man, running through his gears from first to top like a pianist playing a scale. "Hope you don't mind a bit of noise. She talks some when she's moving."

He trod hard on the accelerator pedal and somewhere behind a machine gun opened fire, at first articulately and then, as the pace increased, becoming an inarticulate solid roar. The beat of the engine, the sense of speed and the rush of the wind past his ears infected Cranbourne with a fierce exhilaration.

"Bless your heart," he shouted, "keep her at it!"

"You bet," came the response.

"Gad, she can move. You must have pretty urgent business to push her along like this."

"Want to buy some collars, as a matter of fact," said the young man. "No point wasting time on a job of that kind."

VII

AT THE flat in Albemarle Street, Anthony Barraclough sat alone devouring a grilled steak. He spoke little but every now and then he shot a glance at the clock. In the golden shadows beyond the rays of the table lamp Doran, his servant, stood in silent attention to his master's wants.

Doran was a person of understanding and one of the few people in the world who shared a measure of Barraclough's confidence. A late corporal of the Black Watch, he had reverted to act as Barraclough's batman throughout the major portion of the war. A curious mixture was Doran. He had a light hand for an omelet and a heavy fist in a mix-up, a sense of humor in adversity and a seriousness in ordinary affairs of daily life, was a shrewd observer, a flawless servant and a staunch ally. Very little got past Frederic Doran if he were indisposed to give it passage.

Barraclough shook his head at a bundle of cheese straws and lit a cigarette.

"Get those things for me?" he asked.

"They're in the dressing room, sir."

"Let's have a look."

Doran retired and returned almost immediately with a complete fireman's outfit. Barraclough tried on the helmet and nodded approvingly.

"Good enough. Stick 'em somewhere out of sight." And while Doran obeyed he added: "Damn silly idea, isn't it?"

"I haven't heard it, sir."

"Oh, it has its points, I suppose. See, I've got to get clear of, here to-night and if—well—another scheme fails—I'm going to have a shot at it this way. At 11:45 you'll go out and ring up some fire engines."

"Just so, sir."

"I shall burn brown paper in that grate with the register closed. Windows open at the bottom—plenty of smoke—effect of flames produced by switching off and on the electric light. It ought to be good for a crowd of about ten thousand. Soon as the engines roll up I go out dressed as a fireman. Car at the top of St. James's Street. Coal train in a siding at Addison Road which pulls out at 12:05. Me under a tarpaulin somewhere. Whoosh! Gone!"

"And after that, sir?"

"Ah!" said Barraclough. "That's another story."

"Do you fancy it much yourself, sir?"

"Lord knows! The crowd ought to help. Reduces the odds in my favor a bit."

"At quarter to twelve, sir?"

"Um. That'll be after the gentlemen have gone. Clear away this stuff and put out some drinks. They'll be here at 10:30. I'm going to change into something thinner, that won't bunch up under that fireman gear. Got those notes?"

"Here, sir."

Doran produced a bulky package of bank notes.

"Good man."

He nodded and went into the bedroom, to which there was a door below the fireplace.

A little later the bell rang loudly, followed by a tattoo on the knocker.

"Who's that?" Barraclough called from behind the closed door.

"Don't know, sir."

"What's time?"

"Ten past."

(Continued on Page 53)

MO

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GOULDS

(Continued from Page 49)

"They can't have come yet. Say I'm out."

Doran withdrew and returned almost immediately.

"Sir, there's a ——"

Barraclough threw open the door and came into the room. He was in trousers and a shirt and was fastening a tie.

"Well?"

"It's Miss Irish, sir. I said you were out, but she didn't believe me. Insisted on coming in."

"Lord, that's awkward. Where did you leave her?"

"The smoking room."

"Say what she wanted?"

"To see you, sir—very imperative."

Barraclough glanced at the clock.

"H'm! I've ten minutes. Yes, all right. If the gentlemen arrive meanwhile put 'em in the smoking room. Get a coat. Shan't be a second."

He disappeared and Doran went out to fetch Isabel.

"If you'll take a chair, miss; he won't keep you a moment. The evening paper?"

"No," she said; "no."

It was a different Isabel from the curled-up little person who sat on the cushions. Her face was white and tense, her mouth drawn in a line of determination. She shook her head at the offer of a chair and waved Doran to go away.

"Tony," she called as soon as the door had closed. "Tony."

He came into the room, buttoning his coat.

"I say, my dear, you shouldn't have come here—really—really you shouldn't," he said.

"I had to—had to," she repeated.

"You mustn't stay; these people'll be here directly."

"Horrible money people," she returned, "and you'd send me away for them."

"I told you ——" he began.

"You told me they'd found an easy way for you to get out—a safe way. It isn't true."

"How do you know?" was startled from him.

"I found out to-night from Lord Almont. Danced with him—made a fool of him—pretended I knew all about it—pretended I was sorry there was not going to be any excitement in the thing. Said I really only cared for men who tackled danger. Looked at him as though I thought he was wonderful."

"I'll smash that fellow's head," said Barraclough grimly.

"You needn't—he's loyal enough. Thought he was doing you a good turn—both of us a good turn. Said it wasn't going to be quite so easy as you'd expected. So now I know, you see—know it's going to be horribly, hideously dangerous."

"Oh, my dear," he said, "why didn't you leave it alone?"

"I'm not the sort," she answered. "Where I love, Tony, I—I protect."

"You've a lifetime ahead to protect me in," he said.

"I'm going to do it now," said she. "You're not going, Tony."

"Listen," said Barraclough very earnestly: "there can't be any interference in this. A false move now might ruin everything. If they knew I was making a dash to-night ——"

"They will know."

"How?"

"I shall tell them."

He shook his head "Hardly, my dear. Besides, I don't think you know who to tell."

"You forget the letter you showed me. Mr. Van Diest might be interested."

"I showed you that letter in confidence. You wouldn't betray ——"

"Oh, wouldn't I? I'd betray any confidence that would keep you safe."

"It's lovely of you ——" he began.

"And I shall do it too," she cut in.

"Oh, very well," said Barraclough coldly.

Her arms went round his neck and drew his cheek to hers.

"Would you stop loving me if I did?"

"I couldn't stop loving you, whatever happened."

"Oh, Tony, take me with you. I wouldn't mind then. I've promised to share my life with you. Aren't I good to share a single danger?"

"Much too good."

She released her hold and stood away.

"So it's as grave as all that," said she. "Very well, if you refuse I shan't marry you."

"You don't mean that?"

"Give me a Bible. I'll swear it."

"Isabel!"

"You have the alternative: Take me with you or tell me where this place is."

"What use would the knowledge be to you?"

"All the use. If they got you I know very well they'd never make you speak. You—you wouldn't."

He nodded gravely at that.

"But I should. It 'ud give me the power to bail you out. Do you understand now?"

"I understand I should be every sort of a coward if I told you on those terms."

"Oh, you man—you man!" she cried. "Well, you've the choice."

"To tell or lose you?"

"Yes."

In the silence that followed an electric bell rang sharply.

"There they are!" he exclaimed.

"Be quick, I'm waiting," she said.

"Can't you accept my word that it's better you shouldn't know?"

"You've the choice," she repeated.

Anthony Barraclough looked around him desperately, then he spoke very fast:

"If I tell you, you'll do nothing—say nothing—till eleven o'clock this day three weeks?"

"I promise."

The words that followed rattled out like a hail of shrapnel:

"Brewster's Series Nineteen. Map Twenty-four. Square F. North Twenty-seven. West Thirty-three."

"I'll write it down," said she.

"No, no, you won't," he cried. "I've fulfilled my part of the bargain and you've forgotten it already."

She fixed him with her clear eyes, square-lidded and earnest.

"Brewster's Series Nineteen. Map Twenty-four. Square F. North Twenty-seven. West Thirty-three," she said.

He looked at her in sheer amazement.

"You wonder! You absolute wonder!" he gasped.

"If I were dead I should remember that," she said. "It's stuck for good." She touched her forehead, then quite suddenly her body went limp and tilted against him. "Oh, but if only it were over," she whispered huskily. "If only it were all—all over! Kiss me, please."

"Never fear," he said, his arms tightening round her. "Never fear. I couldn't fail with you waiting for me."

He kissed her again and again.

"Dear, blessed, beautiful little love of mine! Look, I'll take one of your flowers as a mascot."

"Hedge rose," she said and started. "It means hope, Tony."

"Hope it is, my dear. God bless you."

They stood apart as the door opened and Doran came in to announce the arrival of the gentlemen.

"All right. Attend to the front door. Miss Irish is going."

Doran went out and Barraclough turned to Isabel.

"Will you grin for me just once?" he begged.

The small face went pluckily into lines of humor.

"Not a very nice grin, Tony."

"The best in the world," said he and hugged her close.

They passed out of the room together.

When Barraclough returned Mr. Torrington was leaning on his arm. Nugent Cassis and Lord Almont Frayne followed in the rear.

"I was sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Torrington," he apologized.

"Waiting? No, no. We were early. My train arrived at Waterloo this morning one minute ahead of time. It has put me out all day."

The old gentleman lowered himself by sections into an elbow chair. "Heard from Cranbourne?"

Barraclough shook his head.

"Never expected you would," said Cassis shortly. "The whole scheme was waste of time. We don't live in Ruritania, where doubles walk about arm in arm. Cranbourne has a bee in his bonnet."

"A whole hive," Lord Almont interjected.

"Perhaps," Mr. Torrington smiled; "but let us at least do him the justice to admit that they buzz very merrily."

Cassis shrugged his shoulders.

"Buzzing is of no value in the present circumstances."

Mr. Torrington continued to smile.

"Except so far as it helps our young friend here to buzz off," he said.

The modern slang on the lips of the octogenarian made Barraclough laugh. But the nerves of Nugent Cassis were frayed and laughter was an irritant.

"Let us keep to the point," he insisted. "Did you follow out those instructions I suggested?"

Barraclough nodded. The idea of the false fire came from Cassis and, like most of his schemes, suffered from complexity of detail. He began enumerating the points, to be sure that all was in order.

Mr. Torrington shook his head and interrupted.

"A silly idea," he said; "clever but silly."

"If you have a better ——"

Mr. Torrington put his fingers together and continued slowly:

"My method would be to go out through the main entrance wearing no hat and carrying a few letters for the post. There might be a cab waiting at the pillar box. To be exact, there is. I ordered one."

"That's the idea!" cried Almont. "Sweet and simple."

"That cab would dodge about the streets a while and eventually make its way to Wimbledon. At Wimbledon it would deposit Barraclough at Number 14a, Modina Road. He would enter the house and change into running shorts and a vest, having appointed himself underneath with rather a large pneumatic stomach. Also he would wear a beard and a perfectly bald head. This done he would emerge from the house and start running in the middle of the road in whatever direction he likes, with a man on a push bicycle pedaling behind him."

"But I can't see ——" Cassis began.

"Precisely," said Mr. Torrington; "nor could anyone else. Nobody sees the extraordinary individuals who run at night; they only laugh at them."

"If you ask me," said Cassis, drumming his fingers on the mantelpiece, "I am of opinion that we are merely losing time with all this talk, and the sooner we get Barraclough away the better."

Mr. Torrington's eyes looked him coldly up and down.

"You should know me well enough, Cassis, to realize that when I lose time I lose it purposely. I am waiting for Cranbourne."

"Cranbourne's ideas are altogether too fantastic."

"We agreed to do nothing until eleven o'clock, and it wants ten minutes to the hour."

"Not a very substantial margin to find Barraclough's double."

"It is as easy to find a man in ten minutes as in ten years—a mere matter of chance. For my own part I always favored indifferent odds."

"By jove, sir," exclaimed Barraclough, "you're my man! Hang the opposition. Hang the odds. We'll do it, what!"

A measure of his enthusiasm infected the old man.

"We'll have a good try, anyway."

"And if it comes to a rough and tumble ——"

"Hit first and hit hardest."

An electric bell swizzed.

"He's there."

"Failed," grunted Cassis.

But Mr. Torrington's eyes were on the clock.

"Since he is five minutes ahead of time I imagine he has succeeded."

Doran came in.

"Mr. Cranbourne, sir."

"Alone?" Cassis rapped out the question like a pistol shot; but before there was time to answer, Cranbourne burst into the room, his face aglow with excitement.

"I've done it," he said. "It's all right—terrific."

Lord Almont sprang to his feet.

"You don't mean?"

"Yes, I do."

"The real Mackay?"

"Alike as two postage stamps."

"Where've you got him?"

"Here, in your bathroom—changing."

"Changing?"

"Of course. Couldn't bring him as he was. They'd have spotted him for certain. So I draped him in a nurse's cloak and cap over his ordinary gear. Looked fine under a veil with his face painted pretty and pink. He's washing it off now."

"Is he like me?" said Barraclough.

"Like you!"

"How's he talk?"

"As you do. I'd have been here earlier only he was hungry, devilish hungry. He'd not eaten for best part of three days."

"But you saw him at the Berkeley."

"I know; that made it a bit difficult."

"Come on," said Barraclough; "let's hear all about it."

"Take too long. Had almost given up hope this morning, then I had a stroke of luck. Hit a red-hot trail; spent the day chasing through the West End staring at every man I saw. Got a glimpse of him at last in Clarges Street 'bout nine o'clock. Taxi with a heap of luggage drove up to a house and this chap came racing after it."

Cassis threw up his hands.

"Good heavens," he exclaimed, "a cab runner!"

"Not he. Down and out, that's all. I might easily have missed him, for he'd grown a bit of a scrub on his chin during the last few days, but when I saw the way he had of standing, and that same trick of the head you've got, I was sure enough. He's a sportsman, that chap, for he was wanting food and yet some decent restraint stopped him coming forward to help with the boxes. He'd meant to, but at the last moment he shirked it. I could see him wrestling with himself—a step forward, then hesitating. At last the driver asked him to lend a hand with the biggest trunk and he shouldered it and carried it into the house. When he came out the fare was fumbling in his pocket for sixpences. It must have been the sight of this cut into his pride. He hadn't a cent of his own, but something inside him rebelled. 'No, I'll be damned if I can,' he said, and made off down the street. I picked him up on the bench by the cabbies' shelter ten minutes later. Made myself affable and asked if he'd care to turn an honest fifty. In fact, I gave fifty as a bona fide. Told him to get himself shaved and roll round to Clarkson's to be fixed up in the nurse's gear; and get some food too."

"That was risky," remarked Lord Almont. "You might never have seen the jolly old bird again."

"I said he was a gentleman, didn't I?"

Mr. Torrington leaned forward.

"Does he know what we want of him?"

"Roughly. I said it was to occupy a flat for three weeks."

"Ah! Barraclough, I am disposed to think you would do wisely to retire into the next room while we interview this young gentleman. The less he knows the better."

"I'll do that, Mr. Torrington."

"There isn't a cupboard, I suppose, where you could fix yourself up with an easy-chair until—well, until the kidnaping is over."

"There's a wine cupboard."

"Excellent. We'll have a word together before you go."

There was a knock and Doran came in and addressed Cranbourne.

"The gentleman wishes to have a word with you, sir."

"Half a second," said Barraclough. "I'll slip out through the bedroom. There's a second door into the hall. Right-ho, Doran."

He disappeared, closing the door after him.

"The gentleman, sir," Doran announced.

Richard Frencham Altar came into the room. The privations of the preceding three days had paled him a trifle. His eyes glittered brightly and there was a hint of nervousness in the tenseness of his lower lip.

Doran went out. Richard closed the door and turned to face the company. Mr. Torrington leaned forward and as though by accident twitched down the table lamp shade that the light might be thrown on the newcomer's face. Lord Almont gasped, and even Cassis was startled by the phenomenal likeness. Mr. Torrington nodded approval.

Richard's eyes went quickly from one to another. Then his hand moved to his throat and covered the empty space where his tie should have been. No one spoke, and under the battery of glances his muscles tightened resentfully and his head jerked slightly to one side.

"Anything so very peculiar about my appearance?" he demanded.

Mr. Torrington was first to recover his composure and he rose with difficulty.

"You justly reproach our manners, Mr.—er ——"

"Anything you like," said Richard; then with a flash of memory: "Oh, my name is Tidd—John Tidd."

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"By gad, it's amazing!" gasped Lord Almont.

Mr. Torrington waved his hand toward a chair but Richard shook his head.

"No, thanks—won't sit down. I came because I promised this gentleman to do so—but ——"

"I find it a little trying to stand," said Mr. Torrington.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. For a minute, then."

With an air of unwillingness he occupied a chair.

"A little whisky and soda?" Lord Almont suggested.

"Not for me."

"Cigarette?"

"Ah! I'm a pernicious smoker." He lighted a cigarette, turned to Mr. Torrington and nodded over his shoulder in the direction of Cranbourne. "I'm afraid, sir, this gentleman took me at a disadvantage. To be frank, I was hungry."

Mr. Torrington shook his head despondently.

"As the senior member of a firm of dyspeptics, established for over fifty years, I envy you."

"You needn't, sir; it was pretty crucial. He offered me fifty quid to occupy this flat for twenty-one days and to say no to any question that might be asked. I wasn't myself at the time; I accepted. Since then I've had a good meal, and that alters things. I hope, gentlemen, I shall cause you no inconvenience if I recall my promise." No one replied and he went on. "My grub cost three and a bender and I spent a bob in cigarettes." He fished some notes and silver from his pocket and planked them on the table. "That's your change, gentlemen, if someone would be good enough to count it over. You don't mind, I hope, if I return the margin when I'm in a better position to do so. Good night, gentlemen."

He rose, nodded to the company and walked to the door.

Mr. Torrington did not look in his direction. He spoke gently, as though addressing an electric fitting on the wall facing him.

"I am sorry, Mr. Tidd, you are indisposed to remain. My friend had no thought of offending when he offered the temporary accommodation you have just returned. It was our intention to reward the services of whoever assisted us in this matter with a sum that a gentleman might have no embarrassment in accepting. We should have been pleased to place five thousand pounds to your account."

Richard spun round sharply.

"Five thousand—for being a caretaker! You—you're joking—rather unkindly."

"On the contrary I am speaking very earnestly indeed." The tone of voice was sincere.

Again Richard looked from one to another.

"You're a funny crowd," he laughed. "Ha! Damn funny. S'pose you're getting some sort of satisfaction out of it, but a man with a hole in the sole of his boot doesn't much fancy having his leg pulled. Good night."

But Nugent Cassis intervened.

"We give you our word, Mr. Tidd, the sum mentioned will be at your disposal to-morrow three weeks if you agree to remain."

"Your words," said Richard with a touch of irony. "I suppose you wouldn't care to give me your names as a guaranty?"

"Assuredly," Mr. Torrington replied. "It was a mere oversight that we have hitherto neglected to do so." And in the courtliest manner he introduced the company by name.

"The devil!" said Richard. "I knew who you were, all right, but I didn't imagine you'd tell me. That—that makes a difference." He hesitated, then sat down abruptly. "Well, come along, gentlemen, what is it you want me to do?"

Nugent Cassis, as the specialist of detail, briefly outlined their requirements. He spoke coldly and without emphasis. The program was simple. Mr. Tidd would assume the name of Barraclough, he would occupy these chambers, or wherever else circumstance might happen to take him, for a period of three weeks. At the end of that time he might reveal his identity or not as he pleased.

It was understood, was it not, that he would refuse to answer any questions that might be put to him? This was a point of considerable importance, since there was a likelihood that pressure might be employed to induce him to speak.

"I'm pretty close when I mean to be," said Richard. "But what is the answer?"

"As to that," Cassis replied, "I must ask you to contain your curiosity."

"Well, it shouldn't be hard to say I don't know."

Cassis hoped it would not devoutly.

"To tell the truth," said Mr. Torrington sweetly, " we don't know the answer ourselves."

Richard shot a doubtful glance at him, but the seamed old face betrayed nothing of the purpose it concealed.

"It's all very mysterious," said Richard, "and I'm not sure I like the look of it."

"If you are nervous ——" began Cassis icily.

"Nervous be damned," he retorted "I'm not easily scared, but I'd like you to know this: I may have slipped down the ladder a bit, gentlemen, but I'm not altogether an outsider."

Lord Almont and Mr. Torrington made a duet with "My dear fellar!" and "We have already realized that, Mr. Tidd."

"So, if there's anything shady in the transaction?"

"Nothing"

Richard fixed on Cranbourne. "Political?"

"No."

"You've stirred my curiosity, gentlemen."

Mr. Torrington leaned forward and laid a hand on his arm.

"To this extent we can satisfy it," he said. "We are engaged upon an operation of considerable magnitude."

"I guessed that much, sir. When men like yourselves forgather one can generally look for balloons in the sky."

"Just so. A gentleman in whom we are interested requires latitude to conduct certain important activities with freedom from observation. To provide latitude it is necessary we should persuade our opponents that the gentleman is peaceably residing at his own home."

"Half a minute. You want to get Barraclough out of the country or somewhere, and I'm to fill his place."

Mr. Torrington nodded.

"Am I like Barraclough?"

"Remarkably so."

Suddenly Richard sprang to his feet and brought his hands together.

"Tell me!" he cried. "These opponents—have they made a blockade—to prevent him getting away?"

"A most effectual blockade."

Richard threw up his head and laughed.

"Lord, so that was it. They tried to stop me at Earl's Court Station day before yesterday. Oh, this is great, gentlemen! Come on, I'm your man!"

"You consent?"

"I consent, all right."

The men exchanged glances of satisfaction.

"Then if you will kindly ring the bell," said Cassis, "your servant, Doran, will correct the details of your wardrobe."

"So I have a servant?"

"You have everything this flat contains, and five thousand pounds at the end of three weeks."

"Oh, what a lark!" said Richard gayly.

"I only hope it will prove so," said Mr. Torrington.

"Was wondering where I'd sleep to-night."

"I wonder where you will."

"All right, gentlemen; you can leave it to me. I shan't let you down. If you'll excuse me I'm going to have a bath. In the event of our not meeting again you might post that check to care of Porters, Confectioners, 106b, Earl's Court Road—my town address." He stopped at the room door and grinned. "Please help yourselves to a drink or anything you fancy. My entire resources are at your disposal. Good night."

The door closed and a moment later came the sound of water splashing into the bath.

"Well, what do you think?" Cranbourne demanded enthusiastically.

"A nice boy," Mr. Torrington returned. "Straight. I'm wondering how much he will have to go through in the next three weeks."

"Yes, but from our point of view?"

"Ah, from our point of view I think we might declare a dividend. If you would lend me an arm, Lord Almont, we will speak a word of farewell to Barraclough through the wine-cellar door."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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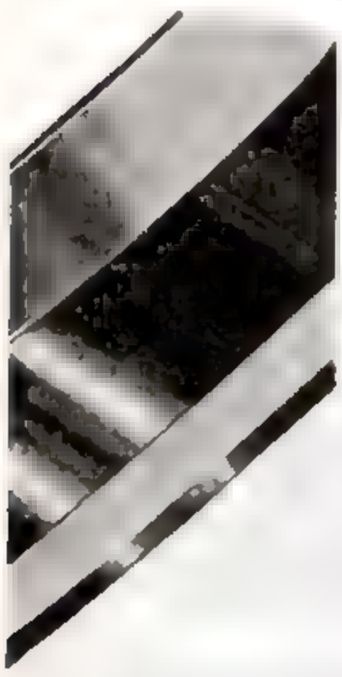

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THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS

(Continued from Page 26)

whereabouts. It's a big place. So he thought if he paraded that girl here in the canyon long enough Jim would do something foolish that would show him up. Why, Mr. Clint, he brought that girl down here as bait, live bait, to catch his fish! And once Jim was behind the bars, what was to stand between him and May any longer? If in the meantime her eye hadn't been caught by another man, that is—let him deny it if he can. He can't deny it!"

And that cursed Machiavellian streak in me prompted me to say guardedly: "Well, what if you were right?"

"He admits it!" Syd breathed. "What is my duty in the circumstances?"

"Jim trusts you," I said. "Wouldn't it be the neat thing to betray him and hand him over to the authorities? You say he's a criminal."

"I haven't slept for four nights thinking of that," Syd said. "Wouldn't I be an accessory to hold back this knowledge?"

"How long have you known about it?"

"Two weeks."

"Well, then, you are an accessory, and it's my plain duty to put you under arrest," I said, and I tapped my chest, opened the shirt and revealed that star shining on the bulge of my pectorals. "This concealment of yours has been compounding a felony, and the chance is now that he has got off scot-free. You're an accessory after the fact."

Syd sank down with his head in his hands, sobbing outright. You see the prospect that was opening up for me? I didn't mean to arrest him, of course; but I did vaguely mean to hold that club over him and force him to keep his mouth shut while I formulated a plan to save Jim from Maricopa's minions. Isn't it plain that if I wanted to be friends with May I should have to prove by some decisive act that Syd's analysis of my motives in bringing her here was wrong, dead wrong? What did I care for Maricopa now?

I had a picture of him at the point of death, and even so I was minded to tip him off backwards into eternity for not telling me the use he intended to put me and May Gowdy to in this Canyon of Fools. I felt that while red shirts were passing round Maricopa had earned his, and my trigger finger itched to give it to him.

I glared at Syd. There I was, owing what life there was in me, all but, to the very woman I had come to save from worse than death, and now I looked to be going to sacrifice even the remnant of her good will through the blundering ineptitude of this woogie-faced moralist.

"Yes, an accessory," I hissed. "And let me tell you this, mister—one syllable from you, outside this tent, about Jim's presence in the canyon and it will be your last official act on this planet. Do I make myself plain?"

"You mean," Syd whispered, "that you would shoot me down in cold blood?"

"I mean that for two cents I would provide you with a red shirt right where you sit," I foamed. "I'm not in any joking mood."

And, by Judas, if I had been the happenings of the next few seconds would have banished it. The tent flap behind me whipped open and May came in. I never saw anything before or since to equal the white anger in that young woman's face. She was taut as a cord, strung up to the pitch of passionate invective, and shot defiance at me out of those eyes, those living eyes. That blue glance of hers fixed me, transpierced me like a lance, and left me there quivering and fishing round for words in an empty chaos.

"So," she whispered, "you're what they all say, what I couldn't believe—an adventurer!"

Strange—that word, coming from May's lips, was laden with poison, its barb dipped in venom of the first order, and yet—I felt my world falling in ruin all round me too—and yet I half liked it. Adventurer! A man must have done something awfully good or awfully bad to have earned an appellation like that. No sincy-soncy character would have it applied to him, even in a moment of wrath. Glory be, she had met the shock of my personality with the full shock of hers at last! For the first time and the last time, I plainly saw.

Adventurer! That word winked at me out of blackness, and I got a new bearing on it every two or three seconds. In one flash I was pleased, and in the next I knew that I would give anything to get an inoculation with the virus of Syd's ingrained respectability. I hadn't ever meant to push adventure to the point where I would find myself out-of-doors with May, and now I was out-of-doors with her.

I cried feebly: "You don't understand, dear girl!"

I was half inclined to roar her down. It was on my tongue's end to snap out that eavesdroppers hear no good of themselves, in our old style, but I lacked force to shape the syllables.

"I don't want to!" May cried, holding fast to the tent pole. "But I do—I do understand perfectly. I see it all now. Oh, it was vile!"

You remember that popular old chromo where the miller's pretty daughter is brandishing a brass candlestick in the face of the libertine with the burnsides and natty Prince Albert, and shouting at him, "I'm not afraid of you now!"

Well, I felt like that libertine, shipwrecked in my shoes, and I went limp as a spilled sail.

"But, May, look here!" I pleaded. "Use a little reason - just a ladleful. If I knew all this about Jim, why did I hold back on it? Why not spill the truth at Madcap?"

"You wanted to make it more dramatic," May countered, and she choked over a little sob. "I know your kind, I hope, by this time."

She was beautiful and terrible, standing there in that little rough-dried shirt waist. I groveled, I bowed the head, I bent the knee, I bit the dust.

"As God lives, May," I whimpered, "I didn't have an inkling. I've been double-crossed by Maricopa. He must have seen from how I felt towards you that I wouldn't stand for anything crude being pulled, and so he pushed across that myth about Jim's—about Jim's——"

"Didn't I just overhear you tell this man?" May blazed out with a fierce shake of her bobbed head at virtuous Syd. "Didn't I hear you as good as tell him that you knew? He accused you, and you didn't deny. You couldn't deny!"

"Deny?" I groaned. "I've never told that man anything but fairy stories. They comfort him. Nursery stuff. Why, May, you don't expect me to talk like a citizen to that man, I hope!"

"Like a citizen!" she flashed at me. "Why, how can you? You can't for the good and sufficient reason that you're not a citizen yet."

I was knocked cold by that. How did she know? If I had had seconds I would have lisped out to them to throw the sponge through the ropes and carry me back into my corner. Well, I had no seconds, and while I stood there with my guard down, both arms dangling and my sight dim, May shoved across the haymaker that stopped my heart.

"You needn't bully that poor boy any longer," she said. "He's not the accessory."

"Who is then, pray?"

"I- I am."

"You—you are?"

"Yes. Take me, why don't you? Put the irons on me," May said in level tones, and she actually held out her crossed wrists to me.

"I don't get you," I said, backing away.

"Don't you? It's plain enough. I've helped Jim to escape."

"Helped him?" I gasped stupidly.

"I suppose you thought I had been idle all this time," May said contemptuously. "You must go around with your head in a bag. At any rate you don't allow much for a woman's intuitions, Mr. McCarty. Thank God, Jim is out of this mess now, over the border in a fast machine! I went to him in the night and arranged it. Well, I'm ready to pay the penalty, Mister Sheriff. I guess it's the only way a man like you can take me prisoner."

She spat those words out scornfully, satirically; and that star on my chest, that secret star burned white hot, seemed to sink through my ribs. I couldn't speak, I couldn't lift a hand, and I saw those two delicate crossed hands through a haze as if I had taken a long dive, as if I saw them glimmering under water without being able to grasp them.

I merely stuttered, "I guess this is the finish. You've nothing any longer to fear

(Continued on Page 59)

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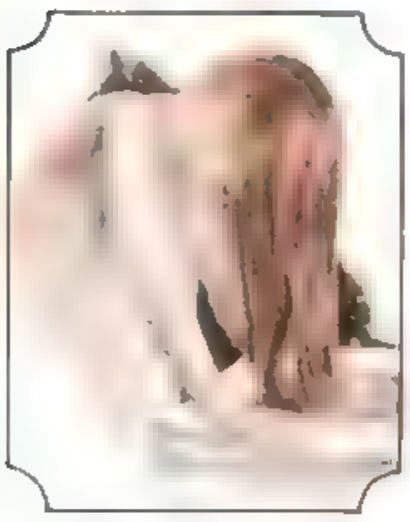
Illustrated by
ALONZO KIMBALL

Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips.



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.

When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers

Why the Beauty of Your Hair Depends upon the Care You Give It

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

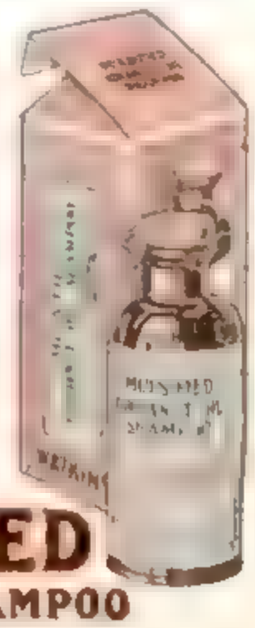
When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified Shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children. Fine for men.



WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Just what some desserts need

So many simple desserts—sliced oranges, or canned peaches, or fruit gelatine—could be used more often, only they are not complete in themselves.

Sunshine Per-fet-to Sugar Wafers or Sunshine Clover Leaves, served with any of these dishes, make them more substantial and attractive.

They are delightful sugar wafer sandwiches with a generous layer of cream filling.

The Clover Leaves are square, with vanilla filling; the Per-fet-to oblong, with filling of vanilla, chocolate or lemon.

You will find a large variety of Sunshine Biscuits from the Thousand Window Bakeries in the Sunshine Display Rack at your grocer's.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in Over 100 Cities*

*Every*meal – *Every*day

Sunshine Biscuits

Banana Split with Sunshine Clover Leaves

For each serving, split a small banana in two lengthwise. Add whipped cream or ice cream. Top with maraschino cherry. Arrange Sunshine Clover Leaves around the sides of the dish.

Sunshine Sugar Wafers are all packed in *airtight tins*.

In bulk and several sizes of small packages at your grocer's or confectioner's.

(Continued from Page 56)

from me," and I turned and stumbled away from that tent like a blind man.

XIX

ADVENTURER! Yes, I had been that decidedly, adventured my life, my fortunes—put them all on one turn of the wheel without a quiver, but not with any sinister motive. No, I had seemed to know from that very moment, that distant moment in the Gowdy parlor when I lifted down his picture from the plush runner on the organ, that Jim Harper had come of degenerated stock. He didn't have back head enough for one thing, and that would have put me on my guard by itself; but for a second thing, his eyes were too wide apart, and his ears didn't hug his scalp close enough to suit me. I don't remember whether he had a dimple in his chin or not.

Of course May couldn't have been expected to be a student in physiognomy, and still I was surprised that she should have shown so little discrimination, with a whole town full of eligible males to choose from. Women are cautious enough in making their selections when they shop, heaven knows! They don't close with an article until they are fairly sure they can make friends with it. But they seem to let go all their canny instincts when it comes to picking out a male.

It was plain enough to me now why May hadn't wanted me to meddle with Jim's problem—not so easy to read meaning into those lush crises with Rolfe. She had seen Jim, helped him get away—right under my nose too—the nose of an adventurer.

Well, adventurers are of all sorts, of course. There is adventure which ennobles, I suppose, as well as that which degrades; adventure which dreams, aspires, rescues, liberates. Adventure isn't adventure unless some captured spirit is let free, or vice versa. That's the same thing as saying it won't fizz, it won't ferment, unless the woman principle is shaken up in it.

There are traveling bodies and there are traveling souls too. All those glorious embattled weeks in the sunny side of paradise I had felt like a traveling soul, but that was past now—past and gone. Gad, you very likely smile; and yet you won't take it amiss, I hope, if I say that my soul had turned to ashes, and these ashes had been seized upon and divided among the four winds of heaven—the roaring winds. The vernal equinox of the spirit was upon me—yes, bear with me; there is such a thing—a siege of generous youth by the tempestuous ring of powers that make up the impulse to despair. I felt as if the soul within me had faulted, as the burly earth itself faults, by a dying down of internal fires.

I was ashes, if you choose; and yet you recall that saying of Lord Bacon's that even ashes are more pregnant than the dust. I wasn't quite extinct.

It struck me as a good joke that whereas I had merely pretended the part of a lonely outcast, here I was playing it, cast for it precisely by the irony of chance. I stopped in front of the entrance to the Refrigerator and drew back as if it had been the entrance to Tartarus. Incarnación! Where was she now? A fugitive, even as I was? A yearning came over me. She alone had been faithful to me. She had never gone back. I stared into that hole in the rock hopefully, and I did hear the scrape of a footstep coming along that passage. I leaned forward, but it was only Uncle Peter who came out. He smiled at me and exhibited those two mortal great tushes of his, one at each end of his smile.

"No good looking for her here," he whispered against the back of his hand, just as he had before when Inky's whereabouts had come in question.

"Farther up?" I gulped.

"Just follow your nose," he chuckled.

I certainly never was cut out for the clandestine, but I did feel that if amends could be made to that woman I ought to make them.

Yes, and I had my old sensation come flooding back to me, that hidden murmur, that throbbing premonition of her being actually in the wind somehow. Those stormy and aerial traits in her character suggested it, perhaps. I looked into the fierce sun for traces of her, and I told myself with quickened pulses that if I could meet her now I would lose myself with her in the darkness of that great pine forest that seethed around the pipes of the Organ; lose myself for all time, nothing now to hold me back, not even my natural perversity.

I turned my steps in the direction indicated by Uncle Peter's jerk of the thumb. Yellow sand, gray walls, blue sky, nothing more. I plodded on. Before long my dull eye rested on Yim, the burro, standing there in the shade of a mesquite in company with a black jennet and certain confreres of still more dubious origin and import. Yim was docile, but docility is a blank virtue, after all, and like all tame things, Yim was led by the wild. He stood there and swung his head toward me with that habitual calm conviction stamped on his every feature that the concerns of this world were only sorry fumings, a racking of the brain and a straining of conscience. His tail hung like a dead thing, and he was dragging from his neck a fragment of the halter which he had chewed off. He had probably adjusted himself now to that object so as to view it as a tiresome but integral part of his personality.

I made a move in his direction and he skipped away from me. He preserved his haunting likeness to a dusty animal out of a Noah's ark too. His eyes had deep hollows over them that gave them a permanently sorrowful cast, and yet he looked like a humorist too—a humorist who could sound depths.

I sat down and lit my pipe and threw out a cloud of smoke in his direction, and I believe Yim actually conveyed through an open port in my breast some part of his mystery of living. Why torture myself? Why try to fathom women? I tried to pitch my thoughts in the key of that brave insouciance, and for an eyewink I succeeded.

Then another spasm of unavailing regret seized me. I could never go back to May. I took that for certain, and I felt like a man who has lost all bearings on a thick night. I remember now, for illustration, that when I was a boy—it was a year or two before this flight into the West—I had a spell of wheeling on the lakes. It's given a nautical flavor to the rest of my life, really. There I was one cold autumn night in the wheelhouse of an old junk of a freighter, twiddling the spokes and sweating blood in an effort to keep her drunken nose into the sea, when the skipper put his head in and gave me a star to steer by. The light in the binnacle had winked out, understand.

"Steer for that star just off the port rigging—right there in the eyes of the rigging, son," he said to me, and then a cloud or a shred of mist absorbed that scintillating point of light, and a dismayed feeling came over me. I felt like a little boy that has let go his mother's hand in a crowd. The ship was plowing ahead into blackness, irrevocably, just as life goes on whether you've got a grip of it or not. I felt the dogged beat of that old one-lunged engine shaking the ship's diaphragm—it didn't know I had lost my star—and I heard from somewhere in the bowels of the ship the rasp of shovels, weird yells and catcalls and the clash and clang of iron doors. I had the horrible sense that any minute she would fetch up hard, grind her bottom against the lake's bottom, split, blow up, send the whole boiling of us sky-high, and I bawled out to that funny old fellow on the bridge that I had lost my star, I had lost my star!

"You've lost your wits too," he said to me, and it's a fact those two losses go together.

I had lost my star again, my dainty star, that had been shooting through the ether with my wagon hitched around its neck, as I supposed; and I had as good as lost my wits too.

I shook myself together, jumped up. Yim made a correlative movement as if we were part and parcel of the same nervous organism. It came over me with a rush that the sun wasn't as high as it had been. A line of blue shadow was moving over that rack of great bowlders at my feet and extinguishing the green fires in patches of moss lying between them.

A fatal weariness of brain and body held me chained there, and when I did finally move on it was to plunge deeper yet into the canyon. I didn't know what I wanted, where I was or why I picked up my feet so consistently and set them down one ahead of the other. I had lost my star, and now, whichever way I steered, nothing but shipwreck could result. I must have wandered a good distance in that haze, because when I came to enough to have another look at my surroundings I found craggy walls towering on every hand. It was mortal quiet there, too, nothing but the plashing of a rill of water into a clear pool at my feet and the scratching and flapping of some bulky bird somewhere aloft in one of those stone chimneys.

Was it a bird, though? My attention was drawn sharply towards those upper reaches by the definite fall of a fragment of rock. That was too much to expect of a bird, and I tilted back my head. A human figure was gliding along the coping of stone high up there.

Incarnación! Her hair hung in tangled masses over her shoulders, one of her arms showed a long bleeding scratch and her eyes burned on me like the eyes of a hunted thing. Gad, and do you know, directly I was egg full of romance again. I swarmed and seethed with those possibilities that any new departure will suggest. I cared nothing then for the danger of recapturing a woman who was capable of pushing a knife into my clammy fist and telling me to sink it deep. I only knew that that splendid animal lurked there—Incarnación—and I whispered those magic syllables, at the same time lifting my arms.

"*Adonde?*" I cried. Whither? The same question she had flung in my path when it crossed hers for the first time, that intriguing, posing question. There's no answer to it, really. I yearned to take her in my arms, quiet her struggles, subdue all contrary impulses, hold her close—the last thing on earth that might willingly lie there in view of all the facts, and I opened my mouth again in what was intended for a whisper of encouragement.

It didn't reach her. She was beyond my reach; yes, as far beyond as an ideal after it has gone glimmering. Her black brows were drawn together, she brooded for one instant, held herself taut as if for some supreme effort. I wouldn't have been surprised if she had launched herself bodily on me, perhaps; but I was surprised—knocked off my pins in fact—by that spit of flame, followed by a deafening report, that seemed to come out of the rock under her unforgiving breast.

Yes, literally knocked off my pins. I felt a sharp knock against my heart—I had been standing, gawking, on a small bowlder—and I went down in a heap. I don't think I had weakened perceptibly—I don't recall doing that—but it seemed the conventional thing to do for a man who had been shot, perhaps fatally, to crumple, and I did it.

Shot down in my tracks! Can you imagine it? And by that kiss-or-kill woman that Clint had warned me I don't know how many times to steer clear of—and with reason enough, in the light of what had happened. My leg got twisted under me in falling, and I suffered agonies with the pain of that.

I put my hand to my chest, and when I took it away there was blood on it, a broad, brilliant smear, hideous in that red sunlight. I stared at it, stupefied, and I felt more than a little sickened. I was bleeding like a stuck pig. I had got my red shirt at last!

From an unexpected quarter, too, you'll agree. A dozen numb notions of what to do were jostling together somewhere in the back of my brain, but I wound up by doing nothing. I suppose I ought to have folded my arms on my chest or bared my heart, my faithful heart, to the attack. I didn't even do that. Instead my arms hung limp, I stared and stared, and I had that limp, gone, incredulous feeling that it simply wasn't possible I was going to depart this life, no matter how much circumstances seemed to favor that departure. How could the world exist without my being there to interpret it with my fine sense of irony? What was going to become of those glooming mountains, shortly, heaped up there for my especial benefit? And what could be the fate of all those haunted human hearts beating round me if the thread of my existence were prematurely snapped?

You laugh at these maunderings, but I couldn't imagine a state of things based on my elimination, and I can't now. I caught glimpse after glimpse of the brilliant painted features of that scene. I thought, astounded, "Why don't I die? I'm shot through the heart, of course"; but everything continued to look pretty sharp and clear, and within a second or two I heard a noisy report back of me.

"That will be Terrazas," I ruminated. "Gunning for me on all sides."

I thought there wasn't room for more emotion in me. I was too utterly flabbergasted to be afraid any more; but in sinking back I let my head roll on my shoulders, and that brought the person blazing away at my back into the range of vision.

It was May Gowdy!

Seconds went by—and I lived æons, blistering æons, in those self-same seconds—before I could rid myself of the notion that I was fairly caught between two fires, and that both those women were trying to drill me in the bean, as Joe Carney would have said. And their juxtaposition there made my fate appear just, I must confess. I caught my breath, and I felt the fearful swoop of a thought that had never come to me before. Wasn't I perhaps a criminal of deepest dye, a low scoundrel? How could I tell? Had I hitherto got a right slant on myself? Does a criminal recognize himself for what he is, except in just such whiffs and snatches?

And it wasn't till I saw May raise her gun a second time, with that trained carefulness—she rested her right elbow in the palm of her left hand, with her body hugged tight in the curve of her left forearm just as she used to do in target practice—it wasn't till I saw the nose of her shooting iron point high up among those rocks that I came to myself enough to see that May was on my side.

Can you imagine it? She had trailed me. She meant to be in at the death, she told me later. What a moment! What a woman too! What women, when you come to that! I don't know how many shots they exchanged, but it was a weird duel for an unattached man to have to listen to. In my bitterness I closed my eyes. I wouldn't even look at those soft-handed gun fighters, and I thought myself in that feathery stage that just precedes exit.

My prone body being fought over by two jealous women, and I not able to lift a hand to stop the slaughter and too weak to whisper. Such was the harsh fate of El Romantico—The Romantic. I heard those guns bark at least twice apiece, and once the prowling scream and fading twang of a ricocheting bullet, like a wandering bumblebee browsing past my ear.

Then silence. Then, with a rush, May was all about me, lifting my head, melting my heart, sinking there like an angel, crying out in little frantic syllables, yearning over me, pouring out her heart in those swift little pulses that buoyed me up with a queer sense that if wishing had anything to do with it everything might not be at an end after all.

"Thank God, it isn't through your heart!" were May's first coherent words.

"Not—not through the heart?" I muttered.

"No, just a nasty gash along the rib."

I felt the touch of her fingers cold on my flesh.

"Did you—bag her?" I faltered.

"Bag her? Mercy, no!" May said. "I only shoot to frighten, as a rule."

"You stood there and let her shoot at you?" I murmured, but May pretended not to hear me. She had let me sink back, and pillowed my head on a warm hollow in the stone for one second, wherein I heard the sound of tearing cloth. She was making bandages out of the only material available.

It was wonderful to feel that tender influence falling all round me again. I didn't try to reason out what I had done to deserve it. From where I lay I caught a glimpse of a big accumulation of cloud shapes over the Organ, and I fancied it was going to rain hard before long; but that didn't worry me as it should have. I was satisfied to rest there dreamily, with my head held fast against her side. She stuck to the job like a little major, sponged the blood away and wrapped my throbbing body tight in those romantic bandages. I just let her have her way. It would have been a great chance to have murmured "I am dying, Egypt, dying," but I actually thought I might be—I wasn't sure of May's diagnosis—and I let that chance slip.

"How comes it you are here?" I said instead, and that was a surprising thing to me.

"Bawl me out for it, do!" May cried. "I couldn't help it, Bobolink."

"You—followed me?"

She nodded, with a bright scintillation in the eye.

"I thought when one of us stopped following it was time for the other to begin."

"But still, after what had —— Why, May, it was right after you had ladled that hot head into me!"

"Don't!" May cried, and put her hand over my mouth. "Dear boy, I know I did. It was fierce, wasn't it? I could have bitten my tongue out. It caught me unawares, that's all. It just knocked me all of a heap, coming after my finding you with that woman." (Continued on Page 62)

EVER since the Three Wise Men bore gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh to the lowly manger at Bethlehem, the Christian world has commemorated this time with gifts of precious sentiment.

The sentiment that inspires you to give at Christmas time to some loved friend or relative is best expressed in a gift that will endure. What, then, is more suggestive of your regard, and of its constancy, than a watch — a dependable movement in a sturdy, beautiful case?

The watch cases shown below well exemplify the character of Wadsworth artistry—an artistry which builds not only with an eye to beauty, symmetry and grace, but which fashions cases unexcelled for

Wadsworth Cases

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For thirty years Wadsworth cases have dressed and protected the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most beautiful, most popular designs with which you are acquainted are Wadsworth creations.

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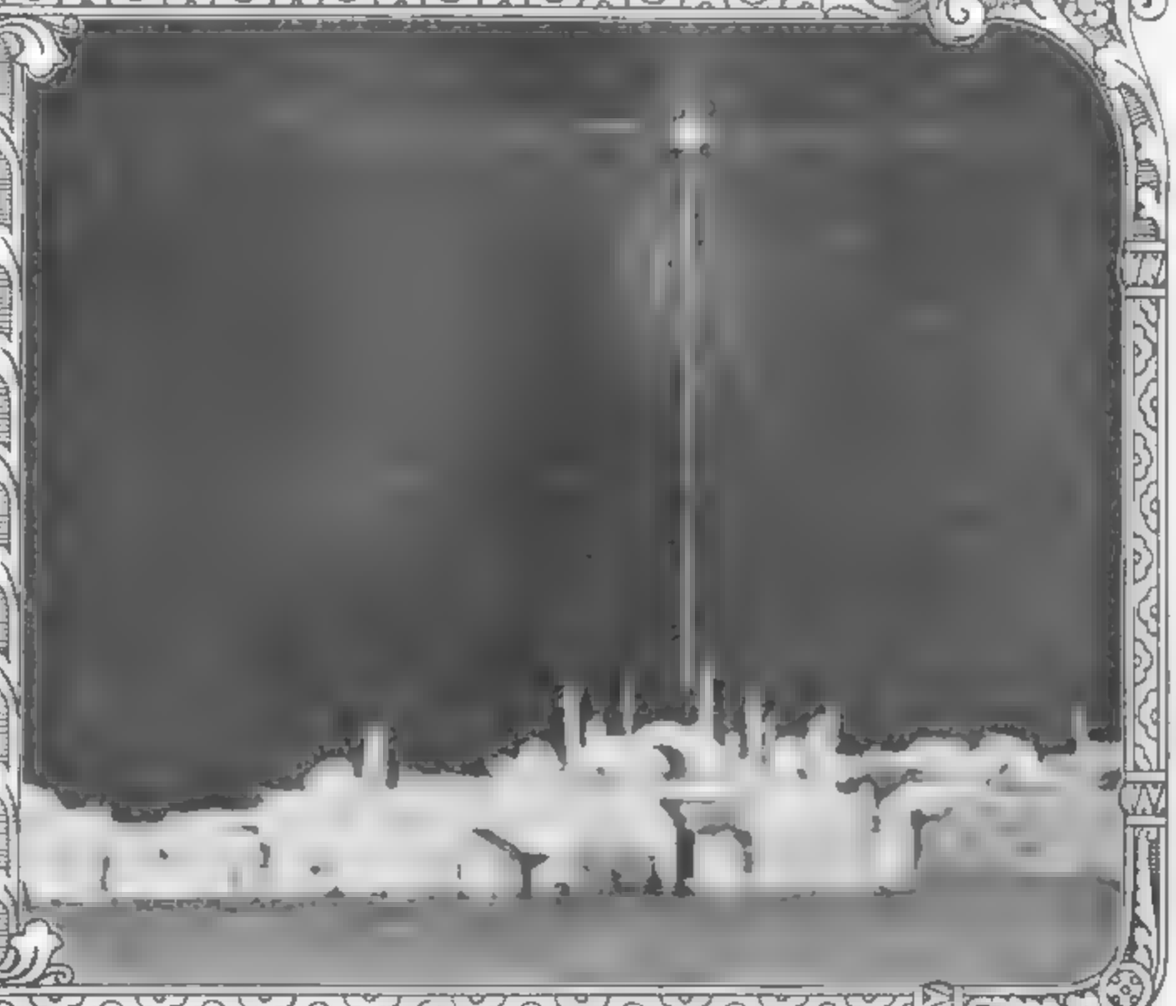

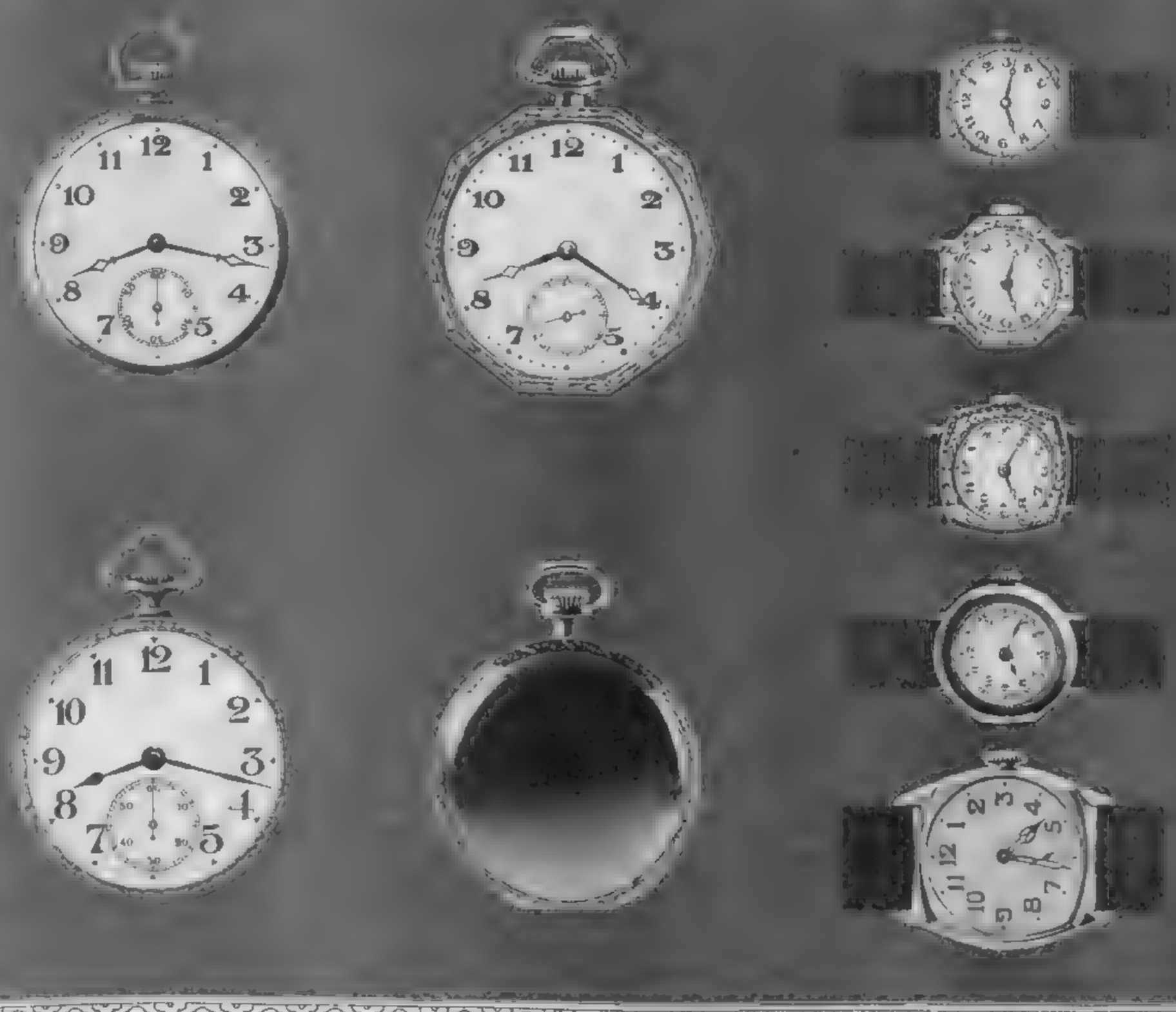

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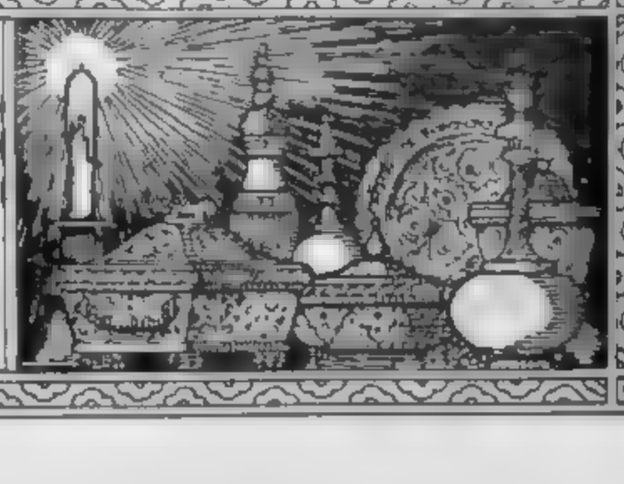

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Test out Hoffman Valves

THERE'S the imp of the leaky air valve on the radiator—dripping water and hissing steam; and the imp of the banging, thumping pipes; and the imp of the air-bound, ice-cold radiator.

Altogether they're a bad lot. They ruin your rugs, your walls, your quiet, your comfort, your pocketbook and your disposition. They make the temperature low and the coal bills high.

But there's one fellow they fear. The house he enters they leave. He's the No. 1 Hoffman Siphon Air Valve—Watchman of the Coal Pile.

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You'll get maximum heat at minimum steam pressure. Hence you'll save coal—enough in fact to pay for your Hoffman Valves the very first winter.

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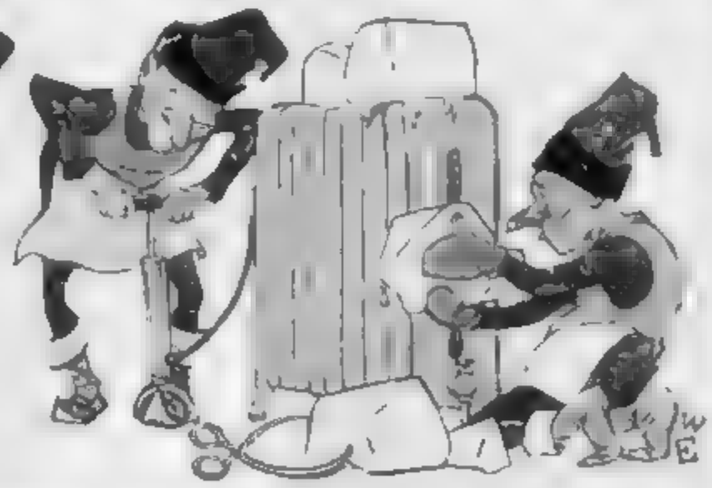
"MORE HEAT FROM LESS COAL" *is a booklet that tells all about Hoffman Valves and how they eliminate coal waste. It is yours for the asking. Write for it today.*

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC.
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

This watchman guards the coal-pile



HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

(Continued from Page 59)

"I don't see how that could worry you," I drawled. "It's not as if I meant anything to you, or as if you were of a jealous disposition."

"No, not that," cried my little partner, "only I did just have the strangest sensation—just for the moment—where we had been partners and all. You wouldn't hold that up against me, Bobolink, we're—partners still, aren't we?"

"You don't know—you can't know the man I am," I groaned. "You come on me here, shot down by a woman who has all the justification on her side, and you can still have a show of sympathy with me?"

Yes, she could, and more than that.

"I don't care if you know it. I don't care if anybody knows I knew what was coming to you, you mad boy, and I didn't mean for you to walk into it alone while there was a breath in my body."

She knew what was coming to me! That gave me a twinge, one of my old twinges that caught me when I saw myself left trailing by her superior insight. I lay there sparring for wind, and I saw that she had done this out of pity, out of pity for my weakness, and I wouldn't spring anything lush to save my soul from hell. I felt that there was a barrier raised up between us higher than the Great Wall of China. I was muted again. I could just bring out the words, "That was dear of you."

And May said with her old frankness, "I couldn't help it," and her blue eyes stood near mine, blue as the day itself, crystal blue.

How had I ever thought them cold? They were dewy and tenderly solicitous. All that snappy competence had been drowned in those pellucid depths. That silky blue-black hair nested over her ears caught the sun in hot pulses of light. Her hands went up instinctively to rearrange it when she saw my eye on it, and it was then that I noted that scarlet drop trembling at the tip of her elbow. It fell and another came.

I reached out and caught that one on my forefinger before it fell, and said dreamily: "You've been nicked yourself, my girl."

"Horrors!" she breathed. Those dear eyes looking into mine grew misty and appealing. She murmured: "Don't let me faint! Bobolink, you mustn't let me faint!"

She nearly did, though. I dragged myself a foot or two to that pool and came back with water in my hat and threw it in her face.

She opened those glorious eyes and smiled and said, "Isn't that the silly woman of it?"

Her strength came back with a rush as soon as I had tied a handkerchief around the place. She looked over her shoulder with a calculating glance at the Organ, and right away I felt her arm slide under mine with a strong lifting motion, and doggedly and miserably I tried to shake her off.

"Can't you see I'm crippled?" I asked.

"Do you realize," she said, "that it's going to rain, and rain hard? Try to stand."

"Water will be horsing down through here good in half an hour," I said sternly. "You have got to make a run for it. You go on ahead, and let me crawl along as best I can."

May's face swam close to mine.

"Is that the way that partners talk, as you understand it?" she said.

She glistened, and gad, I was perfectly voiceless, hung there in a void—by my heels again!

As soon as I could get a grip on myself I groaned: "I'm not worth saving. My miserable carcass—let the dead leaf lie where it falls."

"You're dreaming," May said. "You mean you won't come! You won't even try!"

"Well, I do mean that," I said. "So now you know."

"You're dreaming," she said again, and she closed with me and grappled with me.

I never had anything come over me like that before—never. It was delicious, it was restful, and still I fought against it. I pretended to myself that I wanted her to drop her arms and run away because that was what I ought to wish for her. It was a far cry from her actual procedure. For a second or two I couldn't tell what was happening, and then I saw that she was actually binding my limp body to hers with the aid of the lariat she had dropped in the sand when she and Inky began exchanging lead. I felt the coils tighten, I felt my arms being drawn over her shoulders, and that pack hitch drew me closer to her than I had ever drawn before. She had seen to it that I couldn't draw back, couldn't hold off, couldn't do anything but the one thing I had yearned to do above all others—in other circumstances than these, of course—fall on May's neck, namely.

"Is that lariat across the wound?" she asked me.

I grunted out a negative. God bless her ambisextrous soul, I felt less like dying then than ever, and I submitted like a dummy while she drew my right arm tight over her shoulder and swayed forward. The strength in that pliant body was surprising, it certainly was, and it seemed to pass into my own shaking carcass like a contagion.

"This is not my phantom touch," I muttered.

She missed that, though. She was looking back there at the Organ, still visible over the angle of the canyon wall. Those great purple rounds hung there distant and ethereal as ever; but that massive cloud which they had held in check had rolled out over them now, dashing out in midheaven there like a surf, in shreds and long white filaments; and that menacing suggestion of music was just reaching our ears, too, as if unseen fingers were wandering among the stops of the Organ.

I felt like some queer gink in the Arabian Nights. Sindbad in the valley of diamonds couldn't have had any more complex emotions than those that roiled round in Bobolink McCarty in the Canyon of the Fools, and the similarity in our cases chiefly lay in the fact that we couldn't get out.

The danger lay just here: Somewhere at the top of that mountain, you understand, was a natural reservoir, a lake in the clouds which was big enough to hold in a twinkling a whole cloud-burst, and then pour it into the canyon's gullet for hours at a time. Incarnación was a delicate humorist, you have to grant that, and there was a kind of fitness in letting the canyon dispose of its own fools.

It was bent on just that, as far as I could see. I knew very well it was a mile or better to that place where the walls were broken down enough to let us up out of the bed, and I did desperately fear we wouldn't make it. I sagged back, wrestled with that slim form to which I was lashed and pleaded with her like a madman.

"Go it alone, little partner," I said hoarsely. "You've done your best. You can't make it this way. May, do you hear me? Beat it!"

"Save your breath for the climb," she said tensely, slanting round at me. By George, there was a strange lighting on that sweet face! I was moved to one more mad effort by it. I figured that by playing the iron and not forcing it, my old policy, I might yet regain lost ground. I swayed forward helplessly, step by step with May, and I dreamed that I had floated up into the empyrean in company with a shining goddess whose strength and steadfastness were assisting a guilty mortal to a seat beside her on Olympus. She did have some near kinship with the immortals, I'll swear to that. Invincible as she was beautiful, courage itself, and I had the absurd notion that nothing, not the play of the elements even, could pin those velvet shoulders to the mat.

Once she stalked bodily into a pool of cool water to revive me. We came out dripping, and I had the half-exasperated sense that she had nerve enough to make the grade after all, if nerve alone would do it. Exasperated—can you merge with me? There were moments when I prayed for that water to fall on us and end her chances and mine too; pour down on us infinite green tons and grind the body of El Romantico beneath the sands of the canyon floor forever. And her unspoken answer was merely to readjust that lariat and wind me tight in that whole-hearted grip again. Wasn't that ironic? The lord protector, all the blood out of his body, white as plaster, no more use than a loose picket in a picket fence, drooping there on that shoulder, the incarnated, smooth, quite material shoulder of that love he had called out of the skies by waving some wand, by acquiring some road talisman, by picking up what some less gifted individual had dropped on the very threshold of adventure.

Such is the twisted skein of things, my friends.

I resigned myself just to feeling the pulse of that rapid breathing and the strength in those braced arms. There was truly a

(Continued on Page 65)

The "him" handout that rings the Christmas Chimes!

YOU guessed it first crack out of the box! SURE! —that gay and glad pound crystal glass humidor of Prince Albert tobacco!!! And—all fussed-in-fancy-finery to win mile-wide-smiles at peep of Christmas morn and keep "him" jimmy pipe joy'us right down the line from soup-to nuts!

Slip over the Prince Albert idea this Christmas and head "him" for all-year pipe content! For, never was tobacco the likes of P. A.! Just kicks-the-kinks right out of a pipe and lets a regular smoking man get his fill of flavor and coolness and pipe-peace "he" never checked-up before!

And, ease your mind on this: Prince Albert CAN'T bite or parch; both are cut out by our exclusive patented process! *For a fact*, "he" can wade into smokes like his middle name was Go-to-it—for with P. A. for a pipe-pal the limit's never been scraped yet!!! And you'll bet he'll prove that before sunset on the big day!

Say—it's a great thing to pass out Prince Albert, the gift-that-gets-the-glad-hand! For, *you know* P. A. will be working overtime handing out pipe-pleasure-by-the-peck when Holly, Mistletoe, Turkey & Co. of 1921 are but a faded memory!!

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When piston rings fail to do this, it is time for new rings—*the leakless kind.* Ask your Garageman—he knows the *secret* of compression.

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American Hammered Piston Rings

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY BALTIMORE, MARYLAND *Export Department*, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York City, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 62)

wonderful spring in that delicate and supple body. Already, it seemed, the desert had modeled her and adapted her to its rugged haunts.

I caught sight of a sulphurous wreath drifting away from those rock faces, those swarthy faces frowning through delicate veils of cloud. The topmost cloud had puffed out and reared up into the blue, altering its shape weirdly. It looked like the flattened head of a king cobra rising out of its rocky nest there with fascinating stealth.

"Look here, May!" I breathed in the girl's ear. "This is hopeless madness. It's already raining on the mountain. Drop me while there's still time."

May followed my glance.

"You have got the darnedest jinx tacked onto you," she said desperately. "The darnedest jinx! Why couldn't that have held off half an hour? With any other mortal it would have."

It was almost a wail, and I thought she was weakening.

"That's what I've been telling you," I pressed it on her craftily. "That's what I'm saying now. The gods are all agin me. Let me down."

I exerted all my strength against her, but the devil of it is, I wanted her to exert more. How do you account for that? I wanted her to stick, and she did stick, in spite of that mulish streak in me.

Her eyes glittered on mine. She did have wonderful eyes—have I alluded to that?—full of blue fire, and with that deep-seated constancy in them that nothing can shake and only a fool would question. I've told you already Juan's pet name for her—*La Doncella de los Ojos Vivos*—The Damsel With the Living Eyes. Isn't that beautifully descriptive?—and not one hair overdrawn, either. It simply shows the resources of the Spanish language. A man can drop that out in Spanish and get away whole—it's part of the genius of that tongue—but I imagine it falls flat in English unless it happens to meet sympathetic ears.

"Are you going to quit?" May asked me calmly.

She stung me to madness, but what would you? I couldn't get out of that strait-jacket—providentially for me, I'll agree. I was bound up with her, meshed, as good as being taken pickaback by that resolute woman. I got braced on my two legs again instead of sagging a dead weight on her, and we forged ahead a step at a time. She meant to stand or fall with me, that was plain. We had got into a part of the canyon where the walls were scarcely twenty feet apart. I looked at them hazily as I went reeling along, planting my feet anywhere and everywhere, on May's ankles for choice, and I saw shapes in the stone, dire shapes, designs wrought by the blind touch of the elements in century-slow touches, full of the choice hesitations of art.

All very fine, but the sculptor had forgotten to chisel steps there. Not a toe hold anywhere, not a finger hold, and the deluge coming nearer. It was growing dark there in that gallery of fearful shapes expanded to inhabit the monstrous spaces in which dreams run their course.

I fancied we were doomed to go on this way until those madmen scurrying from the mountain top flung the misty veil of death over us, and I was just far enough out of touch with realities to find something grateful and poetic in that notion. Every time I caught a glimpse of those glorious, those living eyes of that bewitching damsel putting every ounce of her strength into the business of prolonging my miserable existence I felt my heart revive, just as it had when I lay with my head in her lap there in the sunshine and peace of Madcap. I had a sense that that something yearning and maternal in her being was bigger if anything than my own destiny, big enough to alter it, big enough to overturn it and junk it; and I was weak enough to repress the healthy pride that normally attends on the heroic mood and feel grateful for the protection afforded me by a slip of a girl.

Gloom poured in there like a fluid. The giant rounds of the Organ's topmost pipes were all I could see now, and I had a suspicion that that hint of music we had been hearing for weeks, that wandering desert fugue, was going to give way to something more lively.

In these dry countries water is terrible: it's intractable and unreasonable. You've seen mean people, haven't you, who harbor grouches, and let small occasions pass, and then vent their spleen in one terrific instant which makes up for all those evil moments of restraint? That's the way it is with water in the desert. It's a sort of cloud ambush, a fluid winding sheet wrapping round the objects it destroys.

May knew as well as I did, of course, that delay meant death; but she was as cool as if she was back there in her tent embroidering. She just gave one short cry of satisfaction when her eye, wandering along that stone coping, picked out what she had been looking for—a stone projection thirty feet over our heads, a kind of warty finger poking out there, with a wide ledge behind it.

"We transfer here," May said, and she took that lariat adrift from my body. I fell to my knees. I had lost buckets of blood by that time, I suppose, and I could just whisper "Can you make it?" when I saw her laying the loops of that rawhide together.

"I've got to."

Wasn't that charming in its directness? There were no two ways about it. She had got to!

"We'll have reason to be grateful for Harry Rolfe's teaching before we're through," she said hastily, and set herself to throw that thing. You have to admit it was a bitter moment for a man who had come out here on a heroic errand to find his very life hanging on the accuracy of a girl's aim. They're not noted for throwing things, as a rule, I believe.

May was an exception. She had a boy's mania for shying stones at bottles and tin cans, and her sense of direction was exquisite. When she missed that first shot she wasn't dismayed at all. I heard a remote sound, a kind of bubbling, bursting whisper, as if something profane had been muttered at the back of a villainous throat, and I knew by that that the water had already begun to pour out of that lake in the clouds. It was coming down to fill the canyon choking full—perhaps in the next second.

She made it with the third try, and cried out to me, "Let me see you climb," breathing fast. I felt the blood rouse in my veins and my battered body glowed in protest.

"Women and children first," I said hoarsely, and May put both arms about me desperately and cried out: "You wouldn't be such a fool! Bobolink, you're—coming, aren't you?"

She paid me the high compliment of fearing I might prefer to drown rather than owe my life to a woman.

"I have strength enough in my arms," I shouted nonsensically. She wasn't questioning that strength.

Well, she might have known that as a brain athlete I was in the discard. I followed her, and I had no sooner dragged my spent body over that ledge than it began raining, and at the same time the water itself seemed to spring out of solid rock down there, at a blow, with a roar. It was like a white fang, like a livid tusk gleaming in that original blackness, goring the canyon bed, rooting under mighty stones and tossing them aside. Great drenching plumes of spray sprang up and hissed in our faces, and we stood there wearied out, staring, staring at that spot, lost in foam now, where we had stood and argued questions of precedence a minute before.

Those madmen had a thousand voices and a curse in every voice. Stroke on stroke of lightning split the canyon wide. It was like a dance of shining daggers. By Jupiter, it staggered us, it stunned us! I saw it nip those rock faces not a hundred yards from us. Ragged walls leaped up, enormous, glittering, torrential, crowned with fire, their ghastly gray surfaces shining wet—and vanished.

May clung to me, I held her close and I cried in her ear: "I'm yours now, body and soul—your dog—to all eternity. You've saved my life. Do you hear?"

"No, no, no!" she whipped back. "Oh, Bob, you'll hate me for this, and I can't help it," and she set her lips against mine—hard!

There wasn't any mistaking the massive quality of that kiss. It was like nothing that had gone before, and even in the ven- to come it wasn't likely to be duplicated.

Then another flash of lightning, and I caught an absurd glimpse of Maricopa, in the flesh, draggled mush and all, glaring down at us, with a grass rope in his hand.

XX

I CAN'T give you that second rescue in much detail. I know we were drawn up, one after the other, into the midst of that sheriff's posse. I seem to remember the face of General Terrazas floating there, and the ghostly wreck that was Faggard; but by that time I had lost much blood, and my memories of that night are the distortions of fever. I met May in most unlikely places. We whirled together on train tops, lashed to steam pipes that roasted us alive. We conferred secretly there in the decorum of the Gowdy parlor, sitting together on the wabbly brown plush organ stool. Then, lashed to her back, I quaked in the shadow of black escarpments while she bore me over hot plains ropy with lava in glowing twists, like slag from blast furnaces. I cried out in torment, thinking one came to pitch me into hell's fires, and in answer to the prayer of my nerves a mountain, plucked up by its ragged roots like a monstrous molar, was planted on us and we pursued our way through tons of rock.

We fled on tiptoe down thousands of wooden stairs furred with the scrape of lumpish feet. The rock arching over us showed the prying finger of successive blasts of dynamite in beautiful powdery blue-gray crystals. I heard the clink of drills, the hiss of fuses, a rush and scurry of invisible feet. We were whirled through the blackness of working stopes to the tune of remote explosions, and leaned against pillars of fat Oregon pine, sheathed in the blue glitter of copper sulphates, their bases charred by contact with hot stone.

A blue ray from May's eye must have dissolved all that. I woke up, and it was morning, yellow morning, the tent flap thrown open and May kneeling by my cot with a bowl of broth in her hands and the same old mischief in her eye.

"My Damsel With the Living Eyes," I murmured.

I shut my own bashfully. I remembered that I was hers, hers eternally. I wanted to pick up the thread where we had dropped it, boom in on that note of high and strong passion, if you choose, and I couldn't do it. Some congealing humor intervened. She had kissed me, there wasn't any controverting that; but I wondered timorously whether she had known what she was about. Obviously not, because she didn't once allude to the circumstance, didn't seem to admit it to that inmost citadel. Perish the thought! She was all sisterly affection again when she put that spoon to my mouth, after first tasting it for temperature, and I simply did what she commanded—swallowed—hard. Such was my mood too. I was in danger of coming unglued, as always when I found myself under that girl's ministrations.

"I suppose you know," May said, "that you're in danger of being a rich man, after all. They've rescued Mr. Polhill, following your instructions, and the poor man insists that you are to have a quarter of the gold."

"A quarter!" I breathed.

My eye coasted about the appointments of that tent in a daze. It was like good news whispered in a refulgent dream, and I didn't mean to lean on it all in one rush. I was attracted suddenly by a gory object hung over a soap box at the foot of my cot—my red shirt, if you please, hung there in full view like a diploma issued to me by the hard school of experience.

"She actually shot me then!" I faltered. "I didn't dream that!"

"You poor boy!" May whispered. "How awfully little you know of women's impulses! You will play with fire, won't you?"

"You don't know, then?" I gasped. "You haven't been told?"

"I don't need to be told," May countered with one of her brilliant smiles. "I know already. Oh, Bobolink, you need a guardian!"

I wanted to shout out "I appoint you guardian," but I was mute as ever. I had just the touch of May's withdrawing finger tips and she was gone.

My next meal Clint brought me. I asked after May, and he said that she was indisposed, but only slightly. Confirmation of Polhill's award to me came in next day. The amount was in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars. May was still indisposed. I knew the trouble. She had repented of that kiss; she feared its implications; she thought that I might want to resume in the grand style, and she wasn't willing. It looked like formal times, right; the more so when news trickled into camp that Jim Harper hadn't got away at all, but was lying now in the jail at Madcap, where the dutiful Australian had taken him the instant May had delivered him into that long puncher's care. I knew about that from May's own lips as soon as I was able to waver forth from my tent.

"What must he think?" she whispered with eyes as big as saucers. "What must poor Jim think? I haven't slept a wink. There's only one interpretation from his viewpoint, and that is that I double-crossed him. Isn't it awful? Oh, Bob, you were right, dead right!" she wailed. "You looked farther than I did, as always. I'm so ashamed. Harry Rolfe was just one of Maricopa's men. I trusted him and he played a part with me—he played a part."

"What I should call a leading rôle," I said grimly, and May hadn't heart to fire up. "Well, you can't help all that," I went on roughly. "No use crying over spilled milk, is there?"

I got a special satisfaction in pronouncing those words.

"Spilled milk?" she faltered. "I don't see what that has to do with it. My duty is to stick by Jim now. If he'd got clear away that would have been another story—I did reserve some rights—but as it is, I can't—oh, I can't ever just go away and let him rot in jail!"

"You're going to—stick by him—to the finish?"

"I must, if I have to set up a shop across the road from the jail to do it. Man, the agonies I've endured since knowing—knowing Jim's predicament and all. There aren't words—there aren't words —— We little know, don't we? Why couldn't he have been more candid with me? But no, he couldn't bear for me to know that he was all but down and out, don't you see? And when he got my wire he was just struggling with conscience, and that decided him to close with Swasey's offer and take the job sampling at the Black Prince. Don't you see I was at the back of it all? Can't you come out of your shell enough to agree with me in that at least?"

"No, I can't," I said.

She dropped that line for the time being. I sauntered off across the flat, waggle-kneed. The same old scenery, the same frowzy cottonwoods, the same tumbled foothills, the same reach of desert with colors swimming on it like colors on a painter's palette, but the implications were different—fatal, somehow. What was I to do now? It looked like the old case of Othello and his occupation, when by chance I saw that family group sitting outdoors round a deal table with the eternal blue prints laid out and Clint's cleavers bearing them down. He and Old Dan were figuring in new possibilities. Azalea's chin was over Dan's shoulder and Aury was standing sorrowfully a few feet away looking through the mountain.

"We're sure of it now, old man," Clint said. He jumped up and grabbed me by the shoulders. "We've figured in everything, dynamite, food, the dip and the strike, and the dirt's there. It's there, and the man that denies it is a fool. This property, rightly worked, will make Cripple Creek look like a worked-out claim. The stuff is here in buckets."

"All is," said Old Dan. "A little capital is needed. Swasey is dead, you know. We can't look to him."

The fact is, they looked to me—and I agreed. What else was there for me to do? Clint tore through space, seized my hand and told me candidly that I had laid the foundation for big works with those few words.

"I knew when I first saw you," he shrieked, "that you were one man in a million. I felt it in my supreme being. And you won't regret it. The stuff is here, the way I said that first day, and I've never ceased to say it, have I? A fissure vein, as God lives, Bob! I'm not sure another stick of dynamite won't fetch us into ore, and in that case we won't need your money. All we want is the assurance that if we do need capital we know where to lay our hands on it."

"I'll put in half this stake, whatever it comes to," I said recklessly.

Clint glowed like a furnace.

"That's what I like to hear! My courage was never better. As Old Dan here says, the stuff is here—under our feet, and the minute I get to eating meat three times a day again I will get my gall back, I promise you. Why, if I had twenty thou myself that wasn't working I wouldn't be afraid to plank every last cent of it into these diggings, and I would sleep that night like a child too!"

It wasn't till that second that I saw Aury's face, full of tragic weariness, turned

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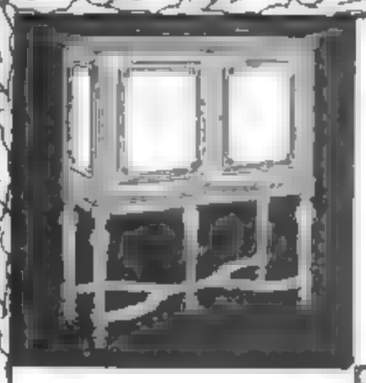
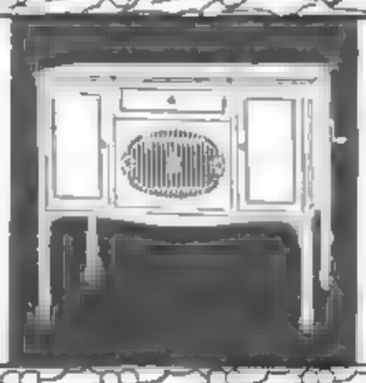
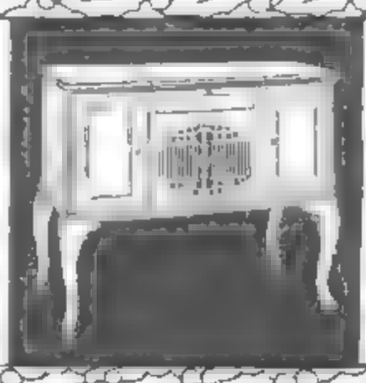


COLONIAL
Console
(Right)
Finished in mahogany or American walnut. Trimmings gold plated.
Height—35 in.

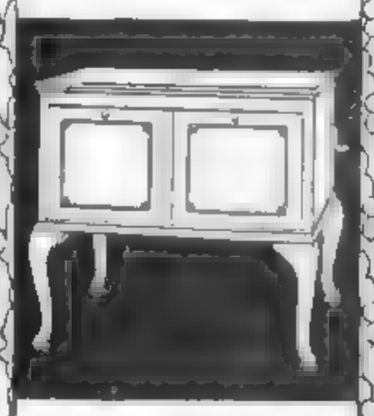


STRATFORD
Console
(Right)
Finished in mahogany or American walnut. Gold plated trimmings
Height—38 in.

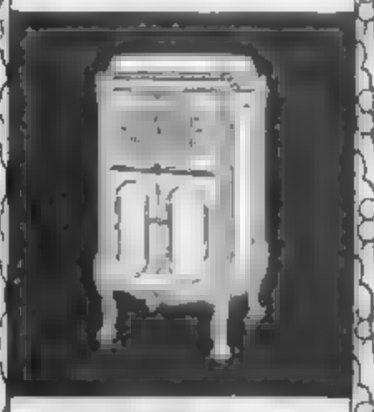


GEORGIAN
Period Model
(Right)
Suitable companion piece for Chippendale, Sheraton or Hepplewhite furniture.
Height—47 in.

BEAUX ARTS
Period Model
(Above)
Authentic Louis Seize Design. Exquisitely modeled walnut panels.
Height—50½ in.



QUEEN ANNE
Console
(Above)
A new console finished in mahogany or American walnut.
Height—35½ in.



STYLE 135
Cabinet
(Above)
Finished in American walnut or mahogany. Gold plated trimmings.
Height—49 in.

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Consider This

In the homes of greatest musicians, both in Europe and America, you will find The Brunswick.

In world great conservatories, you will find it.

Yet this, the accepted instrument of the musical world, costs no more than an ordinary phonograph.

Note that fact and mark it. For *this* Christmas there remains no reason for being satisfied with anything short of a Brunswick.

Prices range from $65 to $775. Convenient terms of payment are provided.

16 Models

Pictured on these pages are the sixteen models, which comprise the complete Brunswick showing.

There are authentic period models, combining the marvels of present day craftsmanship with the artistry of centuries that have passed. There are cabinet models in all styles—wondrously beautiful of finish and design.

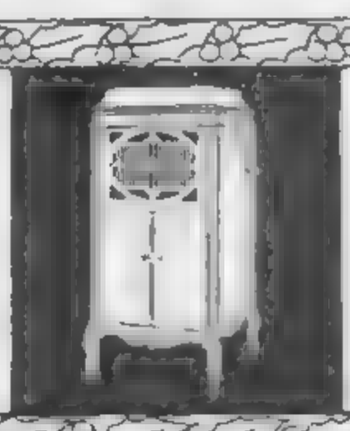
All embody the exclusive Brunswick Method of Reproduction, by means of which perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult tones" is achieved. A method obtainable in no other make of phonograph, and which has given Brunswick supreme position in the world of musical art.

At Brunswick Dealers' Everywhere

For a demonstration, at which you will not be urged to buy, call on your nearest Brunswick dealer. The Brunswick plays all makes of records, and Brunswick records can be played on any phonograph. Hear, compare—then judge for yourself.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., Chicago
Manufacturers—Established 1845

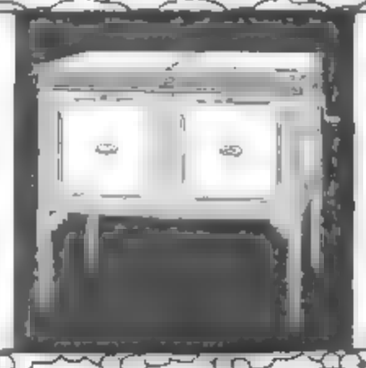
BRUN
PHONOGRAPHS



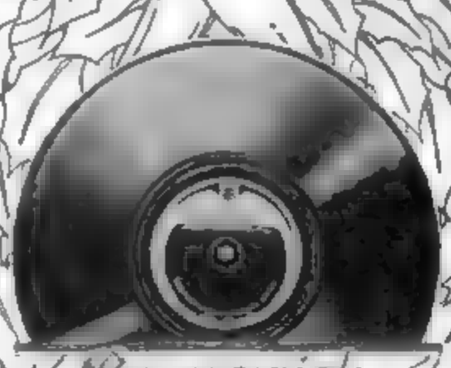
STYLE 117
Cabinet
(Left)
Finished in mahogany or oak. Gold plated trimmings.
Height—48 in.

STYLE 210
Cabinet
(Left)
Finished in Adam brown or red mahogany and fumed or golden oak
Height—47 in.

GOTHAM
Period Model
(Right)
Individual, yet entirely adaptable to various styles of furniture
Height—45¾ in.



CAMBRIDGE
Console
(Right)
Finished in highly figured burl walnut, gold plated trimmings
Height—36½ in.



Christmas Guide and Records

A Special Selection of Christmas Records

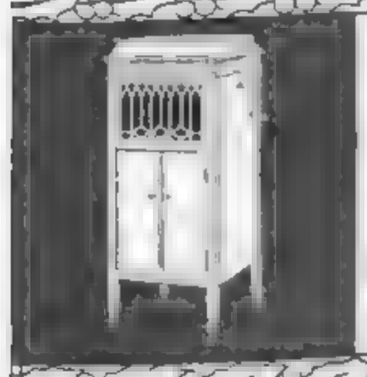
10046 10-inch $1.00	*Silent Night* (Gruben) Soprano	*Florence Easton and Male Trio*
2148 10-inch 85c	*Hark! The Herald Angels Sing*	*All Souls' Choir*
	It Came Upon the Midnight Clear	*Cathedral Choir*
2149 10-inch 85c	*While Shepherds Watched*	*All Souls' Choir*
	Angels From the Realms of Glory	*Cathedral Choir*
10045 10-inch $1.00	*Holy Night* (Adam) Tenor	*Mario Chamlee and Chorus*
30011 12-inch $1.50	*Ave Maria* (Soprano and Violin) In Latin	*Florence Easton and Max Rosen*
5032 10-inch $1.00	*Night Before Christmas* (Recitation)	*Ernest Hare*
	"De Sandman" (Protheroe-Griffin)	*Criterion Male Quartet*
5001 10-inch $1.00	*Wayside Cross* (Palmer)	*Criterion Male Quartet*
	Church in the Wildwood (Pitts)	*Criterion Male Quartet*
13002 12-inch $1.25	*Christ in Flanders* (Stephens) Tenor	*Theo. Karle*
	The Lord Is My Light (Allitsen) Tenor	*Theo. Karle*
5033 10-inch $1.00	*Adeste Fidales* (Oh, Come All Ye Faithful) (Portugal)	*Collegiate Choir*
	Joy to the World (Handel)	*Collegiate Choir*
5043 10-inch $1.00	*Saw Ye My Savior* (Eddy-Brackett) Baritone	*Lloyd Simonson*
	Shepherd, Show Me How to Go (Eddy-Brackett) Baritone	*Lloyd Simonson*
5017 10-inch $1.00	*Abide With Me* (Monk) Soprano and Contralto	*Marie Tiffany and Elizabeth Lennox*
	Almost Persuaded (Blum) Soprano and Contralto	*Marie Tiffany and Elizabeth Lennox*
5022 10-inch $1.00	*Angel's Serenade* (Braga) Soprano	*Marie Tiffany*
	Cradle Song (Brahms) Soprano	*Marie Tiffany*
5000 10-inch $1.00	*Whispering Hope* (Hawthorne) Soprano and Contralto	*Ida Heydt and Elizabeth Lennox*
	Oh! Dry Those Tears (Del Riego) Contralto	*Elizabeth Lennox*
5039 10-inch $1.00	*Christ Arose* (Lowry)	*Collegiate Choir*
	Come, Thou Almighty King (Wesley-Giardini)	*Collegiate Choir*
13007 12-inch $1.25	*Bells of St Mary's* (Adams) Tenor	*Theo. Karle*
	Evening Song (Blumenthal) Tenor	*Theo. Karle*
2054 10-inch 85c	*Kiddies' Patrol* (Rogers)	*Brunswick Concert Band*
	Kiddies' Dance (Rogers)	*Brunswick Concert Band*
5041B 10-inch $1.00	*Cradle Song* (MacFadyen) Contralto	*Elizabeth Lennox*

Note: The above can be obtained at any Brunswick dealer's in special gift envelopes for Christmas

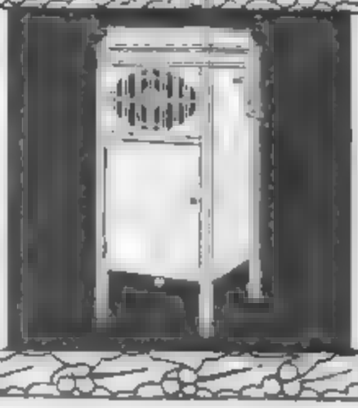
Any Phonograph Can Play Brunswick Records

BRUNSWICK AND RECORDS

© B. B. C. Co., 1921

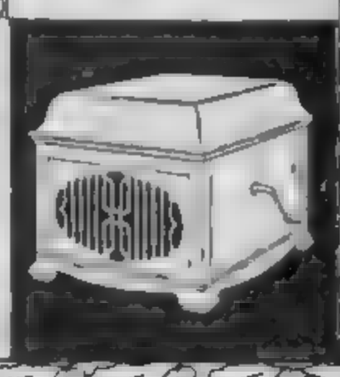


STYLE 207
Cabinet
(Left)
Finished in fumed or golden oak, Adam brown or red mahogany
Height—45½ in.

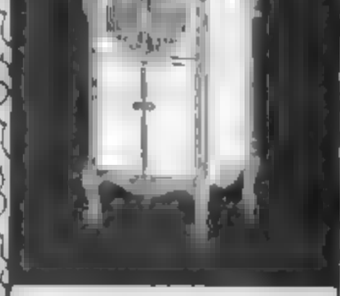


STYLE 300
Cabinet
(Left)
Finished in Adam brown or red mahogany and fumed or golden oak. Nickel plated trimmings.
Height—43½ in.

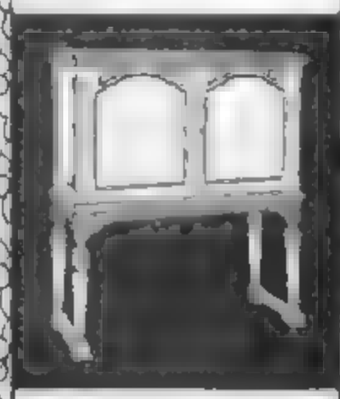
STYLE 120
Cabinet
(Left)
Finished in oak or mahogany. Gold plated trimmings
Height—48 in.



STYLE 105
Table Model
(Below)
Finished in mahogany or fumed oak. Rubber feet to protect table top.
Height—15 in.



STYLE 122
Cabinet
(Below)
Finished in mahogany or oak. Gold plated trimmings.
Height—49½ in.



OXFORD
Period Model
(Below)
Early English design late 18th Century
Height—49½ in.

Badger De Luxe All Season TOPS

From Comfort to Comfort

is but a step when the car you drive is equipped with a Badger De Luxe All Season Top.

Freezing winds and snowy blasts are turned aside by this true "All Season" body, which in Winter gives fully enclosed car protection and in Summer affords the same open comfort as your present open model.

It makes two cars out of one: completely enclosed, with the side panels fitted, it furnishes the luxury of the finest enclosed body. With panels removed it is as cool and comfortable as any open car.

Art leather top covering, quality fabric lining, cut glass dome light, silk roll curtain at the rear, silk side drapes, drop windows for ventilation, shower curtains with special compartment and a sun and storm visor are standard features of design.

And the price is so low that to be without a Badger De Luxe All Season Top is a risky extravagance.

Now Made for

Buick	2, 5 and 7 passenger,	1918-21
Cadillac	4 and 7 passenger,	1918-21
Chandler	4 and 7 passenger,	1919-21
Cleveland	5 passenger,	1920-21
Dodge	2 and 5 passenger,	1920-21
Dort	5 passenger,	1920-21
Essex	5 passenger,	1919-21
Franklin	2, 4 and 5 passenger,	1919-21
Gardner	5 passenger,	1920-21
Hudson	4 and 7 passenger,	1918-21
Hupmobile	2 and 5 passenger,	1920-21
Nash	2, 4, 5 and 7 passenger,	1919-21
Oldsmobile	4, 5 and 7 passenger,	1919-21
Reo	5 and 7 passenger,	1920-22
Studebaker	2, 4, 5 and 7 passenger,	1919-21
Velie	5 passenger,	1920-21

Prices:

2 passenger Models $185
4-5 passenger Models 275
7 passenger Models 285
Special Cadillac 4 pass. $375; 7 pass. 390

Prices f. o. b. Racine, Wis. War tax and installation extra
Write for descriptive booklet

WISCONSIN TOP COMPANY, Inc.

Consolidation of
McAvoy Brothers & Co. and Wisconsin Auto Top Company
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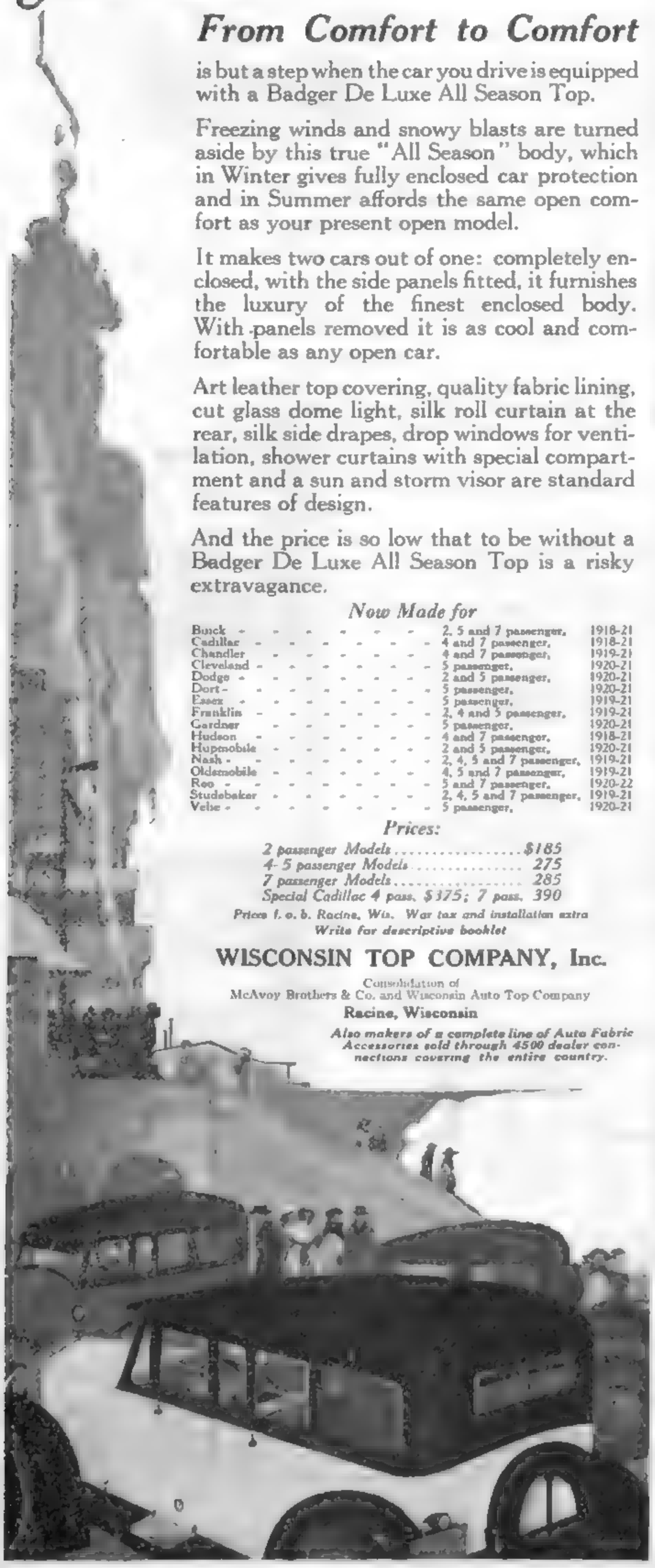
Also makers of a complete line of Auto Fabric Accessories sold through 4500 dealer connections covering the entire country.



(Continued from Page 65)

on Old Dan's glorified face. She wanted to speak, but she couldn't bring herself to throw cold water on that dream of the old adventurer even now. But she did give me a qualm, I'm free to say.

The next day Maricopa turned up. We met in the shadow of the dynamite house, and the wonderful old fox actually grinned at me. A strange glow passed through me. I seemed to see something companionable after all in that remorseless man, although I quaked involuntarily at his touch, at his Machiavellian smile under that tawny mustache whose individual hairs seemed sentient, like tentacles thrown out to see what was in the wind—and he did know what was in the wind. He knew well enough what was in the wind between May and me.

I said: "I understood you had been ironed out."

He said pleasantly: "I heard that rumor too," and without saying any more on that head he inquired slyly how my old love, the dark rebel, was coming on. Had I given her a thought of late?

"You're in a position to give her more encouragement now," he said. "I understand a check has been deposited to your account."

"Encouragement is the last thing that woman needs," I said hoarsely.

"You don't deny giving it to her, I suppose."

"What alternative did you leave me?" I said sulkily. "Didn't I agree? It was that or prison bars, and I chose that."

"You lived up to your contract too—didn't leave one loose end, I must say."

"Well, perhaps not."

He bit the end of a poison green cigar and said mildly: "There is one little thing that you could do for me if you felt so inclined."

"Don't think I am going to get down on my knees to you," I sneered. "I've come into money through this business, but it was a bad day for me when I saw you, just the same—a bad day, mister. It lost me the respect of the only woman in the world I care anything about. I suppose you know that by now. Yes, lost to me for all time. You know what she thinks? She thinks I used her as bait to lure that poor devil Harper from his lair."

"You certainly succeeded," he chuckled. "I won't say that thought wasn't in the back of my head too. But, wait! Remember what I told you about that dog-gone old gray mule. We don't need this Harper very bad. As a matter of fact, we've got a deathbed confession from Swasey, and we have the general cold now on a charge of looting the Black Prince. Faggard was an old plant of Swasey's. He and Swasey were both members of a cute little society for auriferous research. Get the plot? Faggard came into town, wormed his way into Polhill's good graces and waited for the cards to fall. He took orders from Swasey from the first day. They got Harper into the deal, and between them they thought of that nice dodge to do away with Polhill and put Jim into his clothes. They had everything but courage, and the best they could do with old Sebastian was shove him down into the Pandora and start that story about the keeper of the mine. It would have worked with anyone but a bearcat like yourself."

"Don't feed me that stuff," I said grumpily. "I know where I fall short better than you do. Tell me that Jim Harper is lying somewhere toes up and you may interest me."

"I will interest you yet. Well, here, I don't mind telling you I have come out here partly in behalf of Incarnación Terrazas. She's still in hiding, understand. A good girl, if she did go wrong on impulse. I suppose you know by this time, my boy, that that was a self-locking combination—you and Inky."

"A self-locking combination!" I gasped. "You'll have to expound that further."

"Here's the nubbin of it: To keep my hooks on Mr. Terrazas I needed the assistance of Mrs. Terrazas. I promised her freedom from that brute, and freedom wasn't enough. She wanted slavery again. She wanted you handed to her on a platter—I might say she had already had a glimpse or two of your handsome face drifting about town; everybody had, for that matter—and she left me to do the carving. You don't mind my being perfectly straightforward with you, I hope. She agreed to help me, and I agreed to put you in her way."

"You didn't figure my help anything then?" I whispered tensely.

"Not at that time, my boy. We didn't know what genius there was in you for follow-up. We did know—at least I did—that you hadn't anything to fear from Terrazas. Personally, he's the biggest coward in the Western Hemisphere. That little story was calculated to draw you down into the canyon, and I reckoned Inky could weave her spell without assistance."

"So, then, I've been a cat's-paw!" I hissed.

There was more in that vein, and Maricopa told me I was more precious than rubies to the women, a thing that I could well believe. He led me on to see what a struggle had gone on in Inky's breast, and how my red shirt was the product of another woman, really—an insane transient, so to speak, in that soft bosom. He walked away a pace or two, and came back and put his hand on my shoulder with that old fatherly light in his turquoise eyes.

"You see what I mean? She didn't mean half the lead she poured at you. Take time and think this over. Here you are, well fixed—this check is for a lot of money—nothing is lacking to you but the one essential, and do you mean to tell me you won't try for that? Suppose you could go to May and say 'Jim is gone. Jim has slipped over the border while the guard was sleeping. He's gone out of your life, and in place of him here's Bob McCarty, rich and single'—rich and single, boy. Isn't there the possibility, isn't there a strong possibility even that she ——"

"Jim?" I gasped. "Don't tell me that he ——"

"You and Inky have done me a big turn between you," Maricopa said. "But as things lie now you have something like a charge against that impulsive woman."

"Nothing but a paltry attempt at assassination," I threw in.

"Exactly! I'm glad to see you call things by their right name. Paltry—a paltry bit of lead."

"What's your proposition?" I found breath enough to inquire.

He arched his brows and slipped a cigar between my teeth just as at that first conference. "You to let Incarnación off—it's a first offense—and me to see to it that Jim Harper is slipped over the border by accident."

I had sunk my teeth into that cigar until they met, and now I gulped and got hold of his hand and shook it hard.

"Inky!" I said. "Why, man alive, I never—you don't think I lay it up against that poor girl! She only did what she thought was right in polishing me off, and at that time I was in a frame of mind to agree with her. Tell her I'm only sorry we don't live in Turkey."

So the gods laughed to see that, whereas I had set out with such high hopes of spinning the world the other way round in May's behalf, actually the only way I could help her was to refuse to prosecute another woman who had shot me down for love of me. My red shirt had put into my hands a sordid bargaining power by the use of which I brought it about that I never did see Jim Harper in this life, and now am little likely to. I had freed him. That was proof enough to May, or should be, that I hadn't meant to smoke him out and disgrace him in her eyes, as she must have more than half suspected.

Yes, I swallowed my red shirt whole, and within twenty-four hours a secret messenger came to tell me that Jim Harper had made good his escape.

The way was never plainer, and I had never balked at it so mulishly as when it lay straight before me. I saw May alone, and I saw how foolish had been all my aspirations. She was right. I was nothing but a boy, a callow fool; and May, my dear sophisticated May, had need of some more dashing partner.

She must be told, of course, of Harper's flight. I drifted across the flat with my head hung low. It was going to be my last visit to that tormenting creature. The sun was sinking, its last shafts splintering on the mountain top and glowing there in those cottonwoods and striking fire from the nickel parts of poor Old Dan's flute, which he was tuning up there pathetically, sitting under his dead fig tree. He was going to woo the gold out of the rock with music, and a little way off sat melancholy Sydney with his head in his hands.

I knocked on May's tent pole and she said "Come in."

(Continued on Page 71)

Ask Your Grocer for Carnation

WHEN you buy Carnation Milk you know exactly what you are getting for your money—pure, wholesome milk from the country—pure milk with nothing added, not even sugar. Only water is removed in the evaporating process. All of the original food values remain. Add an equal part of water to Carnation Milk and use it for cooking and drinking; use it undiluted or diluted for cereals, desserts and coffee. You will find it to be convenient, economical and pure. Send for the Carnation Cook Book.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY, 1232 Consumers Building, CHICAGO; 1332 Stuart Building, SEATTLE

Hot Chocolate—2 cups Carnation Milk, 2 squares chocolate, ⅛ teaspoon salt, 2 cups boiling water, ⅓ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add sugar, salt and boiling water. Stir until smooth. Boil two minutes, add scalded Carnation Milk. Beat with dover beater, add vanilla, reheat and serve at once. Five servings. If a "company" beverage is desired, whipped Carnation Milk is a delightful addition. May also be served iced. By using the dover beater, the "skin" which sometimes forms on the top of the cocoa or chocolate may be eliminated.

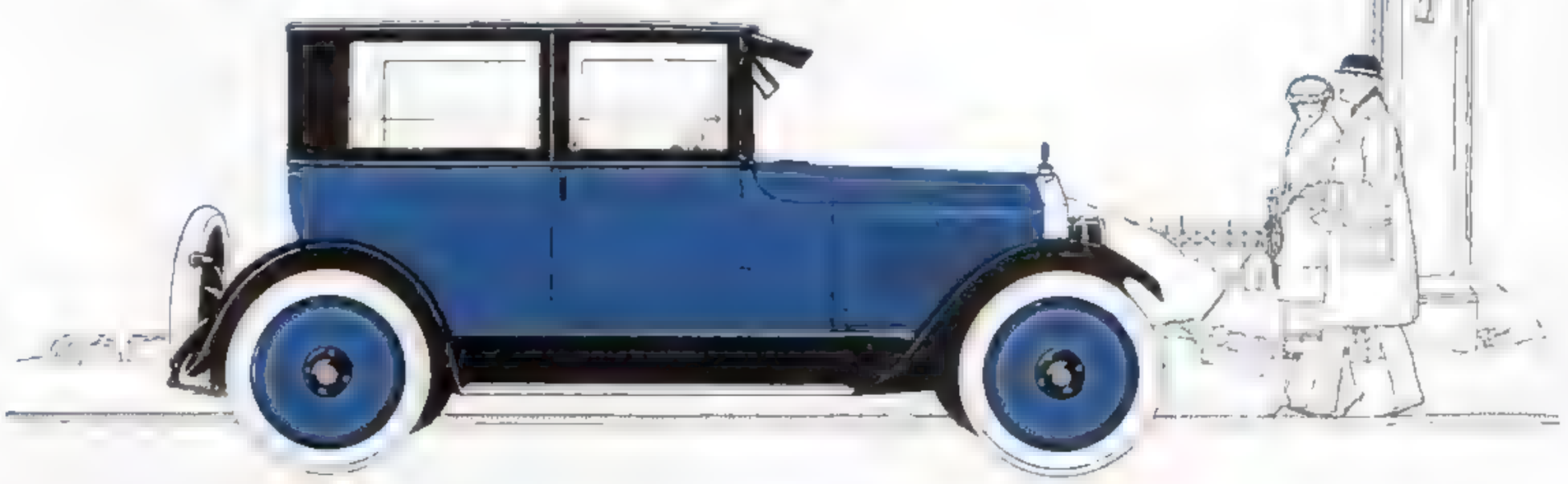
Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

Sold by Grocers Everywhere

Carnation Milk Products Company
Seattle Chicago Aylmer, Ontario

La Petite Sedan



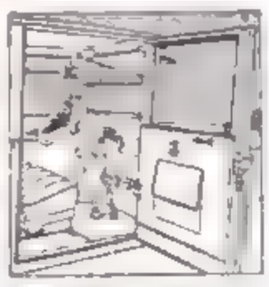
a touch of *Paris* in the coach-work of a fine American Automobile.

Necessity, as always, the mother of invention, has caused the development of an entirely new body—*La Petite Sedan*. It is smaller than a Sedan and but little larger than a Coupe designed strictly for the owner-driver. A Coupe, unfortunately, has one outstanding shortcoming—the owner is forced into the most isolated and uncomfortable position in the car. In this new Brougham the owner-driver is as comfortable as any of his guests, and if there is an additional passenger they sit side by side, not in the disagreeable staggered position.

All the exquisite taste and refinements of cherished design of the Renaissance are reflected in this new Moon creation—through the skill born of nearly half a century devoted to coach designing.

Aside from its mechanical excellence and efficiency—its completeness, downy comfort and ultra-refinements materially magnify its inherent charm. It is most acceptable where a Sedan may seem a trifle large or a Coupe a trifle small, admirably serving the purposes of both.

The attributes responsible for popularizing all Moon models have found unification in the Moon Brougham to a degree beyond the desire of the indifferent motorist, but in full accord with the anticipations of the fastidious owner-driver who selects his or her car with discriminating care.



The new Brougham was designed to seat four comfortably, but can accommodate five. The interior is trimmed in imported silk-finish blue broadcloth. Two ebonized cases—a boudoir case for milady and a gentleman's club case—are conveniently within reach. The hardware fittings, of Chantilly design, all tastefully harmonize. There is a reading lamp on either side above the rear seat, which automatically lights when the door is opened and can also be operated by a switch control on the side arm-rest. Doors are 32 inches wide—as wide as the average boudoir door in the home.

The two deeply French plaited front seats are of the parlor car type. The driver's seat can be moved forward or backward two inches. This affords better control and ease of operating the car for a short or a tall person.

The passenger seat, or right-hand seat, can be moved against the driver's seat, allowing 12-inch aisle room for passengers in the rear to leave the car. This seat has two fixed positions and can be moved 12 inches from right to left, making it optional in placing the 12-inch aisle between or on the right of the two front seats, locking in both positions. Backs of both seats can be tilted forward. In fact, no detail for the owner's comfort has been overlooked, including a new combination blue glass rain shield and sun visor, furnished for the first time as standard equipment.

The 5-passenger Touring and 3-passenger Sport Roadster are priced at $1785. The 4-passenger Coupe, the 5-passenger Brougham and the 5-passenger Sedan at $2785 f. o. b. St. Louis. The standard body color of all models is Versailles blue.

Photographic Brochure sent upon request.

the commendable mark of unmistakable dignity, rarely found in domestic built cars, finds full expression in this Brougham (*La Petite Sedan*)

The MOON

Built by Moon Motor Car Company, St. Louis, U. S. A. Founded 1907 by Joseph W. Moon

(Continued from Page 68)

I could see—or I fancied in that half light I could see—traces of tears. Her cheeks were flaming.

"Bob!" she cried, and I felt the same thick secrecy in my throat, in my ears, in the very air that fanned me, that I had felt so many times in passages with May. Her superior generalship, I suppose, or my bashful consciousness of her intellectual gifts.

"Look here," I suddenly burst out, "you're going away, and I'm staying to locate this ore. We may not meet again, and I want you to know that I appreciate what you have done for me. You saved my life!"

"Don't, don't, don't!" May cried, and she actually put her fingers on my lips. "Don't tell me that! Wasn't I saving my own at the same time?"

"Saving your own?" I repeated. "Yes, you would have to, associated with an ineffectual fool like myself."

May spun round and said half angrily: "You ought not to be allowed to say such things about yourself. You shan't be! Oh, your rôle has been so much more glorious than mine! Poor wretched Jim! Why didn't I tell you about him sooner? I knew from the first. I met him again and again, and he told me what a predicament he was in. And then—I couldn't bear for you to know Jim's true character. I had known, of course, from the instant I accepted him practically that he wasn't the man of men and never could be all in all to me. But I was bound to go through with it. It went on from bad to worse. He as good as accused me of having got him into the scrape by coming out here when things were at low ebb with him, and I got Harry Rolfe to help me finally. I worked on him shamelessly, as I thought, and he ——"

"Oh, so that was where Rolfe came in!" I uttered softly.

"That was where," May rejoined in a chastened little voice. "I led him on. I did everything short of intriguing with him, Bob, and I played right into his hands. I was working for just my private ends, and you—you—your rôle was so much more glorious."

"Soft pedal on that!" I cried hoarsely.

"Everybody says there isn't any man but you west of the Mississippi that would have done it. It's easy enough to be brave to the sound of drums and with everybody round you. But you—a man said to me, 'You little know,' he said—'you *little know* the service that young man has rendered his country.'"

I was in a cold sweat, and I merely groaned, "It was nothing—nothing at all!"

"Let you tell it!" May said.

"I'll tell you just one thing," I said, "and that's the thing I came here to say. I fixed it for Jim to escape. He's gone. He'll not trouble you any more, May. He's gone out of your life for good and all, and he's in as good shape as he was in when you first took him up, and I guess that's all a man of his stamp can ask. You're free."

"Gone?" May whispered. "Free? You freed him? You've used your influence?"

With a sickly smile I answered, "Such as it was," and I didn't say precisely what it was. May's eyes were shining like blue stars again, and still we were nonplused and fussed for something good to say. She murmured, "I might have known that I could count on you."

I don't know that the spell would have been broken to this day if my eye hadn't wandered to the back of the tent and fastened on that package I had seen her fumbling with. I saw its contents now; nothing less than a circular cake with a hole in the center of it, a cake beautifully frosted and decorated with little colored nodules.

"Something from home?" I asked foolishly.

"Mother sent it. I'd forgotten to tell you. It's my birthday."

"Your birthday?"

"Certain sure! Count 'em," May said mischievously, and she began planting little red candles in that cake one by one.

I followed the motion of those tapered fingers in short flashes, and counted—counted in a daze, in a dream, and my heart beat high. She stopped at twenty-one. Twenty-one! Twenty-one!

"You're—you're only just a citizen!" I gasped. "But look here, what day of the month is it, please?"

"The twenty-second."

"The twenty-second? Then look here, May! We were—we were born the same day!"

Can you imagine it? Born the same day! Think of the different roads we had traveled to reach the same end. The same day! I never could get over that. And May dropped her hands at her sides, stared, sparkled, flamed, came one step towards me and whispered, "Let's die together."

And by George, for the first time in all that weary while I thought I saw a chance for me! What if I took her in my arms, swept her off her feet, held her close, brooked no denying, wasn't it plausible to suppose that I might crush out all opposition there? Plausible, and more than that. Nothing did hold me back, it's true; but nothing could have, I verily believe. I saw the Canyon of the Fools going down in chaos; I saw Clint's plans and mine for dropping down on that body of ore evaporate like morning mist over the red buttes; I saw Clint in one swift vision, married to a portionless Aurelia, and actually providing for her by the toil of his hands—that did take place in due course too—and even so I went after my objective without once wavering. My arms went out, they went round her in one huge hungry circle, encompassed her, unabashed, undeterred, too, drew her close

I don't know how it was done to this day; in a rush most likely, a dizzy man's plunge into the infinite. I didn't find any words at all for something like a thousand years spent looking into those dear eyes and seeing how they treasured me, and when I did stir myself I merely said, "Pretty keen, eh?" if I remember rightly—banal as the deuce, and I couldn't help it—and May sighed back, "Luscious! Just as I've imagined it!"

"Imagined it? You have imagined it?"

"Oh, my guilty conscience, yes! What girl wouldn't have, with a man like you in the offing."

Is there anything half so conventional, so arbitrary, as the spoken word? And yet it does convey intelligence on occasion. She told me then with unblushing intensity that she had loved me, worlds without end, from the first, and with increasing intensity, and even vehemence, from the instant of my walking through that little gate that bent both ways.

Her head sank against me. I thought of a few good leads, rejected them all, rejected everything but the mere melting fact of that divine receptivity of hers.

"It doesn't somehow stand to reason," I remember saying, and May whispered: "Aren't you willing to lose your reason if you get me in exchange? Be careful with your answer."

I was careful, and quick too. There wasn't any choice of answer. You couldn't have driven an outside idea into my head with a top maul, I venture to assert. I asked her silly questions in my turn, I don't deny that. I even probed her gently on the subject of that unlovely disease, jealousy. Had she been jealous? Was that the key possibly to some of her actions?

She nodded and murmured: "It certainly gets you where you live, doesn't it?"

I told her that it did, and I cried joyfully: "You don't seem to have a shred of your ambisextrous nature left, do you know that? You're all woman now, it seems to me. Maybe now you ll be satisfied to go round and lock the doors and windows when the clock strikes nine."

May said that nothing in this world was more certain.

"I'm safe now," she whispered. "You've always wanted to save me, you romantic darling, and now you have saved me from my own worst enemy—myself."

I didn't stop to put a fool's interpretation on that utterance. A bright moon was rising over the world, over the Canyon of the Fools, too, silvering the tent pole. I gathered May close, held her high, and breathed with difficulty. I muttered, "Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, love me, kiss me!" for want of better words. She did, too, straightway. It was the old story of the uninstructed wild bee and the random honeysuckle. For long and long. When at last our lips were free for speech May's adoring eyes met mine full.

She whispered: "Shall I tell you a secret?"

"Don't keep any from me."

"No, but seriously, shall I?"

"Seriously, yes."

"I think you ought to know. You are the only man but one outside of Jim that I have ever kissed in my whole life—deliberately."

And I believed her.

(THE END)

Penick Syrup

made by the makers of Brer Rabbit Molasses

THE same skilled experience has perfected this syrup that brought back—in Brer Rabbit Molasses and syrups—the long lost plantation flavor.

It is a syrup that is a perfect blend of corn and sugar cane products. A mellow delicate syrup. A syrup so finely flavored that it brings out all the goodness of the foods it is used with. This is what is offered you today in Penick Syrup.

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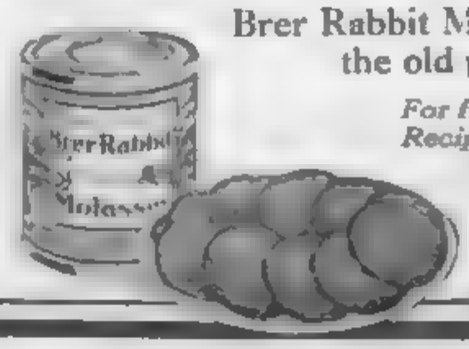

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For free copy of Brer Rabbit Recipe Book of Southern dishes, address Penick & Ford, Ltd., New Orleans, La.

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CHOOSE from the New Improved Gillettes on this page.

Tell *him* on Christmas morning that he won't have to use his *old-type* Gillette Razor any more.

He already knows that the New Improved Gillette is a 75% betterment in his shave.

And more than you suspect he is waiting for one of the sets illustrated here.

A remembrance that will last for years and years.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, U. S. A.

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SAFETY RAZOR

Patented January 13th 1920

"Chesterfield"

A small compact set. Triple Silver-Plated New Improved Gillette. Handsome engine-turned Case and Blade Box; 24 Shaving Edges (12 double-edged Gillette Blades) - - *$9.00*

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Uses the same fine Gillette Blades as you have known for years—but now our blades can give you *all* the luxury of the finest shaving edge in the world.

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Identify the New Improved Gillette by its

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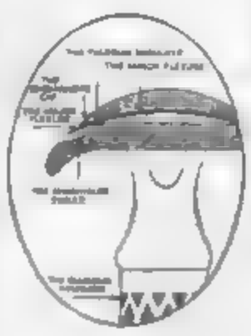

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$5 to $75

"Tuckaway"

A small compact set. Triple Silver-Plated New Improved Gillette. Triple Silver-Plated Case; metal Blade Box; 24 Shaving Edges (12 double-edged Gillette Blades) *$5.00*

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The appropriate set for ladies To keep the under-arm smooth.

Set consists of special Gold-Plated Gillette Razor and Gold-Plated Blade Box containing 24 Shaving Edges (12 double-edged Gillette Blades) - - - *$6.00*

"Big Fellow"

Selected Natural Finish Gumwood Case, Triple Silver-Plated New Improved Gillette with larger and heavier handle. Metal Blade Box; 24 Shaving Edges (12 double-edged Gillette Blades) - - - - *$5.00*

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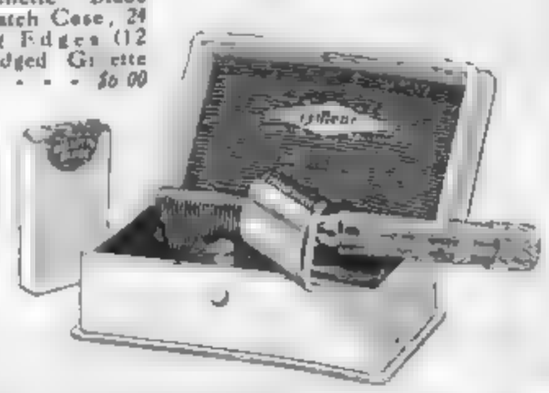
"Aristocrat"

Imitation Ivory Case. Gold-Plated New Improved Gillette Blade Box to match Case, 24 Shaving Edges (12 double-edged Gillette Blades) - - - - *$6.00*



"New Standard"

Genuine Leather Covered Case, Triple Silver-Plated New Improved Gillette Metal Blade Box, 24 Shaving Edges (12 double-edged Gillette Blades) - - - *$5.00*

In Gold - - *$6.00*

"Traveler"

A complete shaving outfit. Triple Silver-Plated New Improved Gillette Shaving Brush and Stick Gillette Shaving Soap in metal containers 24 Shaving Edges (12 double-edged Gillette Blades) in metal Blade Box - - - - - *$7.50*

In Gold (with indestructible Metal Mirror) - - - *$10.00*

"Chippendale"

Triple Silver-Plated New Improved Gillette in beautiful engine-turned Case; engine-turned Blade Box; 24 Shaving Edges (12 double-edged Gillette Blades) - - - - *$9.00*

In Gold - - - - *$10.00*

ONE-CYLINDER MEN

(Continued from Page 21)

Forty-eight hours later the job finder found the candidate for the position of apple-wood expert waiting on the doorstep of the employment bureau when the office was opened.

"Well," remarked the young man, "I've done exactly what we planned. Though I've picked up more information about that wood than I ever dreamed existed, I learned just enough to have the feeling that I've only scratched the surface. But I'm not downhearted a bit. If I can only make a showing which will get them to take me on, that will put me on the inside where I can pick up the information fast. Just let me get my nose inside the works and I'll root out more technical stuff in an hour than I've been able to dig up on the outside by the hardest campaign of boning I've ever been through."

About three hours later the employment-office official received about the most hilarious telephone message that had ever met his ears.

"They've taken me on at eighteen hundred and turned me loose in the works to post up on their special requirements before starting out for the orchard country to begin buying. I'm going to do more boning while I'm here than I did before they gave me the job. You were a real sport to back me with this chance. I know you played me against heavy odds, but I hope you'll not worry too much about the outcome. I can promise that I'll leave nothing undone to make good on the job and to make you glad that you gave me the big chance."

A few months later he came in to see the man who had found the place for him. His face betrayed the fact that he worried, and he confirmed this impression by confessing.

"I'm scared stiff. Two days ago I received a wire from the boss to meet him in Chicago—just that and nothing more. There has not been a word of criticism on my work thus far, and I had begun to feel that I was making good and that the house would never discover that it had hired a greenhorn whose whole training had been along another line. Of course I've done considerable buying in Michigan, and the Old Man has just been through that region. When that wire came I felt that I wanted to see you and tell you all about it before the blow fell, so I just slipped around this way from the New England territory on my way west."

"Haven't had any trouble with anyone in the organization?" questioned the job getter.

"Not a particle," was the prompt response; "and I dug into the technical end of the business the instant that I was on the inside where I could get at the materials and have a chance to talk with the men handling the wood in every process through which it passes. And when I've been out on the road I have always hunted out the local hardware dealer and the local carpenter and talked saw handles with them. In that way I've learned a lot about the things that make handles break."

Swift Promotion

"I've become so interested in this thing that I'd almost hate to ditch it and go back into mechanical engineering if I had a good chance to do so. It's really fascinating."

"Now look here, lieutenant," declared his white-haired friend, "don't let that message worry you a minute longer. My guess is that you'll find good news instead of bad waiting for you in Chicago. In fact, I'm fully convinced that you have made a good record. I'm so positive of this that I'll say now that you have fully justified my confidence in you, and that goes without any reference to what may happen to you in Chicago."

A few days later the veteran employment official opened a letter from his young friend saying, among other more or less incoherent things: "The first thing the boss told me was that they had discovered me to be too valuable and well trained a man in a mechanical way to waste my time out in the field buying apple wood, and that I was soon to be placed in a good position in the mechanical-engineering part of the big works. And my salary is boosted to twenty-five hundred dollars.

"Isn't it odd that by getting a job wholly out of my line—and getting it on a shoe string, so far as my technical equipment was concerned—I have made a loop leading back to my own line and with a concern where the possibilities in that field seem to be almost unlimited?

"I wouldn't advise anyone to become a Jack-of-all-trades, but if I ever have a boy he's going to be able to do more than one thing well. Put it this way if you like: If the unexpected never happened and this old world never stood on its head and turned everything upside down, the one-cylinder man would be an unfailing success. He'd be hitting all the time on his one intensive specialty. But when everything unreasonable and unforeseen happens and your one specialty is dead—stone-dead—without any hope of immediate resurrection, then you wish that you were a twin six and could turn your hand to a dozen different things with the knowledge that you could do them well."

Robert J. Peters, director of the Pennsylvania Bureau of Employment, commenting on this case, declared:

"Any man who will spend a week in this office in these days of general unemployment and will keep his ears and his eyes open will close the experience with the conviction that resourcefulness is the most undeveloped trait in the workers of this country to-day. Call the lack of it individual unpreparedness if you like, for that is precisely what it amounts to. Thousands of men are idle and in a state of mental desperation because they have been trained to do one thing only and there is nothing to do in that line. They have come to think that they cannot do anything else."

Individual Preparedness

"I don't blame them for this feeling—far from it. For a skilled machinist to think of earning his living at piling lumber or digging ditches is something like contemplating jumping into the water and making an attempt to live like a fish, existing in an element utterly foreign to him. First, there is the feeling of outraged trade or craft pride. The greater the experience and expertness of a craftsman the stronger is this feeling of pride in his ability and standing in his trade. The best men in every craft or calling feel this the most keenly, and those who are without it are scarcely worth considering; they amount to little.

"Again, the surer they feel of their footing in their own specialty the more uncertain they feel of any venture into a new field. The reason for this, I think, lies in the fact that they realize how long and difficult has been the task of mastering the complexities of their own craft, and the simplest logic would suggest that other lines must be equally intricate and difficult. They are the kind of men whose training and temperament do not easily permit them to do anything casually or even to consider that many things must be done in a way far from expert.

"This, I think, explains why very many skilled workers prefer to face long idleness and privation rather than attempt to turn their hands to some other line of which they are not masters. My sympathies are with them, most keenly so; but just the same I hold a profound conviction that it is a mistake to build up a nation of one-cylinder men. Perhaps this may be at least partially an inherited conviction. For his day and generation my great-grandfather was a rich man. So far as he could see there was not the slightest reason to expect that either of his three sons would ever need to do a day's work of a physical sort.

"They were all mentally capable, of good character and had enough property to keep them in luxury to the end of their lives if they only took care of it with reasonable prudence. In fact, my great-grandfather was wealthy before his sons had completed their schooling and were ready to go out into the world. But he didn't allow the size of his fortune or the start which he was able to give them to blind him to the possibilities of some catastrophe which would make it necessary for them to go to work with their hands.

"He explained his view of what he considered good individual preparedness and then told them to choose what trades they would learn. One elected to be a blacksmith, another a shoemaker and the other a tailor. It is not a part of the family traditions that any of them was keen for this kind of preparedness; they would have preferred to take their portions and their

Men With Feet

And Women, too—Please Read This

I've Taken the Torture Out of New Shoes

—W. Grant Williams

This is to offer you a free demonstration of FLEXATED SHOES. Let us fit you with the shoe that you can put new on your feet and *walk in for miles and miles without discomfort*—a shoe that needs no breaking in.

Simply clip the coupon below and mail it. This offer is open to both men and women.

New Principles

It took me just 35 years to perfect this shoe to correct old ideas and develop the new.

Shoemakers always believed that "breaking in" new shoes was a necessary torture. So it was up to your feet and mine to do what the shoemaker's steel had failed to do—make stiff leather conform to the shape of the foot.

But I Had Other Ideas

I knew where the mistake came in. Shoemakers fitted by foot length alone without proper regard to the heel, the arch and the ball of the foot. Thus weight carrying was improperly distributed. Foot trouble resulted.

I kept on experimenting and developing my ideas in a *flexible arch shoe* that would be fitted properly from the heel to the ball of the foot. I made over 4,000 test pairs, each one an improvement over its predecessor, trying them on my friends and getting the help of some of the largest shoe dealers in perfecting my ideas. Finally, I got just what I wanted—but—

Put On a Pair!

That after all is the only proof. I simply cannot tell you all about these wonderful FLEXATED SHOES for men and women.

All I ask is that you try on a pair. The shoes will tell the story.

You will say they are the most perfect fitting shoes you ever put on. The FLEXATED SHOE has no stiff arch props. It is a *flexible arch* shoe that gives a firm, gentle support to the foot.

Not a corrective shoe but a shoe that will fit the foot properly. A shoe to keep well feet well and make tired feet happy.

FLEXATED SHOES are made for men and women and are built on the most up-to-date lasts.

A smart shoe—the last word in footgear style, the touch of Fifth Avenue in every line—yet as easy as an old carpet slipper the minute you put it on.

Mail the coupon. Get the proof.

EXCELSIOR SHOE COMPANY
Portsmouth, Ohio

The Grant FLEXATED SHOE For MEN For WOMEN

FREE

Demonstration of the Flexated Shoe!

We believe the facts about this shoe would not be believed if we gave them. So we have arranged Free demonstrations through our dealers everywhere. Simply mail the coupon.

MAIL THIS

THE EXCELSIOR SHOE COMPANY
Dept. 12, Portsmouth, Ohio

Please furnish me with a Free Demonstration of the Grant Flexated Shoe—no obligation to buy.

Name _____

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My Shoe Dealer is _____

The Size of My Shoe is _____ *and the last* _____

(Give last and size, as 9½-"A")

California's Gift of comfort

Snowy fleece, bleached by the sun's brilliant rays, is felted, dyed and fashioned by skilled Designers into CosyToes Feltwear. Gracefully shaped to fit the feet snugly, these elegant slippers give you a new sense of relaxation and soothing comfort never before realized. CosyToes styles shown by leading dealers thruout America have an irresistible charm that makes them the most acceptable of gifts. Produced in every imaginable color. Scores of styles to select from.

For Ladies— Boudoir Styles	For Men— Den Models	For Children— Nursery Effects
$1.75 to $4.50	$1.75 to $5.00	$1.50 to $3.00

Make your selections early and be sure to look for the **CosyToes Feltwear** *trade mark which distinguishes the only genuine California-made all-wool slippers.*

Write for Free Booklet of Styles —shows CosyToes in actual colors

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New York	Chicago	San Francisco
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CosyToes feltwear

chances and become business men right at the jump without any tiresome trade apprenticeship. But in later life they went on record repeatedly to the effect that the knowledge that they could make a good living for themselves and their families with their own hands was as comforting as a paid-up endowment policy, and that they were thankful it was forced upon them by their father's foresight.

"It so happened that not one of them found it expedient or necessary to use his trade, but this never altered their approval of the theory. My own feeling is that overspecialization is an outstanding curse to the workers of this country to-day. That is the usual way of saying it; but what is generally intended by this term is that the average worker, perhaps even the average skilled worker, knows how to do only one thing, and that thing is an operation instead of a trade, whereas he should be taught, as a matter of sound individual preparedness, to do several quite dissimilar things—perhaps the more dissimilar the better.

"There are thousands of workers who are experts at a lathe but are lost in any other field of mechanics. Their training, in short, is altogether too narrow. It would still be too narrow, as I see it, if they were good-all-round machinists, for they are right now in a period when machinists generally are out of work, but when there is at least some demand for men who can do a lot of other things."

The All-Round Sailorman

"For example, the easiest man for us to place to-day is the sailorman. Mr. Coolbaugh, who has charge of the Philadelphia office, will substantiate this statement. And why is this true of the seaman? Because his training as a sailor teaches him to do more different things that are in common demand than does any other calling. He can paint, clean, tinker, do ordinary carpenter work, swing a flying scaffold—a suspended platform—and tie and handle ropes. He can even do a neat job of tailoring on a pinch.

"Many sailors are good plain cooks. This is the reason why head janitors are keen to get sailors for assistants. They can wash windows and exterior walls, do painting and climb flagstaffs, and take care of themselves and handle their equipment under any and all conditions. Building contractors like to get hold of sailors, and will often give them preference over applicants whose technical training is presumably better for the task in hand. Sign men and painters are also partial to sailors.

"I have yet to meet an able seaman who has served a peacetime enlistment of four to seven years in the American Navy who cannot do good exterior painting on wood or structural iron. Many of them are also clever woodworkers who know how to finish their woods before applying a brush. Most of them can mix their own colors. There's one of them painting the hands of the big clock in the tower of the City Hall. He's swinging in a bo'swain's chair about five hundred feet above the street.

"When one of the moving companies has to hoist a safe weighing several tons into a fifth-story window we get a call for a gang of able seamen. The safe companies recruit their installation gangs from the ranks of the seamen.

"It is unusual to find a seaman who hasn't a practical working knowledge of electrical wiring. Perhaps a majority of them can do as good a job of ordinary house wiring as the average electrician's helper. The point of all this is not to urge all young men or any of them to become able seamen, but to indicate that the handy man who can do a lot of useful things is seldom out of work, no matter how discouraging a period of unemployment we may be in; that he has a distinct tactical advantage over the man who can do only one thing, or the man who will not undertake to go out of his line, or who does not make the effort to do so in a manner calculated to insure anything but failure.

"No man who looks at the problem of job finding to-day from an outside viewpoint can have any realization of the intensely depressing character of the work owing to the difficulty of getting the men into an attitude which gives them a chance for acceptance and a chance for success after they have been accepted. Putting hope and pep into discouraged men who have been pushed out of their normal line of work, and who feel as lost and helpless as babes in the wood in any other line, is one of the most depressing tasks any man can tackle. The man who is as husky and aggressive as a prize fighter when his stomach and his pay envelope are full is like a confused, hungry and helpless child when out of work, food and money. In this situation their tendency is to do not only unreasonable but unaccountable things. To keep their feet on the ground and modify their fear of attempting a line of work with which they are unfamiliar is a job which calls for something more than conscientious paid service. It takes genuine human sympathy and a keen understanding of human nature. I think there are few men in the service of this bureau who fail to put both these elements into their work, and in generous measure too."

While waiting in the Arch Street office I noticed that a small man of very slight physique had entered and dropped into the nearest chair.

"This," declared Mr. Coolbaugh, "is one of the most pitiful cases on our list. He is a married man with a small family. When his position went out from under him he was broken down from confining office work and was sent to a sanitarium. He weighed only one hundred and five pounds. The rest helped him some, but it was necessary to discharge him before he was in any physical condition to make a fight for a livelihood.

"His condition and circumstances were so pitiful that one of the men here supplied him with a little money out of his own pocket.

"Then began a search for a job which would not only give him outside work—an absolute necessity in his case—but also food and shelter for his family. We were elated when we found a position for him with a certain church school which would provide all these things.

"Before he was started for the place he was asked if he had car fare to carry him to the school, which is about twenty-five miles out of the city and some seventeen miles beyond Ardmore. He replied that he was fixed all right. The fact is that he had a skinful of pride but not a cent of money. His plan was to walk the eight miles to Ardmore and catch a ride in a car or truck the remaining ten miles."

Pluck and Judgment

"When the manager of the school reported, the following day, that this man had not appeared and that the place had been given to another applicant we felt sure that something in the nature of a calamity had happened to the man whom we had sent. Therefore we made an investigation and found that he had literally dropped by the wayside. The long walk had been too much for him and he had dropped by the road. He had sacrificed his big opportunity to his pride. Rather than accept car fare from those who had already helped him, he undertook a task which was beyond his strength and which set him back physically in addition to costing him an almost ideal position. This is only one example of the lack of judgment displayed by men who find themselves in dire straits. They are simply big children."

According to the expert job finders, there are few men who do not have considerable incidental knowledge of other lines gained in following their own lines; but generally this knowledge is unrealized and unsuspected by those who have it. Being out of work and out of money is a condition far from conducive to clear thinking or an accurate analysis of one's powers. Instead it commonly results in a spasm of stage fright and confusion which blinds its victim to his latent possibilities. To learn from an applicant where the routine of his work has given him some familiarity with work of another sort is one of the first efforts of the professional job finder, who is almost always, in these days, the representative of a state or Federal employment bureau or a philanthropic organization.

Not long ago a man of middle age entered a state employment bureau and made application for work of any kind. At first his only statement was that he had held a City Hall job and that a political upheaval had set him out on the sidewalk with nothing saved and a family on his hands; that a political job fits a man for nothing and that he was a fool ever to have accepted one. This was all that could be got from him in the first interview. But in subsequent calls he finally volunteered the information that one of his duties, in his political position,

(Continued on Page 76)

No 4 was The NEW EDISON!

ON October 24, 1921, in New York City, Dr. W. V. Bingham, Director of Research at Carnegie Institute of Technology, made a scientific comparison between four well-known phonographs.

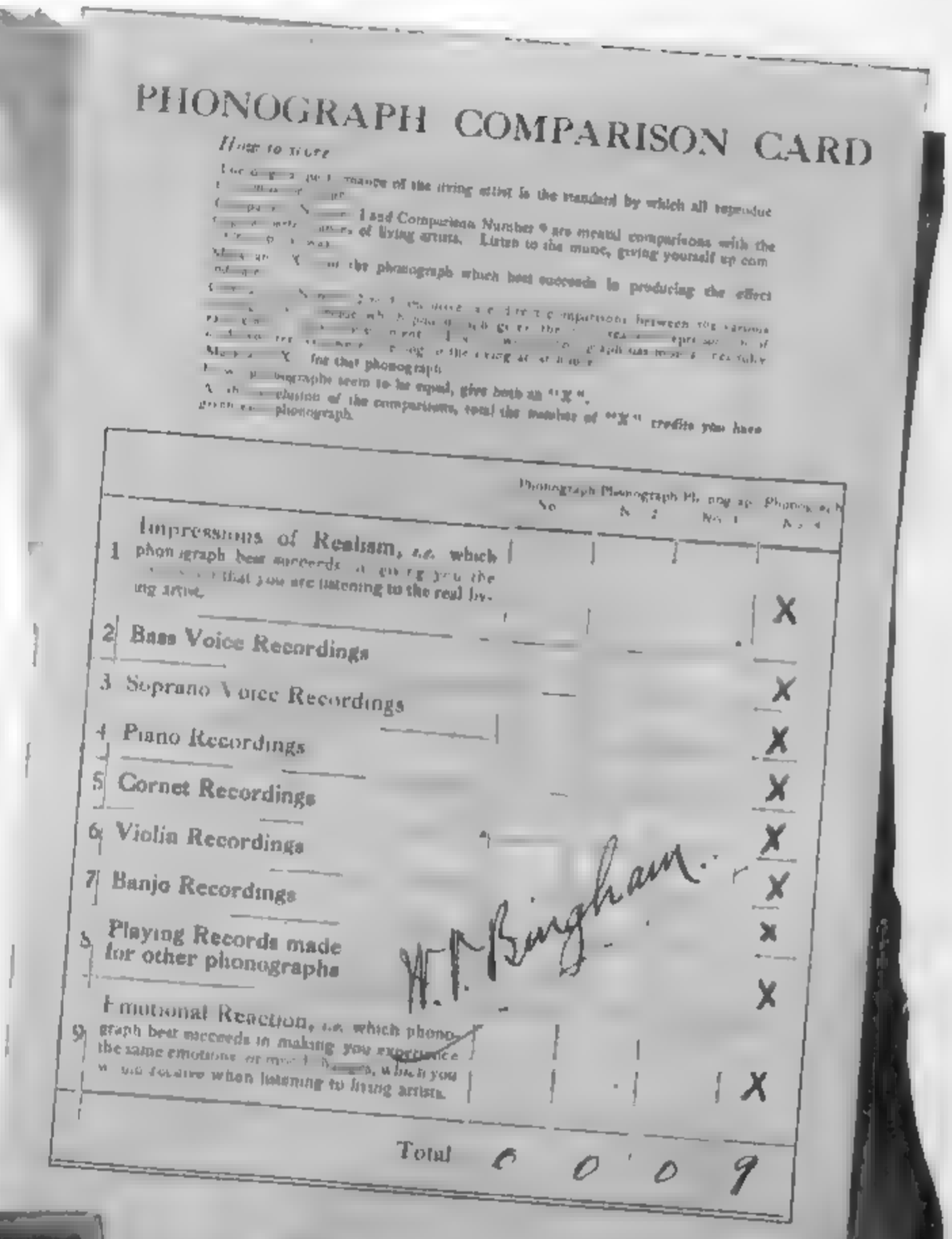
The phonographs were compared on nine different counts. Phonograph Number Four was victorious in *all nine tests.* It proved itself the best phonograph by a full one hundred per cent.

Phonograph Number Four was the New Edison.

The Edison Laboratories hesitated long before publishing Dr. Bingham's remarkable Comparison Card—on the theory that the too-amazing result is often not credited. Many people may seriously doubt that the difference between the New Edison and other phonographs could be so great.

Yet, that difference must exist—because the New Edison is the only phonograph which sustains the test of direct comparison with living artists.

If you doubt whether the New Edison RE-CREATES music with such emphatically superior realism, make the same comparison Dr. Bingham made.


PHONOGRAPH COMPARISON CARD

How to score

... 1 and Comparison Number 9 are mental comparisons with the ... of living artists. Listen to the music, giving yourself up com ... the phonograph which best succeeds in producing the effect ... for that phonograph.

... phonographs seem to be equal, give both an "X".

... clusion of the comparisons, total the number of "X" credits you have ... phonograph.

	Phonograph No. 1	Phonograph No. 2	Phonograph No. 3	Phonograph No. 4
1 Impressions of Realism, i.e. which phonograph best succeeds in giving you the ... that you are listening to the real living artist.				X
2 Bass Voice Recordings				X
3 Soprano Voice Recordings				X
4 Piano Recordings				X
5 Cornet Recordings				X
6 Violin Recordings				X
7 Banjo Recordings				X
8 Playing Records made for other phonographs				X
9 Emotional Reaction, i.e. which phonograph best succeeds in making you experience the same emotions or mood ..., which you would receive when listening to living artists.				X
Total	0	0	0	9

W. V. Bingham

Ask for a Phonograph Comparison Card

Take it with you when you go to choose your Christmas phonograph.

Your Edison dealer will gladly supply you, so that you can make a true and scientific comparison. If you don't know who he is, watch for his advertisements in your local newspapers.

N. B.—Many Edison Dealers have equipped themselves with Turn-Tables such as Dr. Bingham employed.

from Actual Photograph

Dr. Bingham

made his comparison in connection with an important music research which he is conducting. He employed a revolving Turn-Table—which insures an absolutely scientific comparison. That is, each phonograph is heard in the same room, from the same position, playing recordings by the same or similar artists.

THERMOS

is the trade mark on
The Original and Best
Vacuum Bottle.
Many are "called" Thermos
but few are genuine.
Only those with the name

THERMOS

stamped on the metal case
are the chosen.
The Ideal Gift
From Babyhood to Old Age.
They glide like a blessing
through
The Seven Ages of Man.

For baby in the nursery—keeps milk pure. For the youth in college—at play or work. For mother at home and father in the office. Keeps contents cold or hot for any hour, day or night. Thermos has been awarded Grand Prize at all international expositions.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.
366 Madison Avenue, New York City

(Continued from Page 74)

had been to check the accounts of contractors, particularly with respect to the compensation insurance which they carried. Instantly the job finder caught at this straw and by a few questions learned that the man had picked up quite a knowledge of this kind of insurance.

"Why, man," exclaimed the employment official, "can't you see that you're equipped to walk around to the other side of the table and sell compensation insurance to the very contractors you've been checking up?"

"Never thought of it," confessed the former officeholder. "I didn't dream that I had taken anything out of my City Hall experience that would be worth a cent to me in making a living outside of a political job. But it certainly does seem as if I ought to do something in the compensation-insurance line, doesn't it? Come to think of it, I not only know quite a lot about what I'd have to sell but I have a personal acquaintance with almost every contractor doing business with the city. If I could sell to all of these I'd certainly have quite a line of commissions. Besides, I know the best companies in the business. I'm going after this lead for all I'm worth. But it's queer that I didn't think of this myself. Can't understand that!"

"Don't let that worry you," replied the employment official. "You're just like most of the men who come in here because they're out of work in their own line. They all know something to which they could turn their hand but which they have never thought about. We have to drag it out of them when they're not suspecting it. Sometimes it gets to seem to us as if they were deliberately trying to cover up the one thing in their experience by which we could help them to find themselves."

In a short time this man returned to the employment bureau to report.

"That hunch of yours was certainly a winner. This month I've made twice my salary in my old job, and I've only got a good start."

Still later the employment manager heard from him again to this effect: "Now the score is three times what I drew on the city pay roll, and it will be four times that amount in the course of the next month." And it was!

The Income Tax as a Hobby

On the score of what may be called an anchor to the windward here's an illuminating experience: A mechanical engineer became interested in the intricacies of the Federal Income Tax Act. He had a natural taste for tackling knotty problems of a mathematical nature. Therefore in his leisure time he dug into the science of income-tax accounting and found it so diverting that he finally took a correspondence course in that subject. About the time he received his diploma he discovered, by means of a blue envelope, that he would have no income to report unless he found a new job. For weeks he tried to place himself in his own calling, but failed. His line was dead. He must find something in another line or remain idle and live on his savings as long as they lasted. As they were limited, he decided to make the break at once.

Just then the annual ordeal of income-tax schedules was about to descend upon the public like a pall of gloom. Instantly he rented a small office and had the glass of its door lettered with the legend, "Income-Tax Accountant."

But he didn't sit down and wait for clients to come in. He solicited his former employers and also the men in the organization with whom he was acquainted. A good percentage of them gave him their tax-schedule business. The largest clients frankly told him that they preferred him because of his knowledge of the mechanical lines in which they were engaged.

This gave him a clew, and he specialized in those schedules in which his experience as a mechanical engineer was of practical value. Though his fees for three months were relatively large, he did not forget that to all practical purposes his harvest in his new line was short. Then he reached out for those connections in which a certain amount of tax accounting must be done from month to month throughout the year. To-day he is doing so well in his accounting specialty that he is not sure that an opening in his old line would be a temptation.

A construction engineer was engaged on a large cement-road job in a region of fine homes and expensive country estates. Being a crack tennis player, he noticed the courts along the line which were in good condition and those which were poorly constructed or in a bad state of upkeep.

When the road job was finished and no new work was in sight he lost no time in improving a speaking acquaintance with the owner of a near-by estate. He pointed out to this man that his tennis court was not only badly built but poorly placed, and he demonstrated by his own playing that he knew something about the game as well as the courts. As a result he soon had a contract to build a new court on the soundest scientific principles. It was, when finished and opened, its owner's pride and boast.

Naturally the owners of adjacent estates were quick to see that the new court was a magnet which attracted the young people of the neighborhood and that if they did not bring their own courts up to the new standard their places would suffer in point of popularity. Therefore, after the young engineer had put in his first tennis court he was kept busy, and had several jobs going at the same time. This meant that he changed from an employe to an employer and had a number of gangs on his pay roll.

Amateurs Become Professionals

He did not make the mistake of charging a cheap price; instead he realized that he was dealing with clients who were able to pay for the best tennis courts that could be built and who realized that they were buying a luxury. Consequently he made a handsome profit on every job and had about all the work he could handle throughout the season. His profits have been so satisfactory that he will undoubtedly stick to his new specialty and thereby capitalize the reputation he has made in his side line. As he sees it, there are several thousand owners of country estates in America who will appreciate the attraction of superior tennis courts.

It is probable that this young engineer would not have turned, in his hour of unemployment, to this line if he had not been a tennis player. Many another man, whose fortune or income has collapsed, has found himself along the line of his pastime, his diversion, and thousands more could do so if they would or if they found it necessary. One employment manager said to me:

"There are scores of men who have been pinched out of good positions in this period of readjustment, with little or nothing put by for a rainy day, who have swallowed their pride and gone about earning a living along the line of their pastimes, their hobbies. One is a wizard in the raising of flowers. When the comfortable position which he had held for years and considered as permanent as a paid-up annuity was suddenly eliminated he found employment with a wealthy business acquaintance on his country estate as a gardener specializing in flowers. He does not make the money that he was paid in his old position, but he spends less and has enough to meet his needs. No one who knows him can doubt that he gets more enjoyment out of his days than he did in his old line.

"Then there is the man who had a fine executive position with a small corporation. His days were filled with exacting desk work, but when at his home you could invariably find him in the little cabinet shop which had been rigged up in his basement. He loved to work with his hands with fine tools and in fine woods. While still drawing a good salary he became an expert in restoring old mahogany furniture. He could patch a piece of broken veneer as skillfully as a professional veneer layer. Because this work was his pastime, his pleasure, he put his heart into it, studied it and became a shark in period furniture.

"Well, when his hard luck came he turned almost unconsciously to his pastime for a livelihood. Instead of refinishing fine old pieces for his friends and his wife's friends and taking his pay in the joy of the work, he shifted his little shop to a commercial basis and charged a good price for his skilled work. Then he bought old pieces of colonial mahogany, restored them to fine condition and found a ready and profitable sale for them among his business acquaintances. In fact, he spends his vacations scouring the back towns of New England and the Atlantic states for rare old pieces. The coming winter he will undoubtedly tour the South in this quest, and will be well paid for his time.

"Examples of this sort could be given almost indefinitely. But the point I wish

to make with the greatest clearness is that in times of general unemployment men of resourcefulness find themselves either along lines with which they have come into incidental contact in their regular occupations or along the lines of their pet diversions. This, I think, is especially true of men in middle life. Few of us reach that point without having acquired, through incidental contact, a considerable familiarity with activities outside of our own bread-and-butter occupation, and generally we are unconscious of how much of this incidental knowledge we have picked up or of how useful we could make it in an emergency. We accumulate it as we do the dust of the road and think as little of it—until we are hard pressed. Then we are still likely to overlook it.

"My theory is that virtually every man is able to do something which will at least keep the wolf from the door even in times of the most general unemployment. In other words, there is always something for every man to do that will give him at least a livelihood if he is only resourceful enough to find it. The one-cylinder man is the worker who is crushed in times of industrial depression. He is the man who admits to himself and to others that he can do only one thing, one operation, and when there is no demand for that one thing in the labor market he is flat. The fellow who carries a spare tire in the shape of equipment for a line of work other than that which he habitually follows is the man who is going to get over the road when his regular line goes flat."

A certain member of the great army of office clerks enlisted in the Army of the United States when this country went into the war. In school he became so interested in chemistry and bacteriology that he continued these studies after he left the classroom and became a clerk. He found keener pleasure in making scientific experiments and researches along this line than in sports of any kind. At the front in France he was promoted to sergeant. Then came the armistice and the removal of his unit to Brest, where it waited, with many others, for orders to board a transport for home.

At this time the influenza epidemic was raging to such an extent that doctors, medical attendants and hospital laboratory men were so overworked as to become easy victims to this scourge and others. As a result the working staff of the great base hospital was often greatly depleted by mortality among medical men. In this emergency a call was sent out for men who knew something of bacteriology. The young sergeant, who had followed this line as a mental diversion, answered the call, but with much timidity. The modesty of his claims did not prevent him from being quickly detailed to the bacteriological department of the base hospital.

Lessons in Self-Confidence

Once in the laboratory, courage and a degree of confidence came to him. Here was a chance to make a practical and humanitarian application of the scientific knowledge which he had pursued for the sheer love of it in his crude little laboratory back home, and he made the most of that chance. He was scarcely well started in this work, into which he was putting his whole heart, when his chief told him that his handling of the duties assigned him indicated that he was equal to larger responsibilities, and that he would be given charge of a number of men in the laboratory. When he received his order to embark he was virtually in charge, having under him a force of about a hundred men.

Back in the good old U. S. A. he found himself a member of another big army, the unemployed, for his return had not come until the period of industrial deflation was well under way. When interviewed by the manager of the Philadelphia office of the Pennsylvania Employment Bureau this story was drawn from him, and he concluded its recital with an engaging grin and the naïve remark:

"When I went into the war I was about as timid a white-collar man as drew a pay check. There's something about the life of a clerk that puts a wet blanket on courage and resourcefulness. But, honest, after that hospital experience I don't feel afraid to tackle almost anything."

This was said with such an utter lack of egotism that his interviewer recognized its ingenuousness and replied:

"We have a call from a local drug manufacturing concern for a man to organize an exporting branch. Do you think you'd like to be interviewed by the president of the house as an applicant for the position?

"Yes, sir," came the quick response, "I would, and I'll not claim any experience which I have not had."

"So far," said the manager of the employment bureau, "as his technical equipment for the position was concerned, we were hardly warranted in sending him as an applicant. But his quiet confidence and his evident powers of adaptability won him the opportunity. It would not have been given him if his attitude had been flavored with egotism or the willingness to run a bluff. Evidently the man to whom he was sent had a working knowledge of human nature, for he gave the young sergeant the job, starting him at eighteen hundred dollars. Later he was raised to twenty-four hundred dollars."

Occasionally the drab routine of the employment bureau is enlivened by the appearance of a man who belongs to the self-starter class, who is propelled by the force of an idea and who comes to get help to put his idea into execution rather than to get employment. A man of this sort entered a large state employment office the other day and asked for help in getting a hearing with the sales manager of a big talking-machine company.

The Record Fan's Idea

"For eighteen years," he declared, "I've been out in the arid Southwest for my health. Most of the time I've held down desk jobs with telephone companies. All of that time I've found my chief pleasure in the art of the talking machine. I have a natural taste for good music. This, together with the fact that I was stationed at the outset in a lonely place, gave me my start as a collector of fine records. One day it occurred to me that the companies from which I buy my records were paying mighty little attention to me, and if to me probably to all their customers. All they ever do is to send me a list of their new records.

"If they had injected a little understanding of the personal equation into their salesmanship they could have sold me many more records. When this idea came to me I asked myself what I would do if I were the record salesman. Would I stop with running a customer's name through an addressing machine once a month? Not much I wouldn't! Would I allow a liberal customer to deal with me for eighteen years without a personal word, by telephone or by letter, from me? Hardly! It's easy for any dealer in records to spot the real record fans and to learn the trend of each one's taste from his orders.

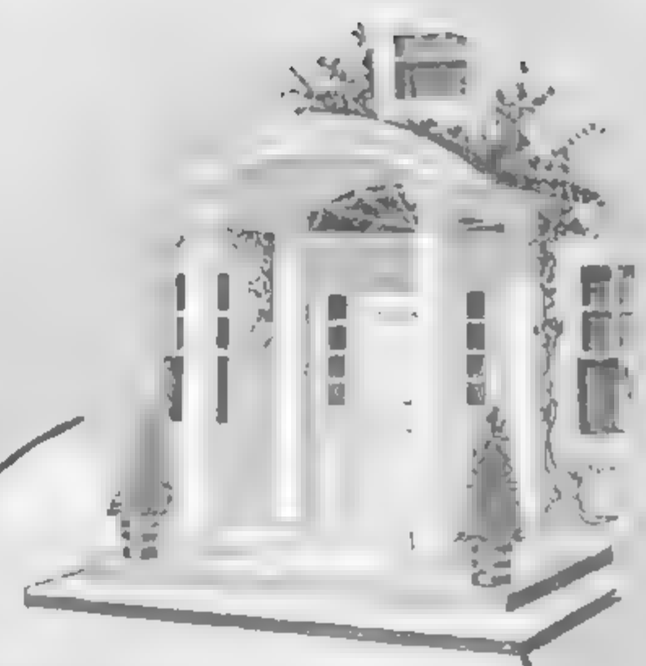
"That's what I'd do. I'd drop this one a line saying: 'I notice that you appreciate fine violin records. Next month a new one by Kreisler will be out, and I have placed an order and will hold the record for you. Of course you are not in the least obligated to take it, but I am sure you will enjoy hearing it.'

"That kind of a letter would have made a hit with me. It would have been a real event in my life as a record fan—just a little personal touch. This country is full of record fans, and of potential ones. I believe there are thousands of owners of talking machines who lapse into indifference and allow their instruments to become comparatively silent because of the lack of personal analysis and personal touch on the part of sellers of records. Learn the line of every record buyer's interest or taste and then cultivate that by the personal touch.

"I've worked out the details of this plan carefully—taken years to it, in fact—and I'm convinced that I can be worth a lot more to a maker or a distributor of records than I can to a telephone company. So I've thrown up my job and am on my way to locate in my new line. They say it takes a thief to catch a thief. I say it takes a record fan to catch a record fan, and I'm a hopeless fan in this field."

"Well," answered the head of the employment bureau who had heard this man's story, "you've sold me on your scheme. I've been thinking, while you've talked, of how much more money the record dealers could have had from me since I bought my talking machine if they had followed your line of salesmanship. And they could have easily spotted my taste—it's for records of what you'd call folk songs, records made by great vocal artists. You're on your way all right, for I'm going to send you to the sales manager of a big retail concern handling thousands of records every month."

How Good Should Plumbing Fixtures Be?



EVERY home deserves as good a water-closet combination as the limits of the owner's purse will permit. A good water closet is a wise investment. Nothing you purchase can cause you more trouble or expense if its operation is faulty, the syphonage poor and the tank fittings defective.

TEPECO Water Closets for Every Place and Purse

are a series of price-graded toilets which the Trenton Potteries Company has perfected and which we believe it will pay you to install.

We assume that everyone's natural inclination would be to install the Silent Si-wel-clo. Unfortunately we cannot manufacture this toilet at a price within the means of everyone. But we always have made other closets. "Why not," thought we, "perfect one closet of each type as it has never been perfected before, so that people who cannot afford a Si-wel-clo can be assured of getting the best value for their money?"

We have done it. You can either take our word for it or get out a measuring tape and make your own comparisons. Each in its class and at its price—Si-wel-clo, Welling, Merit and Saxon—satisfies us. In design, sanitary qualities, china tank fittings—we are proud of them.

So we have named each one of them, priced them F. O. B. Trenton, and have placed them in the hands of the plumbing contractors awaiting your call. We lay no claim to attempting to turn out cheap water-closet combinations, but we do say that they are the nearest thing to "trouble-proof" you can buy, and you will find a reputable manufacturer in back of them.

BOOKLETS—So that you may learn why some closets cost more than others, we have prepared booklets showing the difference between the types. We want you to send for them, also for our bathroom plan book—"Bathrooms of Character," Edition D.

The Trenton Potteries Company

Trenton, New Jersey, U.S.A.

Boston New York San Francisco

World's largest makers of all-clay plumbing fixtures

SNUG AND WARM IN WINTER
Cool and Clean in Summer

CALIFORNIA TYPE

The utility and comfort of your open car will be increased the year 'round if you equip it with a Rex All-Seasons Top. For a moderate price you can gain the advantages of a closed car, keeping your touring car or roadster snug and warm in winter and cool and clean in summer.

Rex All-Seasons Tops are specially designed and built to harmonize in line and color with the cars for which they are sold. They are permanently attached by invisible devices. Panels are easily removable for warm weather.

There are two types of Rex All-Seasons Tops, the "California" and "Sedan." The former combines sturdy Rex construction and all-weather utility with the distinctive appearance of California design. Regular appointments include an electric dome light, silver-finished door pulls and hand grips, silk-finished roller sun curtains and the Rex Sun-and-Rain Visor.

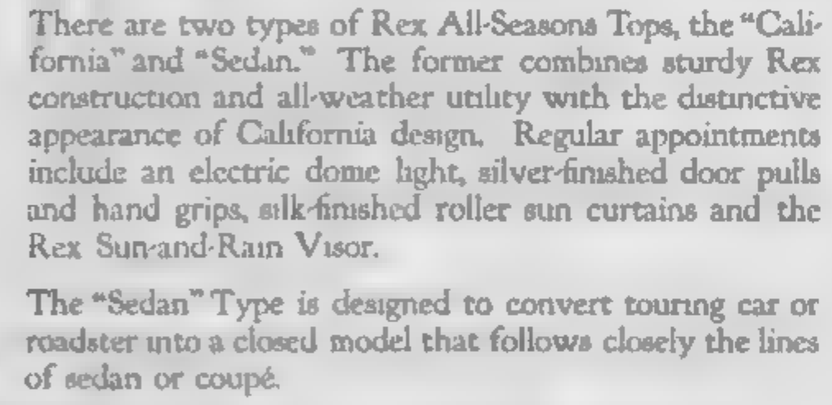
The "Sedan" Type is designed to convert touring car or roadster into a closed model that follows closely the lines of sedan or coupé.

Rex All-Seasons Tops are manufactured spectally for Buick, Cleveland, Dodge Brothers, Essex, Haynes, Hudson, Hupmobile, Nash, Paige, Reo and Studebaker cars. They are sold through dealers who handle these automobiles.

Write us, giving the make and model of the car you drive, and we will mail samples of California Type covering material and literature showing how our top will appear on your automobile.

REX MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Connersville, Indiana

Manufactured under license in Canada by Carriage Factories, Ltd., Orillia, Ontario



SEDAN TYPE

Rex All Seasons Top

THE RICH MAN'S DILEMMA

(Continued from Page 12)

are that these valuable books and manuscripts will ultimately become public property.

Now there are a few persons who feel that every possible institution, educational, scientific and artistic included, should be founded and maintained by the Government. They believe that even if private initiative and management are more efficient the effect of large fortunes upon the public is bad, even when it takes the form of presenting a collection of books to a library or endowing a musical foundation. The point need not be discussed in detail here, for I am considering the best use of fortunes as they exist, and are for some time likely to continue to exist, rather than any impossible theoretical society in which none are rich and none are poor.

But in passing it may be said that I felt no embarrassment in having my children playing in the park of a New England city after discovering that the park was supported out of private funds instead of public taxes. Does the music lover who sits in the gallery at the Chicago opera enjoy the music less or suffer humiliation because a rich man makes up the deficit? Does the freshman in the great new dental college at Rochester feel shamed because George Eastman supplied the funds? Perhaps the freshman would hold his head higher if he knew that the school was supported out of taxes unjustly and unfairly raised and spent by grafting politicians. Merely to raise these questions shows what a large element of silly rot there is in the talk about the menace of large fortunes.

Certainly the Government cannot effectively take over the bulk of the institutions supported by the wealthy until more of the best men, poor as well as rich, are inside instead of as at present outside the Government; and, as everyone knows, this will take a long time. Moreover, a public opinion which demands an extension of government service is only created by the pioneer and experimental work of private initiative and generosity, and the need of improving social conditions is so great that the effort of both private and governmental agencies is required.

At any rate, among the lines along which mankind splits there is none so clear as that of those who have the urge of social or public service, whether this phrase includes governmental activities or not, and those who have no such urge.

"It is far more important what a man does with his life than what he does with his money," said one of the richest, most active and generous of the Jewish bankers of the country when I put the question to him as to the best use of wealth.

The Liberal Rich

It is solely a question of the individual, his tastes, mental equipment, leanings, conscience, education, refinement and, above all, interest. Men and women divide along these lines in hundreds and thousands of different ways, whether they be rich or poor. Wealth has comparatively little to do with it, although in time it may modify other qualities. Fundamentally, however, every individual has a given personality, whether it be John D. Rockefeller or the poorest hobo, and the use to which he puts his money depends entirely upon that personality.

This is only another way of saying that people who attempt to explain the actions of the wealthy solely on the basis of an economic interpretation, whether it be of the school of conservatism or socialism, overlook the governing factor, which is the human element or, in the language of science, the biological and psychological. A close student of philanthropy says that giving is not so much a matter of reason or conscience as of habit, tradition, imitation, social pressure and sentiment, and the same might be said of any or all the ways in which rich people use their money.

So we must not be surprised to find that a rather small but fairly definite percentage of all rich men are, to quote the eloquent language of their own associates in plutocracy, who know them best, "as mean as hell." In preparing this article I made out a rough list of about fifty names of individuals and families who are considered among the richest in the country. About twenty names I put in a column marked "Known to be large givers," and in another column were placed an equal number of names bearing the title, "Do not give as far as I know." The remaining ten names were placed under a question mark.

This list was shown to a number of persons who might be considered authorities on the subject, including several of those whose names were listed, and the extent and variety of the information developed was indeed surprising and somewhat explosive. Several men who I had supposed had no feeling of responsibility for their wealth were credibly reported to be quiet and bashful but often very large givers. One man who has the reputation of being very stingy was described by an associate in this way:

"If you ask him for anything he gruffly tells you to go to blazes, and then the next day sends you a check for $1,000,000 and asks you to keep it quiet."

Another man who is supposed to lead an idle and empty life on a great inherited fortune was said by an associate to have given away many large sums, but to have been so frightened on the one occasion when he was forced to make a speech at the dedication of a building for the erection of which he gave the funds that he has always since avoided any gift which involves publicity.

It also developed that numerous men of conspicuous wealth who have made their homes and business headquarters in New York without winning any reputation there for generosity had given large sums to improve small towns in the South and West from which they had originally come. Perhaps they did or did not feel toward these places the way Carnegie felt toward Pittsburgh when he said, "In Pittsburgh I had made my fortune, and in the $28,000,000 spent there she gets back only a small part of what she gave, and to which she is richly entitled."

Mean Millionaires

It appeared, too, that a number of men whom I might at first glance have put down in the wrong column did not belong there because they had given extensively to certain religious institutions regarding which the writer has but slight knowledge. In general, it may be said that it is unfair to pin the badge of irresponsibility in the use of wealth on anyone without knowing all about him or her, for certain gifts bring great reputation and others, perhaps just as beneficial, do not.

Yet it must be admitted that after showing the list of fifty names to numerous authorities a few cases of either complete selfishness or utter irresponsibility remain, and, like the spot on Lady Macbeth's hand, have not yet been washed away. Indeed, the mere sight of these names aroused contemptuous and even profane remarks from several men of great wealth to whom the list was shown. The name of one man who seems to have an unpleasant habit of giving a few hundred dollars to causes which demand tens or hundreds of thousands, which sums he can easily afford, called forth unprintable remarks from men of equal wealth whose fortunes came from the same industry.

The statement has been made by a careful observer that there are few wealthy families that are not definitely connected with one or more such organizations, referring to colleges, libraries, hospitals, art galleries, and the like. Unfortunately there are a few such families. In most cities there appears to be a rather small, limited and generally well-known group that supports everything, and that can always be depended upon to respond to every good cause, while outside this group there are always individuals and families of wealth who refuse to give.

"Some people simply cannot give, no matter how much they have," said one of the richest and most generous men in the country in reply to my question as to why a few people are so stingy. "It is hard to say why this is so. Now take the Blank family, who, you know, have a great deal. They spend so much of their time dodging taxes that they haven't any left to think about giving.

"Then you know as well as I that much giving is wedded to social preferment, and there are people who will give only when they see their names down on the list of a

(Continued on Page 80)

HOPE HAMPTON, *now appearing in "Star Dust," First National Production, writes:*—Night and morning when an acid mouth will do much damage to the teeth I brush my teeth with CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste.

OSCAR SHAW, *starring in "Two Little Girls in Blue," New York's greatest musical comedy success this year, writes:*—I consider the care of my teeth of the utmost importance, and so I use CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste.

ALICE TERRY, *Metro star, appearing in the Rex Ingraham production, "The Conquering Power," writes:*—I use CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste because it leaves a most refreshing taste in the mouth.

RUBY DE REMER, *world-famous beauty and movie star, writes:*—I use CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste night and morning because it prevents tooth decay.

CARMEL MYERS, *Universal star of "A Daughter of the Law," writes:*—I have never found anything equal to CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste as a cleanser and as a mouth antiseptic.

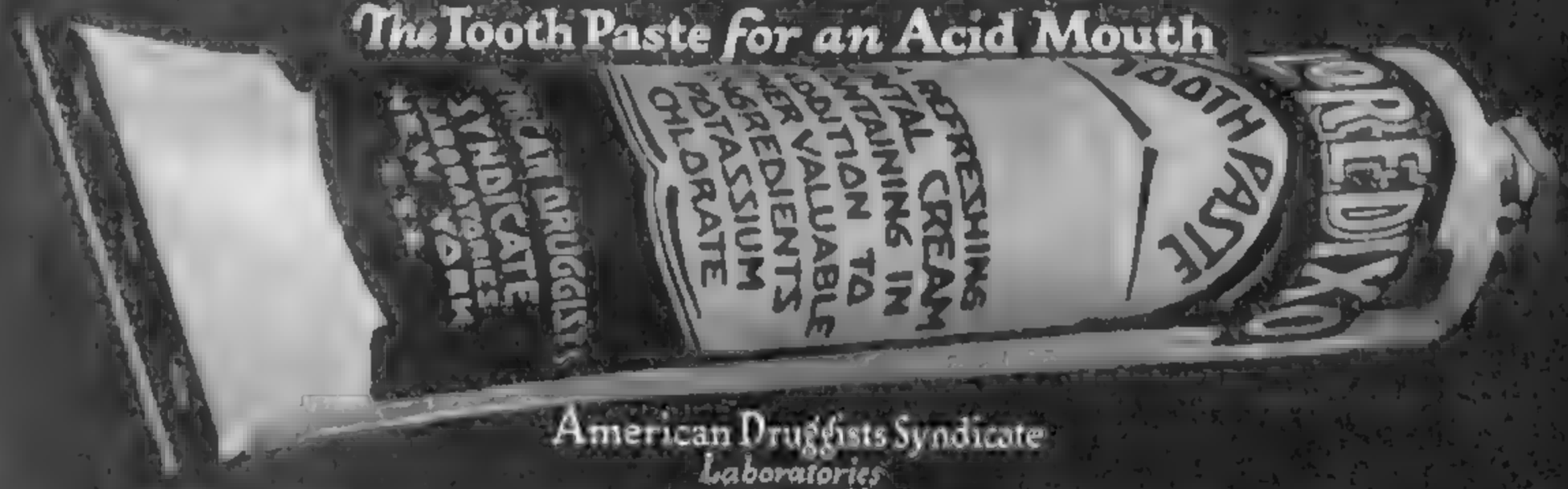
The Choice of Great Stars

Great stars of the stage and screen to retain their attractiveness and beauty must give the most exacting care to the preservation of their teeth.

Ruby de Remer, Hope Hampton, Oscar Shaw, Alice Terry and Carmel Myers are but a few of the many famous stars who have chosen Chlor-e-dixo as their favorite dentifrice, because, as they tell you in their endorsements, Chlor-e-dixo is the tooth paste for an acid mouth that removes film from the teeth, is soothing to tender gums, will not harden in the tube, and whitens the teeth like peroxide.

CHLOR-E-DIXO

The Tooth Paste for an Acid Mouth


AMERICAN DRUGGISTS SYNDICATE LABORATORIES N.Y.C.
A REFRESHING CREAM VITAL IN ATTAINING IN SOLUTION TO VALUABLE INGREDIENTS POTASSIUM CHLORATE
TOOTH PASTE
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The Fesler—Style M-75

FLORSHEIM fine style is the outward expression of the genuine quality within. Like a good friend, The Florsheim Shoe proves its merits best under severest tests.

The Florsheim Shoe—$10 and $12
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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.
Manufacturers Chicago

For the man who cares

The "Pajunette"—a Sensible Nightie

HERE'S a pretty one-piece sleeping garment made of warm, downy flannelette. Like all other styles of Brighton-Carlsbad—the roomiest, best tailored *warm* sleepingwear made—it is generously sized for real comfort.

The "Before-Buying" Test

To see the full size, the extra care in making, the better fabrics and the beautiful needlework, ask your dealer to unpin Brighton-Carlsbad and spread it out for your inspection. Then buy Brighton-Carlsbad on its merits!

For All the Family

We make night garments in all styles, for the whole family, and add distinctive touches that are appreciated by people willing to pay a fair price for honest worthy merchandise. Ask your dealer for *Brighton-Carlsbad* by name!

Send for Nightie Book

Learn what Brighton-Carlsbad offers in descriptions of garments shown, summer styles also. Mailed free.

Pajuntons

H. B. GLOVER CO., Dept. 31, Dubuque, Iowa

(Continued from Page 78)

really fashionable charity. Business firms often give because it is good business.

"Then there are the selfish givers, in which class I include those who will write out a check for $100,000 for a political fund and only a fraction of that amount for a hospital or college. Then there are the actually undesirable citizens, in which class I include a young man who inherited a fortune which gives him an income of $150,000 a year and who spends all his time playing poker, bridge and golf for large stakes. The Boy Scout organization down in the country where he has his summer home was in sore need of funds. Everyone was asked to contribute, and this man gave five dollars. You know there are some people who have ice water in their veins instead of blood.

"Nor do I think people deserve much credit for giving large sums at their death. That does not place them among the really generous. They can't take the money with them, as they would if they could. Nor does the mere giving of money stamp a man as generous unless he gives time and personal interest. Money is nothing to me, but time is very valuable.

"With many, failure to give is merely due to lack of education, especially where money has been made very quickly. With those who have had it a long time failure to give seems to me to be due to the same cause—to a stunted growth of intellect. Perhaps in a few cases families have English ideas of primogeniture. They like to be able to say that the family is wealthy from generation to generation, like the Rothschilds. But I repeat that this represents a stunted intellect.

"Of course, it is hard to learn to give, especially when you have to make your own way. You ask me why that is, and I can only answer that a man cannot help it. It took Rockefeller a long time to learn to do it right. I was sixty-five before I began to learn the long, hard lesson. I had to start in a small way. For one thing a man who plans to give largely meets the opposition of his immediate family. Often they want to inherit great wealth which they may or may not use wisely. Personally I feel that very few of them do use it that way. Young Mr. Rockefeller is a striking exception.

"Perhaps some day another like Christ will arise in the temple and awaken those who have not yet had their hearts stirred."

Sentiment in Giving

Anyone who considers dispassionately and in detail the motives which lead to extensive giving cannot honestly maintain that men and women of wealth, any more than their poorer fellows, are moved only by generosity, altruism and love of mankind. People give because they are bored and dissatisfied with life, and they give because it is the fad to do so. Also they give because those who ask them are persistent, or perhaps in an increasing number of cases because the donor is under obligations to the person who is shrewdly selected to approach him.

Then there is the inheritance tax, which is steadily forcing even the most stingy millionaires to break up their fortunes. No rich man likes to see his estate absorbed into the nameless, impersonal and bottomless pool of government revenues, expenses and deficits. Several of the great fortunes of the country, notably those of Frick and Stillman, have been pretty much shot to pieces by inheritance taxes.

Still another motive of the rich man is to build a monument to himself. There are those who can do it in their business, and there are others who can do it only through their benefactions. We all want to live in the future, and immortality has many forms.

It becomes still more dangerous to generalize in terms of praise or blame when we dig into the motives which lead to any particular gift. Certainly no one will do much generalization on this subject after reading the chapters on Why We Give and How We Decide What to Give in Lilian Brandt's most interesting little book on How Much Shall I Give?

Many people have poked fun at the Carnegie libraries, and others have considered them the finest gift to mankind. But anyone who studies the life of Andrew Carnegie will doubt whether these libraries were given as the result of cold reasoning. From his earliest days the little steel master had a passion for books, which was very difficult to satisfy three-quarters of a century ago. He considered his greatest benefactor to have been the man who first loaned him a considerable number of books. Besides, his father had been one of a small group of workmen who pooled their few meager volumes in the little Scotch village of Dunfermline and loaned them to their less fortunate fellows. Thus it was inevitable that Andrew Carnegie should establish libraries.

The English statesman Burke once said that no one knows a man's motives except his Creator and himself, and that the man himself does not always know them. It is a man of unusual poise, intellect and philosophical insight who can analyze his own motives, and no one can analyze another's motives. Men give or do not give because of the effect upon and obligations to themselves, their families, their friends, their business and the public. Sheer altruism and a pure intellectual sense of duty and responsibility are not wholly absent, but they certainly are not the whole thing.

But just as the reasons for giving are not simple, so the reasons for not giving are almost equally complicated. A man with several children cannot dispose of his riches quite so lightly as one who has no such dependents. A young man of the writer's acquaintance who inherited a considerable fortune not only has several children of his own but manages trust funds for something like thirty different women and children who are related to him. Inevitably in such a case the tendency is toward the conservation rather than the distribution of wealth. Nor does a man in serious domestic difficulties have much time to think about giving.

Frozen Wealth

Mrs. Russell Sage, who gave away so large a portion of her husband's great fortune shortly after she came into it, had no children. George Eastman, who is a bachelor, and Edward S. Harkness, who has no children, are among the two largest givers in the country to-day. I do not mean to imply that any of these three was or is lacking in the finest qualities. Eastman and Harkness are spoken of in the highest terms by those who know them. Harkness, who represents the greatest perhaps of the Standard Oil fortunes next to that of Rockefeller, is said to take the responsibilities of his wealth more seriously possibly than any other person in the country.

One reason why the circle of large givers is so limited is that active business men are unable to give in proportion to their paper, or supposed, wealth. This is best illustrated by an imaginary case. Suppose Henry Ford and his son Edsel, who are understood to be the sole owners of the Ford Motor Company, should take into partnership one of their managers, agreeing to give him a one-fifth interest, to be paid for by him out of his share of the profits. If the company pays dividends of $30,000,000 in one year his income will be $6,000,000.

He will first have to turn a large part of this over to the Government in supertaxes and the remainder he owes to Ford. Yet someone will arise to say that he is a very stingy man because he does not give away a large part of his income!

In course of time this man will have paid for his interest, and if then the company should be sold to a syndicate of bankers the situation might become entirely different. Suppose the bankers buy out the three owners for $500,000,000 in bonds or preferred stock. The third partner will then have $100,000,000 in securities, and if he does not then give away any of his wealth he will deserve the title of tightwad or something much worse.

Nor is this case so imaginary as it might seem. It follows closely that of Carnegie, and is not so different from that of Rockefeller. I do not wish to take away any of the credit which these two men deserve, but few people seem to appreciate the simple, underlying reason for the vastness of their gifts. Mr. Carnegie gave away $350,000,000. He gave to more than 500 educational institutions alone. Most men can give away only a part of their income, and if they try to give away their principal they endanger the very life of the industry out of which their income is made. But Carnegie sold out his business, lock, stock and barrel, for securities which he could distribute widely without taking one single cent out of the business itself.

Though Rockefeller did not sell out in the same sense, he long ago retired from

business, owning a vast mass of stable and valuable securities, the total being far beyond the conceivable wants of his family. Moreover, the passing of these securities over to this or that foundation or institute could not possibly injure or ever affect the Standard Oil Company any more than the giving away of Carnegie's bonds could affect the United States Steel Corporation. Both companies had grown far beyond the point where they needed or even could be helped by the personal credit or borrowing capacity of any individual.

But there are many men in active business whom the public supposes to be very rich who are never out of debt. I am credibly informed that one of the most experienced and prominent business men in the country has never been free from obligations. At the present time this is especially true of many such men, and when a banker in a position to know the facts was asked why one of the supposedly top-notch business successes of the country did not give away more money, this reply was elicited:

"Perhaps he prefers to lose his money rather than give it away."

A man of about forty-five who has won an enviable reputation for his endeavors to put both his time and his inherited fortune to the best use, when congratulated upon what he had done with his life, replied that he deserved no credit, since his wealth was in a form which did not take all of his time to care for.

He remarked that another man of the same age with an even greater inherited fortune should not be criticized for giving all of his time to further money-making because this particular fortune, being invested in banking, required constant vigilance on the part of the owner. At any rate there can be little doubt that the amount of time and money which a rich man can give to good works depends to no small extent upon the form which his investment takes.

But it would be a foolish mistake to convey the idea that only those who have inherited wealth are notable givers. Not only have great sums been given by such self-made men as Rockefeller, Carnegie, Eastman, Heckscher and Rosenwald, but among the meanest of our plutocratic families are some of those in the second, third, fourth and even fifth generations. It is natural to expect the newly rich man to hold on to his money and to be so engrossed with himself that he has no time to think of others. In all countries the profiteer who has just bought an estate is dreaded by the tenants. The rugged captain of industry who has made his own way must be sold when approached for a contribution to the worthiest of charities, just as he must be sold on a new investment.

The Suspicious Rich

I think these qualities in the newly rich are easier to understand than the extreme reluctance of most of the members of certain families of great inherited wealth to part with any of the dough which father or grandfather or great-grandfather made. But let us be fair even to these gentry. In the second, third and fourth generations an income of $250,000 or $500,000, which is usually fixed in amount no matter how large, is just as likely to be appropriated by circumstances as an income of $10,000 a year.

Income and expenses both are likely to be more fixed and inflexible than those of the founder of the fortune. The second and third generation man has a place here and a place there, the mere upkeep of which is a very large item. To give away much requires a violent change in habits which the owner has come to consider a fixed part of his life. Such people feel they have a position to keep up, and their wealth is often less in proportion to the way they live than that of the founder of the fortune. Nor do they have the ability or knowledge as a rule to increase their income the way the rugged founder had.

An old gentleman of impressively large wealth was asked some years ago by another millionaire to go on the board of trustees of a university so famous that the position was one of real honor. The old gentleman accepted, but when a few months later he was again approached by the other millionaire and asked to contribute toward the deficit he drew himself up haughtily and said "Is that why I was made a trustee?" and therefore resigned in great indignation.

This represents the extreme type of supersensitive, or perhaps it is the superegotistical, rich man, who becomes so suspicious of everyone that he has no friends left. Fortunately most men, whether rich or poor, do not take themselves so seriously as all that. To the owners of three of the great fortunes of the country I put a series of questions along these lines. Two of these, one a man of twenty-eight and the other of forty-four, inherited their money, the younger man being in the third generation. The third man made it all and is now in his seventy-fourth year. He described the questions as Procrustean—that is, ruthless. But he answered them without flinching, as did the other two. Here are the questions:

Is it true that rich men find it difficult to serve because people associated with them either defer to them or try to be bumptious?

Are not the conditions surrounding the rich man so unnatural and artificial that he hardly knows which way to turn?

Does he not get too much advice?

Does he not really dislike being fortune's darling?

Are not his responsibilities a great burden to him?

"That's a lot of rot," said the man of twenty-eight, "unless a chap takes himself too seriously, and that he will not do if he has any sense of proportion. I don't know how people will act toward me when I am older, but they certainly do not defer to me now."

Generous But Bashful

"I do not think this is true of the man who is really on the job," said the forty-four-year-old. "It is true that in some cases the man of wealth is deferred to too much for his own good. I am deferred to in one organization to which I give a large sum each year, but I know that my check book is not the only reason. I give more time to this work than any other man on the board, and I am so intensely interested that the other members respect my judgment because they know it is based on long experience, enthusiasm and hard work. More than that, when money is needed for this and many other causes I go around and personally beg of the richest men in the country."

"No, I do not think your points apply so much in this as in other countries," said the man of seventy-three. "I do not regard the responsibilities of wealth as a burden if one keeps his health and maintains a detached mental attitude, although I do think that many young men who inherit wealth regard themselves as wonders when they really ought to think of themselves as being very small. But on the other hand when they do accomplish things they often fail to get the credit they deserve, because people say, 'Look at his money. I could have done just as well with it myself.'"

All of which brings us back to the essential and unavoidable idea that the use of wealth is not primarily a question of money or economics at all, but of the personality of the individual, and of what seem to him the important values of life. One of the five or six richest men in the country is so bashful, or something else of that sort, that he will not even meet the presidents of universities who come to thank him for his gifts. It seems to many people that this man is missing a great deal of fun, but if a person wishes to be a recluse, or if he is made that way, then about all that can be said of him is that if he likes that sort of thing then that is the sort of thing he likes. Another and opposite type was Andrew Carnegie, who used the power of his money to bring to him every interesting person that he knew about.

The only really hopeless case, however, is the rich man who takes no vital interest in any important subject. He deserves only asphyxiation. There are men of large means who argue that the best use of their money is to put it to work in industry, and there are others just as positive that it does little good unless given away. This at first apparently insoluble problem clears up, however, as we approach it.

"It all depends," said one of the men already quoted, "whether a young man's mind leans toward public service or toward constructive building. I do not use the words 'public service' necessarily to mean going to Congress or into politics, but in the sense of interest in education, art, charity and the like. If a young man is

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Kansas City, Mo.	212 25	172 50	87 25	[illegible]
Chicago, Ill.	208 50	170 00	87 25	[illegible]
Greenville, Ohio	210 00	170 00	87 25	[illegible]
New York, N. Y.	215 50	174 50	91 25	[illegible]0
To attach about	47 50	12 50	10 00	[illegible]00

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really interested in a particular industry or in banking I think it is splendid for him to throw himself into it regardless of his wealth. Personally I would rather have my boy, who is soon to enter Yale, connect himself with the many educational and philanthropic activities with which our family name is connected. But I cannot tell what effect his college courses will have upon him, or how his mind may develop in the next four years. If he wants to come into the banking house I am willing."

"Intelligent understanding requires a more substantial draft upon one's personal energy than any other form of service," says Miss Brandt. "It is less picturesque than many another form. But it is the most needed, and it can be given by everybody. . . . It may be that under modern conditions the personal service which Cicero ranked as 'nobler and more becoming to a strong and eminent man' than gifts of money can be given most effectively by a conscientious study of social problems and of the various forms of social work which are asking for support, and reaching conclusions as to their relative utility."

I asked Mr. Robert W. De Forest, who is president of the Sage Foundation as well as of the largest art gallery and charity organization society in the country, and who has probably been the trusted adviser of more men and women of great wealth in their benefactions than anyone else, whether the better use of money is in industry or in giving it away. Mr. De Forest replied that it was a mistake to consider the two as mutually exclusive. He feels that money may sometimes be wasted on unsound art and unwise charity which might better be employed in industry. But he pointed out that a large part of the money which is given away actually promotes industry.

Art museums have a distinctly educational function, and the manufacturers' exhibits which they hold lead to the improvement of such articles as silverware, furniture and wall paper. Indeed the educational side of art has much to do with making remunerative work and giving employment. Education, to which probably the largest portion of the gifts of the wealthy go, trains men and women for industry, and indeed it might be said that without education and scientific research there would be no industry. Even in the case of family work, or what is most commonly known as charity, the restoration of a disabled worker to a position where he can support his family certainly helps to keep industry going.

Earning for Charity

This is no place to go into details regarding individual gifts or givers, even among the very wealthy. There are far too many invidiously to pick out a few, and though the writer is more familiar with conditions in New York than elsewhere, there are no doubt many great causes and benefactors even in that city of which and whom he has not heard. But because of one unusual feature it seems not out of place to mention a man who, though intensely interested in the giving away of money, continues to be greatly interested in its accumulation, although now seventy-three years old. Mr. August Heckscher, who came from Germany as a young man and made a fortune in the zinc business, has given extensively to Cornell and other universities, but more especially has contributed a great sum to the endowment and partial cost of erection of a building for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the scope and extent of which will far exceed anything that has yet been attempted in work among children.

Mr. Heckscher believes that remedial and helpful work among children has only begun; that the country needs dozens of such centers and that many millions beyond his power to give should be raised for the purpose. In addition to the zinc industry, he is interested in many other concerns, and has in late years become one of the largest owners of real estate, especially of office buildings, in New York City. I asked Mr. Heckscher why he should be so keenly interested in so many business enterprises in addition to so many benefactions. He replied that the stock of the corporation which owns his real-estate interests was being given away to Cornell, the Children's Society and to other similar institutions. In other words, this case illustrates a most fascinating possibility that lies before a man of wealth, namely, to continue to make money even in advancing years for the purpose of having more to give away to the causes which most interest him.

There is little doubt that one's attitude toward the use of wealth is governed to no small extent by age. The very young man naturally enjoys the mere selfish pleasures which money can give, such as sport and luxurious living, and also the sense of accomplishment and achievement which goes with active participation in business. Though there are exceptions to all such generalities, yet with many older men the so-called pleasures of life and money making to an extent at least lose their charm, whereas the giving or distribution of their money should normally in most cases prove a growing source of pleasure. It is wholly normal that young people, with the vigor of their youth, should take less thought for the unfortunate and uneducated than older persons, who have themselves begun to realize that even wealth cannot stave off infirmity and suffering.

The most wholesome situation obviously is that where men of middle life feel a sense of responsibility and stewardship in the use of their wealth. It is a rather striking coincidence that the two great landed fortunes of New York and Chicago, those of Vincent Astor and Marshall Field, are both owned by men of the same age, twenty-eight. It is true that the tree tends to grow in the way the twig is bent. Yet I am confident, and no disrespect for either of these young men is intended, that the use to which they put their money, and their conceptions as to its best use, will be a matter of far greater moment to themselves and to the public when they are about forty-five than now.

Learning to Give

Mr. Field has organized an investment and bond firm, and though he sensibly and modestly feels that he is too young and inexperienced to make public statements concerning large economic questions, he makes no effort to stall or beat about the bush when asked his opinion. He believes that his capital employed in financing useful enterprises which are intelligently and carefully selected by his organization is being put to good use. Some comment having been caused by his plans to erect a large country place, he feels, it may be said, that this is the best time to conduct building operations, and that it is wiser to employ labor for such purposes now than when it is in more urgent demand.

I repeat that it is not natural for the very young man to take any particular interest in the giving away of money. But if he does not begin to feel some such interest by the time he is forty-five, then there is something wrong. The wealthy man of forty-five or more who spends all his time in play, polo, bridge and women, he is the one really futile and abortive citizen.

"No, I do not think the sense of stewardship is increasing rapidly," said a man of large wealth and large gifts to whom I put the question. "But I do think it is increasing slowly. People still have to learn that when they give the favor is to them, and not that they are doing someone else a favor. The typical millionaire with an art collection seems strangely ignorant of the fact that when he gives his collection to his native town for a public gallery he will get far more pleasure from watching people look at the pictures than from keeping the paintings to himself. He does not seem to know that if he gives of his time and interest he will have something to live for in old age and probably will live longer."

It is fair to say that the people who accept the possible enjoyments of wealth while repudiating its responsibilities, and who seem to be ignorant of the fact that wealth has no historical or ethical justification except as an aid to work of one kind or another, are meeting with an increasing challenge.

I cannot speak for other cities, where conditions, however, are no doubt the same; but in New York there seems to be a gradual increase in the number of men in middle life who feel the responsibility of their wealth, in all three of the great religious groups, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. Often, too, among the most active of these men are numbers of whom the public has rarely heard, such as Mortimer L. Schiff, son of the founder of the greatest fortune made by Jews in banking in this country, and Harold I. Pratt, member of a family which is probably the second or third richest in the Standard Oil group. Each of these men is forty-four years of age.

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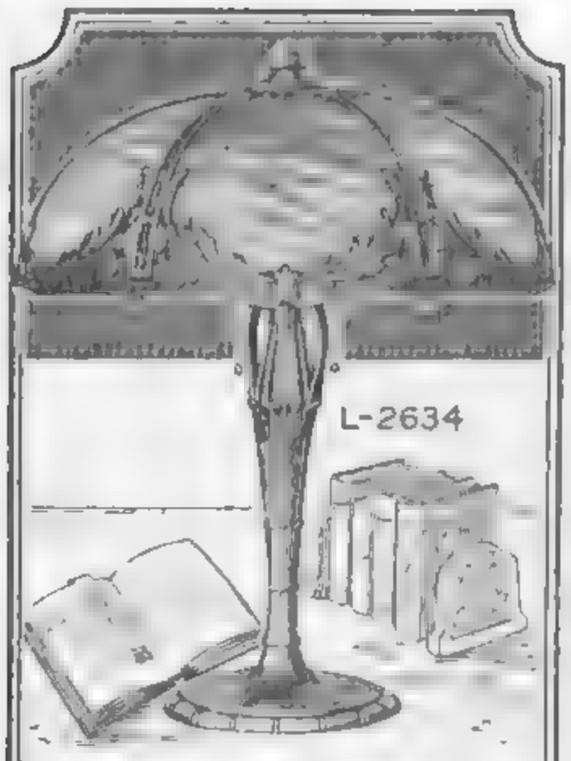

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HOPPY STRIKES TWELVE

(Continued from Page 9)

no education himself beyond the eighth grade. He had gone to work as an office boy on the Mercury at the age of thirteen and graduated into reporting. I explored then, as I had before, into Hoppy's intellectual furnishing. So far as I could find, he had never since he left school read anything which I considered worth reading. Yet he did have an equipment of semi-literary phrases, like the "passionate Italian ardor," that I had heard him throw off on the telephone that first night.

But now I solved the riddle. Since he left school Hoppy had been a consistent, earnest student of one thing—the Mercury. He read it every day, from the first word of the flash seven-column head to the last filler on the back editorial page. He carried it round with him on his day's work and read it again. He even absorbed every line of the Sunday haystack—its melodramas of society or low life, its bizarre science. It was his education, his style, his everything intellectual. To Hoppy McBride the world was peopled with the creations of yellow journalism.

One morning, reading the newspapers in bed, as was my habit, the name "McBride" flashed out on me above a front-page story in the Mercury. This, I realized, was the first time that he had ever been signed. The conspicuous and aggressive signature at the head of a Mercury story was only for special people, like Merriam and Hoyt, the star reporters and special commissioners; Muller, the political man; the sporting writers; and Fanny Fenton, the efficient sob sister. But there it was—"By Hopwood McBride"—on the first page, right-hand column.

I skimmed it rapidly, then read every word. The tale itself was simple. A Scotch couple, come all the way from Glasgow to buy or start a small dry-goods business in our town, had brought a thousand pounds, the proceeds of their shop and their savings. On their way from New York they had met a bunko man, who, of course, took it all. The husband was so ignorant of American ways, perhaps so ashamed, that he had not reported the matter to the police. With the last of their money they had rented a furnished room in the gas-house district. There they had been found by the neighbors, the larder bare and the young Scotch mother tending her four-year-old baby, sick with pneumonia. Such was the story in skeleton. It was written in Hoppy's regular jargon. Yet when I had finished I found a blur over my cynical young eyes. Somehow Hoppy had got it across.

I suppose this was the first blow to my college-bred intellectual snobbery. I realized, though dimly, that the yellow journalese of Hoppy McBride was a language of its own and could convey thought and emotion like any other language—that the feeling behind the word was perhaps what mattered. Hoppy had certainly felt this little tragedy, and he had made me feel it.

This afternoon, starting uptown to report a meeting of the Women's Club, I met Hoppy emerging with his short, nervous steps from the cigar store which was always the first station on his news route. I stopped him to congratulate him and to tell him how good I thought his story.

"Got space on it too," said Hoppy with more animation than I had ever seen him display. "Dug it up myself right under the nose of the cops. Goin' out now on the follow-up. Dunno if I get space on that, too, or just an assignment."

I mentioned again, perhaps not wholly with sincerity, how much I admired his handling of the story.

"Yep," said Hoppy, "a few more like that and I get on salary. Lowest salary they pay on our sheet is forty dollars, and I've only averaged twenty-eight-forty the past six months on space and assignment. There's my car."

Evidently the address in the gas-house district was too far to walk, or perhaps Hoppy was on this special occasion giving himself a treat. As he swung on the car I remarked mentally that when he got on salary he would do well to buy himself a new suit of clothes. He still wore the pair of striped trousers that I had noticed at our first meeting. They seemed never to have been pressed since first he put them on; the wrinkles and bags had settled into permanent form, as though cast from the mold in iron. His black coat was green about the edges. His straight straw-colored hair was still topped by his rusty derby. And this train of thought led to another series of indefinite speculations. Where did Hoppy live, and what were his private circumstances? From all our intimate conversations I could not recall a single remark bearing on that.

In the course of that autumn Hoppy had two or three more signed stories—none, I thought, so good of its kind as his first. When I mentioned them he said merely, "Yep. Gettin' on toward that salary!"

Then came the signed story which brought the crisis in the life of Hoppy McBride. I did not observe the episode as it unfolded, for it was then a deep office secret. Only long afterward, when our acquaintance had become a real friendship, did he tell me his side of that bizarre tale. The rest I got from the other leading actor, on the occasion of helping him out of trouble with the police—one of the occasions in his life when the police suspected him of something he had not done.

We have a charity board in our town. I suppose something of the sort exists in every well-regulated city. Its main business is to coordinate charity and to run down the grafters and professional beggars. It had, then, no official status under the city government; so that Walsingham, ruthless and all-powerful proprietor of the Mercury, held over it no control. Amos Kingsley, its chairman, was an old Yankee—conservative, side-whiskered, high-minded and stiff-necked. At Thanksgiving the Mercury gave a splendidly advertised charity ball for the Children's Hospital. Rather as a matter of course the Mercury sent over five hundred tickets to the Charity Board. Kingsley returned them with the answer that though he approved of the ball he had no appropriation for such a purpose. The Mercury dispatched Hoyt to put on the screws. Kingsley in the course of a somewhat heated interview stated flatly that he did not propose to be run by a yellow newspaper—and war was on. For some reason—there are wheels within wheels in newspaper politics—the Mercury did not make it open battle at once, but began a preliminary campaign of suppression and slight veiled slurs.

A few days before Christmas Nobey Dixon, the city editor, spawned a double-barreled idea for the front page of the Christmas Day number—not the special, colored feature Sunday number, which appeared two weeks ahead of the joyous holiday. The Saddest Christmas in Town that was the head he flashed in his mind. The story was good in itself; and with proper handling could be turned to the reproach of the Charity Board. It seemed made to order for Fanny Fenton, the Mercury's plump, humorous, good-natured sob sister, who spilled all her tears on the keys of her typewriter. However, in the week before Christmas Fanny came down with tonsillitis. Merriam was over in the next state on a political story. Hoyt was never sent on a digging story, but kept for special emergency, as fire, murder or scandal. Besides, Hoyt's best hold was humorous cynicism—he had not a sob in his system. Nobey Dixon brought up the matter in the three-o'clock conference, which the cynical of the Mercury used to call the Paresis Club.

"The story's good," he said, "but where are we at for a writer?"

Walsingham, the boss, was sitting with the Paresis Club that day. He spoke up now, as I believe he seldom did. Walsingham was a quiet, cold individual with the thick, settled figure, the jowly countenance and the inscrutable manner of a professional gambler. His best act was listening.

"We ran a story about a Scotch couple a month or so ago," he remarked. "Have we still got the man who did it? Try him."

Fresh from this ukase, Nobey Dixon summoned McBride and gave him the assignment.

"I want you to dig, and I want you to write," he said. "No case that's been touched by the Charity Board—you understand? If it's been turned down by them, so much the better. And when you get it, I want a sob in every syllable—get that?"

Hoppy sped forth to all his staff of informants. He tried first the priests, clergymen and district nurses. They had many a sad case, but none which had not already been relieved, more or less, through the offices of the Charity Board. Toward the

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evening of a day wholly unprofitable except for some one-inch space items, Hoppy drifted in on Gus Kohler, bartender at Rudolph's place.

He was a curious person, this Gus Kohler. His name hinted at German origins; but he was dark of complexion and of nature. It was quite certain that Kohler was not the name with which he was born. Some said he was a Portuguese, and some hinted at a dash of Arab or Gypsy blood. He was a small and sinister power in our town. Those were the days of the saloon in politics. Gus Kohler delivered regularly his two hundred votes, not to mention colonizers in case of emergency. He wove the tangled webs, followed the devious paths and boasted the curious acquaintanceship which might be expected of a man in his way of life. Like so many of the crooked or half crooked, he had a perverted sense of humor. The most atrocious things he did appealed to him as rich practical jokes.

Gus Kohler kept his men in line for the party machine of the Mercury, and figured as a friend of the paper; wherefore he was on Hoppy's calling list of regular informants and could be approached on a confidential matter.

But Hoppy did not know—how could he know?—that Gus Kohler, dissatisfied with his rewards and emoluments from the close victory at the election of November, had compounded with the pure party represented by the Courier and was preparing to switch. At the moment, being sore and revengeful, he was in a mood to enjoy a joke on the Mercury. It need not be an open, public joke—Gus was that way. Like a Chinaman, he could enjoy a laugh all by himself.

"Say," began Hoppy, "got any cases of destitution on your beat?"

"Millions," replied Gus Kohler, slicing the foam from a glass of beer he was automatically drawing for Hoppy. "What kind'll you have?"

"Want a bad case for the Christmas paper," said Hoppy, ignoring Gus' sprightly humor. "Worse the better. Kids or pretty girl would be best."

"Why don't you go to the Charity Board?" asked Gus. He knew perfectly well, but he wanted to hear it from Hoppy.

"We're off the Charity Board," replied Hoppy. "No case is any good that they've even touched—unless they've turned it down."

"When you get it, what are you going to do with it?" asked Gus.

"Write it up and get it relieved," said Hoppy McBride. "Print it Christmas morning—The Saddest Christmas in Town. Glad yuletide spirit—you know. Folks'll come through with money and things."

Hoppy, a little discouraged by a day of fruitless search, was by now eager to sell the goods. Gus Kohler appeared to consider.

"There's the Berkovitzes," he said. "Nope, they've been fixed up by the Charity Board. There's the Mulvanes—nope. I tell you," he concluded brightly—his big idea was already forming—"you come back here to-morrow morning. I'll ask the boys to-night. Guess I can dig you up a good one. Ought to, with a hard winter coming on."

When Hoppy was gone Gus spent a few minutes in thought before calling up the Excelsior Sporting Club and asking them to send round Jimmy Carrigan—as that gentleman chose in this transaction to be known; wherefore I shall dower him with the name at once.

Among all his odd acquaintances Jimmy seemed to Gus Kohler at the moment to be the most useful for his purposes. As I knew him afterward, Jimmy Carrigan was a tall, preternaturally thin young man with a sad and cadaverous countenance. He lived and operated somewhere on the border between slipperiness and crime. When the rustic victim approached the touch-off of the wire-tapping game, Jimmy served in the enthusiastic crowd of betters. When emergencies called for colonizers at election time, he helped gather the recruits. When the police were at outs with the gamblers, he played lookout. This in winter; but summer was his fat time. Then he traveled on the fringes of a small and crooked circus, playing capper for the shells, the boxes and three-card monte. He had by nature a gift of expression, and in his hours of ease and friendly confidence talked well if ungrammatically. But in his working hours he assumed to be inarticulate, to have difficulty in expressing himself. This gave him an appearance of sincerity as he stalked his rural prey. Had Jimmy possessed also initiative, it might have carried him far; as it was, he figured only as a super in the drama of graft. Probably Gus Kohler in selecting Jimmy Carrigan for his present uses considered all this—his man was made to order to swindle such as Hoppy McBride.

Jimmy had another qualification for the job. This was his first winter in our town; his face was as yet probably unknown to the local police.

"Have the bulls in this burg got anything on you that would stop you from bein' mugged?" asked Gus Kohler when he had Carrigan alone in the back room of Rudolph's place.

"Not a thing—s'welp me!" said Jimmy.

Of course he was bound to say that, at least on first question. Gus was not listening to his words but watching his expression. In that, apparently, he read sincerity, for he proceeded: "Because I've got somethin' nice for you for Christmas—somethin' that's good for a winter's groceries and a barrel of ready cash, which you'll have to spend in some other town. Only probably you've got to be mugged and published right on the front pages of the papers. You can get your hair cut, and you can screw that map of yours up so's your own mother wouldn't know you after this newspaper half tone gets through with you."

"What's the lay?" inquired Jimmy eagerly. Wire tapping was out of fashion that season, the election was long over and the receipts spent, and Jimmy was facing the necessity of shoveling snow or joining the bread line.

"This is the lay," said Gus. "See! You're from Corvallis, Oregon, way out on the Coast. That's far enough so's nobody will call you. Ever been to Corvallis? Fine! That'll help. Up to last year you had a prosperous grocery business. Your family lived over the store—wife and two girl babies. One night the store caught fire when you was away. Your wife and two children was burned up, and likewise the stock. The insurance had run out just two days before. You didn't have nothin' left except a fare to some place where you could forgit your grief. So you come way back here. Then a cough you'd started got worse and worse and was pronounced consumption—TB. Let's hear you cough. Fine! You can't work, you're broke. Where do you live—what kind of place?"

"Little room on Jefferson Street. Jest moved in. What's ——"

"Fine! Pack up everything in the place that looks like you was on Easy Street. Make it bare—bare—see! I've got photographs of your two babies. Mike Slumski, that used to be porter here, has gone back to Hungary with his family. They was took in Corvallis before he hit this town. That's why you're from there—name of the town's on the border of the photographs. Maybe you've got to show a doctor's certificate that you've got TB. In that case I'll get one all right, but don't let 'em photograph it for the paper. Just flash it—see!"

"Say," inquired Carrigan, breaking in and getting expression at last, "what's the lay anyhow? What do I get out of it?"

"You're goin' to be The Saddest Christmas in Town," said Gus. "You're going to git relieved by the Mercury, and no goo-goo charity board gum-shoein' round to see if you're genuine. You're ——"

And Gus Kohler laid out his plot in all its glittering beauty. Jimmy Carrigan shied a little at the newspaper publicity; had to be persuaded with Gus Kohler's golden eloquence.

"What's in it for you?" he asked at length.

"Helpin' out one of the boys," said Gus. "I stand by those as stands by the push."

If Gus had answered this question honestly, I take it, he would have been forced to explain very complex motives. He was sore, extremely sore, against the party, including especially the Mercury and its proprietor, and was relieving his private feeling while playing a splendid joke for his own enjoyment.

He did not intend, at least not now, to spring that joke publicly. He was going to hold it in reserve until such time as he might use it to club the paper into line for something he wanted.

At ten o'clock that night, while Hoppy was finishing in the office his day's budget of space items, Gus Kohler called him up on the telephone.

"You know you was askin' me about a sad case of destitution," he said. "I found

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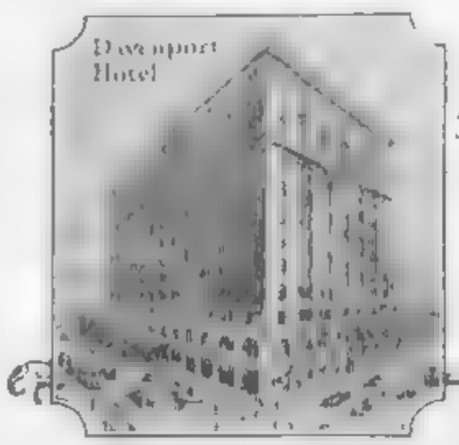

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Notice the half-page advertisement on Page 98 of this issue of *The Post*. It will doubtless enhance the already wide demand for our publications as Christmas gifts at the low pre-war prices. If you apply at once, you can help us collect the orders in your neighborhood. We will pay you well. Then, if you like the work (and we are sure you will) we can offer you a permanent position, paying generous commissions and a liberal cash bonus for volume production.

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one to-day. Didn't see him myself. The boys told me and give me the address. They was thinkin' of relievin' him themselves, but I saved him up for you in case you want him."

"Pretty girl in the case?" asked Hoppy.

"Nope, but there's two little children—both dead—a case of TB. and a fire," said Gus.

"I'll be right over," replied Hoppy.

When Gus, professing that he didn't rightly know much about it, told in fragments the sad story of the Carrigan case, Hoppy was for going at once to the little room in Jefferson Street. Gus gently dissuaded him.

"Them consumptives needs their sleep," said Gus. "Try him in the mornin'. Boys said he gets up about ten o'clock."

Next morning Jimmy Carrigan heard a footstep on the stairs leading to his humble room in Jefferson Street. He began promptly to cough, even to strangulation. There was a knock at the door. He controlled a passion of strangling to gasp "Come in," and as Hoppy McBride entered he resumed where he left off.

Hoppy was in a bare chamber, furnished with one kitchen table, one cupboard set forth with a set of tin plates and three or four china dishes, one chair, one bed with blankets but no sheets. On the wall, by way of decoration, were only some pretty good pictures cut out of Sunday newspapers and—Hoppy's eye caught this detail at once—two photographs of two smiling children, crowned with a dusty wreath of immortelles. Nothing more, except a tiny fireplace, feebly burning a few fragments of broken boxes. Over this blaze, which served only to emphasize the cold, crouched a long, cadaverous man dressed in a worn and rusty suit of clothes. His coat collar was turned up about his ears—evidently he was wearing beneath only an undershirt. Hoppy cast a swift look about for other clothing.

Nothing except a dingy overcoat, a white shirt, a celluloid collar and a greasy necktie hanging on nails behind the door. There was not even a trunk in sight.

"What do you want?" asked the invalid in a thick voice.

"I understand you're up against it," said Hoppy with his own simple directness.

The invalid gave another cough or two before he replied, "That ain't anybody's business but mine, I guess."

Bit by bit Hoppy broke down his pride and reserve, wormed the story out of him. Carrigan seemed modest, brave, unwilling to tell his troubles. But at the end of an hour Hoppy had it all, including several convincing details which Carrigan had added for himself. Then came the final touch. Although they kept an inspector in the district, the Charity Board had not been near him.

It all looked perfectly straight, perfectly convincing, made to order for The Saddest Christmas in Town.

Hoppy hesitated no longer. He jumped on a car and reported to Dixon, who glowed with the possibilities in the story. At three o'clock Hoppy was back at the tenement house in Jefferson Street with photographers, flash-light apparatus and five dollars of expense money for immediate relief. I suppose that a reporter for a conservative newspaper, even an inexperienced cub like me, would have looked further into the antecedents of Jimmy Carrigan. But Hoppy's world, as formed in his mind by the Mercury, was a world of lurid melodrama. The more pink and purple the story the more it appealed to him as square with the facts of life. Besides, Carrigan had the guaranty of Gus Kohler, the friend of the paper. And Dixon, the city editor, was taking it all as gospel from Hoppy, who had never yet landed a story that the Mercury would consider a fake.

However, the city editor was troubled by one consideration.

"Drop in and look him over to-morrow," he said to Hoppy that night. "I don't want to wake up Christmas morning and find the other papers have taken the edge off me with a six-inch item. I want this exclusive."

So the next morning—that being Christmas Eve—Hoppy appeared again at the humble tenement of his saddest case. Carrigan, who had ostentatiously spent the five dollars on groceries, professed that he felt a little better already now he had some lining on his ribs. Hoppy led him on to conversation, by way of getting some more details for his Saddest Christmas story, which he proposed to write that afternoon.

Carrigan, however, was doing some quiet pumping on his own account, directed toward learning Hoppy's program for the rest of the morning. He found that Hoppy was not yet going to the office. He intended after he left Carrigan to drop in for a few minutes at the Greek restaurant across the street, where the cashier had a story for him. Then he meant to go home for some notes which he had forgotten, and then to the shop. Carrigan made a few exploratory inquiries to find where home was. Hoppy shied off from the point, and Carrigan did not press matters. But as soon as Hoppy's steps died on the stairs Carrigan crept to the window, watched him enter the Greek restaurant—and at once became a dynamo of activity. From its hiding place under the cupboard he pulled out a thin steamer trunk, extracted a fashionable if somewhat flashy checked suit, a short and loud overcoat, a white collar, a pink near-silk shirt, a new red tie, buttoned patent-leather boots with gray tops, a soft pearl-gray hat. His eyes fixed on the door of the restaurant, he changed into these clothes with great haste.

Hoppy still lingered in the restaurant, his form dimly apparent as he took down notes from the cashier, and Carrigan found time to introduce another change in his appearance. He had a naturally pale, colorless skin. Now he took a make-up outfit from a corner of his trunk, and with one eye on a small mirror and another on the Greek restaurant he proceeded to give himself color. He had scarcely wiped the rouge off his hands and thrown his old clothes back into the box when Hoppy emerged, gave one glance upward to Carrigan's windows and turned up the street, walking slowly and meditatively. Carrigan shot out of his own door, rushed down the steps. Hoppy had not yet turned the corner. Carrigan fell in and shadowed him. From a distance the disguise was perfect, especially since he was now throwing out his hollow chest; it was safe enough, also, for casual description

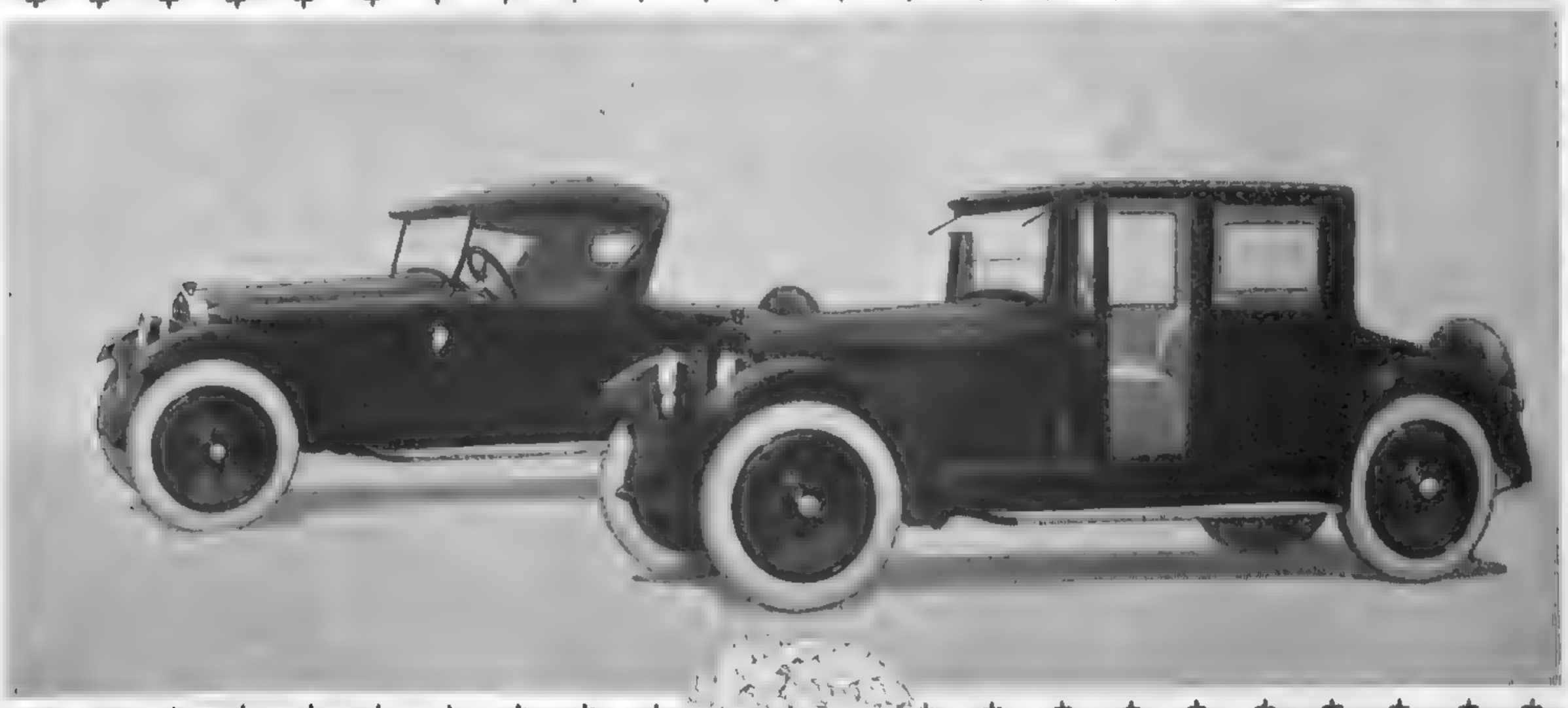
To one not enjoying the pleasure of acquaintance with Jimmy Carrigan this proceeding needs explanation. He was a suspicious person, even for a crook. In the silent midnight watches he had thought over the transaction into which Gus Kohler had drawn him. The game was a new one, and certain features looked a little queer to Jimmy Carrigan. Was this Mr. McBride, were these photographers, really from the Mercury as they said? Or were they—bulls? He proposed to find out. To go down to the Mercury and ask was risky. Too many people would question him; too many gimlet-eyed reporters would see his face and remember it. If he could discover where this Mr. McBride lived, he knew ways of finding out.

Hoppy turned toward the gas-house district, walked five or six blocks, turned again, brought up on a street of ash cans, of small shops propping up brick tenements, all very much alike, of mattresses and blankets hung out from fire escapes to air in the shrill breeze, of smells which even the pure cold blasts of winter could not quite kill. The bricks were black as though burned, the woodwork was dingy, with the fumes of the gas house two blocks away. Hoppy turned into one of the tenements. Jimmy Carrigan established himself casually in the shadow of a candy booth, now closed for the winter, and watched the tenement.

Ten minutes, and Hoppy emerged, walking rapidly. Jimmy shadowed him until he took that street car which led to Newspaper Row, then doubled back on his own tracks to the tenement, found the letter box, which read "E. S. McBride—Hopwood McBride—two flights up," and mounted to a battered door in a dark hallway. His impersonation was by now worked out in his mind. He could not be a book agent, because he had no books; nor a soap agent, because he had no soap; nor a bill collector, because he had no bill—and besides, he wanted to create a favorable impression. He remembered—Gus Kohler had told him—that the Charity Board and the Mercury were at outs. Therefore they would not match notes. That gave him his idea.

There is an art, as every reporter knows, in getting through a door. After an interval the McBride door opened, and Jimmy walked in as though it was the most simple and natural thing in the world and his action could not possibly cause offense. He did all this before he noticed who had let him in. She stood behind the door, blinking at him; a little old lady with

(Continued on Page 88)



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Murphy Varnish Company

Newark, N. J. Chicago, Ill.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal
Canadian Associate

(Continued from Page 86)

wide-open, innocent eyes, snowy hair and a general benevolent expression—a neat old lady in a plain black dress and a white kerchief.

"Good morning," said Jimmy Carrigan—now he was employing his gladdest, most engaging natural manner. "I'd wish you a Merry Christmas if it was to-morrow."

"I'll wish you a Merry Christmas anyhow," replied the old lady. Then Jimmy noticed what had hitherto escaped him: that her head was shaking as though set on a pillar of jelly. "And what can I do for you?" continued the old lady.

"I didn't come here to sell anything," said Jimmy Carrigan. "Don't be afraid. I come here from the Charity Board ——"

"But we don't want charity," began the old lady. Her innocent eyes had gone wider, and the quaking seemed suddenly to have stopped, leaving her like a statue.

"Certainly you don't," replied Jimmy Carrigan, "naturally. But we're getting the statistics and things on the whole neighborhood here, so's to know how much money to spend this winter. People in easy circumstances who don't assist us with the facts about themselves only help keep the money from those who need it."

Jimmy did not try to explain the logic of that, even to himself, but it was enough for the old lady. She smiled again.

"I'll go get father," she said, and brushed, quavering, through a pair of dingy bead portières, leaving Jimmy alone to take in the room. It was a regular tenement front room, last papered and painted at some time in the remote past; the striped red wall paper was beginning to peel, the gray paint was knocked in splashes off the baseboard. In the far corner by the window stood a walnut whatnot, leaning shakily; it bore a pink-lined sea shell, a big pine cone, a colored glass paper weight and other such old-fashioned trifles, together with some cabinet photographs. A round table in the center of the room was covered with a threadbare brown wool cloth, dangling wool balls for a border. They made a pattern no more, so many of them were missing.

The old lady reentered, leading an equally old man. They offered a strange contrast, these two. She, with her touch of palsy, seemed to be in a perpetual jelly-like quiver. He, with the rheumatism which was hardening his joints, seemed unnaturally stiff. He dragged himself in, throwing one leg rigidly before the other, creaked down on the sofa, sat there, his left arm bent against his chest, regarding Mr. Carrigan with those prominent popped eyes which Hoppy had inherited.

Carrigan, who had straightened out his logic in the interval, gave him no chance to begin conversation.

"I've just been explaining to your lady," he said, "that I'm taking a census of everybody's needs for the Charity Board. Of course"—here the old man seemed about to speak, but Carrigan held up a protesting hand—"I don't have to say that you don't need charity. But if the needy cases know that self-supporting people like you are giving me the facts, they'll come through easier. You're helping the poor when you help me. Name's McBride, I believe." Carrigan drew a sheet of paper from his pocket, folded it professionally, as he had seen Hoppy do, and poised a pencil. "How many in this family?"

"There's me," said Mr. McBride, Sr., "and her, and my son, Hopwood, and my daughter—but she don't live here just now."

"She's in the hospital," put in Mrs. McBride. "Had an operation ——"

Mr. McBride turned his pop eyes on her, and she subsided momentarily.

"Mrs. Katherine Beaver," said Mr. McBride; "she ——"

"You see, her marriage didn't turn out very well," broke in Mrs. McBride. "She had a splendid job clerking in Weavers'; but six months ago ——"

Again Mr. McBride stabbed her with his eyes and cleared his throat almost threateningly, affording Carrigan an opportunity to ask, "Your business, sir?"

"I am a bookkeeper—at least I was ——"

Here Mrs. McBride, completely ignoring her husband's eyes, poured out: "He had to lay off a year'n' a half ago on account of the rheumatism. But we're going to have him to work again when the weather gets warm. Hopwood has found a doctor with a splendid treatment. You don't know how much better he is. The doctor's treating me too—you might have noticed that my nerves are a little unsteady ——"

"Amelia!" said Mr. McBride in a stern voice of command

"Hopwood is your son?" asked Carrigan. "What does he do?"

You couldn't stop Mrs. McBride now. "Haven't you seen his name on the front page of the Mercury?" inquired Mrs. McBride. "He's one of their prominent stars. He's doing awful well. Some weeks his space and assignment comes to almost thirty-five dollars. The city editor said to him last week, 'Hopwood,' he said, 'I don't know how this paper can run without you. I ——'"

Here Mr. McBride, who had been clearing his throat and trying to catch her eye, came out with an emphatic "There, there, the gentleman won't want to hear all about our private affairs."

Carrigan had learned what he came to learn—more, as it turned out later. But he added a few words by way of a graceful exit, appropriate to the part.

"Well, I'm glad your son is getting along. There's a good many families around here won't have any Christmas this year!"

At this Mrs. McBride shoved forward something blue which Carrigan had noticed casually she was carrying in her hand. It was a yarn wristlet, all but finished, still hanging from the knitting needles.

"Hopwood's hands get so cold nights when he's out on stories," said Mrs. McBride. "I don't knit as fast as I used to—can't always make the needles go straight. But I did a whole sweater for Katy before I started these—it'll come in handy because she's settin' up now."

Carrigan admired the wristlet before making a graceful exit. He bobbed in and out of the next tenement, in case the McBride family were watching from their window, rounded the corner, hurried back to his own neighborhood. After scouting the approaches to be sure that he was not being visited by the minions of the Mercury, he mounted to his own bare room, changed into his disguise. By way of extra precaution, after he had packed his good clothes into the trunk he carried it downstairs and hid it in the cellar. He returned to his scanty fire and fell into his impersonation of The Saddest Christmas in Town.

When, between Christmas tree and church, our town looked over its morning Mercury, it found Hoppy McBride splashed all over the front page. The head, The Saddest Christmas in Town, lay in two-color border of holly and mistletoe. At either end hung two empty stockings: above was a Santa Claus with an empty pack, outstretched mittened hands and an expression of despair. The needy Mr. Carrigan, his cadaverous countenance looking even more ghastly than in life, owing to the manner in which he had screwed up his face and to the stare produced by the flash light, occupied three columns center page. He was flanked by the photographs of his two golden-haired baby girls. Gus Kohler had failed to furnish Carrigan with a picture of the grocery store where he had met his tragedy, but the Mercury's art room had supplied that deficiency from its general stock of photographs kept for just such purpose. The original sign had been touched out and J. Carrigan, Staple and Fancy Groceries, had been touched in.

Through this wealth of illustration wandered Hoppy McBride's story in three different fonts of type. And Hoppy had struck twelve again. Behind the "tiny tots," "pretty brides," "sharp crackling of the devastating flames" you got a real feeling. You started to read, and you had to finish, and when you laid down the paper you retained a sense of an unmitigated, uncalled-for tragedy which you could nevertheless do something to alleviate.

When Hoppy arrived in the office at one o'clock Christmas afternoon he faced the unusual phenomenon of Nobey Dixon smiling at him over the city desk.

"That idea of mine turned out very well, McBride," said Dixon. "Probably stirred something up, too—we've had a lot of telephone inquiries this morning. I want a follow-up for to-morrow. His address is in the story. If anybody comes to relieve him, describe the scene. We've run too many subscription lists lately and we won't open one for him unless nobody comes through privately. But give me a good column-and-a-half follow-up anyhow—and get tears into it again."

Hoppy, stopping here and there to dig for a space item, walked out to the tenement in Jefferson Street. As he approached

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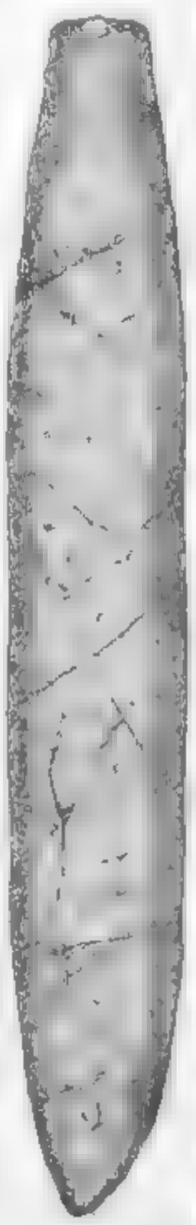

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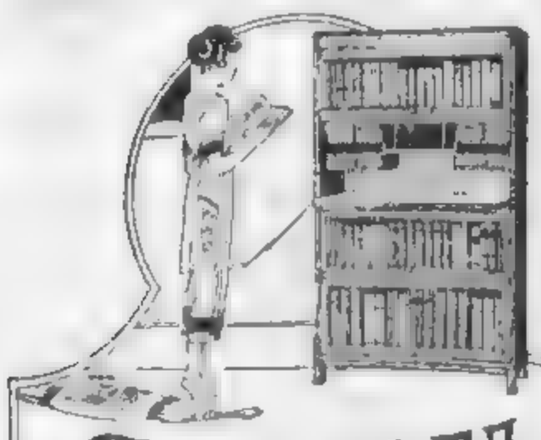

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he was stabbed with a sudden fear that something had happened to his story, for a crowd surrounded the door. As he drew nearer he saw that it was mostly children, carrying their Christmas dolls or drums or sleds, watching the unusual spectacle of three padded and tinted limousines with furred and liveried chauffeurs. He mounted, passing on his way two women in fur coats and smart hats—one of them was dabbing at her eyes with a lace handkerchief.

From upstairs came a noise like a five-o'clock tea. Carrigan's door stood open. Within, across the furs and millinery, Hoppy could make out the cadaverous countenance of his Saddest Christmas, seated at the head of his plain table. It was packed, heaped with hams, packages of groceries, boxes of candy, clothing, flowers. Hoppy saw as he pushed inside that by Carrigan's elbow stood the tin washbasin which furnished his humble room; and that it was lined with loose greenbacks. Hoppy looked round; from his memory of their pictures in the Mercury he began to identify social headliners, furiously to take down names. In the midst of this Carrigan perceived him for the first time.

Between feeble hacking coughs he said, "There's the man who done it all for me—Mr. McBride."

"Are you Mr. Hopwood McBride, who wrote that beautiful article?" asked one of the ladies.

When Hoppy blushfully acknowledged that he was, Carrigan had to divide attention with him. The reception kept up all the afternoon; more and more groceries, clothes, candy, flowers and ready cash. The money, and promises of more money, flowed in so fast that Hoppy saw he had achieved the final triumph. As he remarked over the telephone to Dixon during the lull, it would certainly not be necessary to open a subscription. The humble room of Jimmy Carrigan was bright with Christmas wishes, moist with Christmas tears. It seemed as though all Prospect Hill, our fashionable district, had come down after midday dinner to relieve The Saddest Christmas, thereby giving themselves away, if they had only known it; for Prospect Hill professed never to read the Mercury.

In the general good will only two incidents, probably, are worth recording: Late in the afternoon arrived Mrs. Harold Wamser, whom the society columns called "the leader of the young married set." She was a great figure in our town, this Mrs. Wamser—a heart like the sun, a personality like a June day. She was the one Prospect Hill woman of whom you could say that she went in for charity because she liked the work. When Mrs. Wamser arrived the crowd had thinned out; Hoppy and his Saddest Christmas were almost alone. By now the room was badly littered and disordered. The heap on the table had overflowed; the visitors, in unwrapping their gifts, had thrown papers, string and Christmas labels everywhere. And Mrs. Wamser did one of those warm-hearted and original things which she was always doing. She took off her fur coat, hung it on the rail behind the door, peeled off her gloves and set at once to tidying things up, the while talking to Carrigan with her own heartening and humorous tenderness. Having finished, she took both of Carrigan's hands, assured him that his luck was going to turn, promised him that if no one else made good she was going to send him to her own pet sanitarium.

Then, somewhat after dark, Carroll Throckmorton blew in. Throckmorton was the petted bad boy of our fashionable set. He was dissipated—there were no two opinions about that—but he was the life of three clubs and twenty saloons. Carroll, of course, had been celebrating. He fished out a bottle of champagne from the pocket of his fur coat, dumped the flowers and water from a vase, uncorked the champagne, filled the vase, insisted on Carrigan drinking wassail, deposited twenty dollars in the basin and went his light and airy way.

Throckmorton was the last visitor of the afternoon. Shortly afterward Hoppy counted the cash receipts—three hundred twenty-nine dollars—and sped away, before the glow should have passed from him, to write his follow-up.

Carrigan was left alone now. He sat for a time, leaning over the table, mechanically emitting that strangling cough whenever he heard a step on the stair. But no one knocked. He leaned back in his chair after a while and sat there for hours, thinking. I won't say it was the champagne which drew him into the mood that possessed him; he was too old and seasoned a drinker for that. But I suppose it helped. I won't say it was the fragrant memory of Mrs. Wamser; though certainly that helped. It was the whole composite thing.

Jimmy Carrigan, to give the alibi under which he was then working, had been left on a doorstep when he was two months old. Christmas in his childhood, as he looked back, recalled only a dreary succession of protectorates and orphan asylums. Christmas since he went out into the world had meant a big jag when he was flush or dinner at a rescue home, with much preaching and some turkey, when he was down and out. As though he were oiled in sin, the preaching had rolled off him. But now—he had seen pretty women shedding real tears over a sorrow that was none of theirs. He had seen the prettiest of all take off her fur coat and her white gloves and actually sweep and scrub for him—mother him, as he had never really been mothered before. He had seen people reach into their pockets and give, scarcely glancing down to see what they had given, just because it was Christmas and they were sorry.

There began to shoot forward into Jimmy Carrigan's mind a realization of where he figured in this case. For the first time in his thirty-two years he took out his soul, inspected it and found it not good to look upon.

Yet after all that was not the main eddy in the confused soul of Jimmy Carrigan. Whatever the parents were who dumped him on that doorstep, one at least was undoubtedly Celtic; and Jimmy had inherited temperament. The great fact was that he had been exposed to the Christmas spirit and had caught it—hard. Good had been done to him; he wanted to do good to others. As he felt then, nothing he could possibly buy with that three hundred twenty-nine dollars, those assorted groceries and confectionery, would make him so happy as to give them away. The sudden convert to the Christmas spirit thought and felt with all the immoderation of any new convert. He must give his Christmas all away to someone who needed it, someone whom it would make happy.

Suddenly Jimmy Carrigan let his feet down on the floor with a thump. He jammed on his hat and rushed downstairs to that corner where Isador Chenwitz, night expressman, was still keeping his stand, Christmas or no Christmas.

Hoppy came home in a pleasant state of general satisfaction, at about eleven o'clock that night. As he rounded the head of the stairs into the narrow hallway before his own door he made out, in the light of a gas jet turned down to a pin prick, an amorphic pile barring his way. He turned up the gas; and his eye first fell upon a beautiful English ulster, but little worn, which he had noted and coveted among Carrigan's Christmas presents. Next there stared at him a five-pound box of chocolates whose pretty-girl cover he had much admired that afternoon. At first only puzzled, Hoppy began pawing over the pile. One by one—hams, turkeys, groceries, candy, nuts, preserved fruits, suits, shirts, mufflers—he identified the properties of The Saddest Christmas. Last of all he came across a package, inexpertly wrapped in a piece of that gilt paper which Mrs. Wamser had stacked in the corner, tied with a red tape and finished with a Christmas seal. On it was crudely lettered this legend:

TO MR & MRS MC BRIDE YOU NEED IT WORS THAN I DO. MERY XMAS.

Hoppy ruthlessly tore open the package. Out dropped bills in sheaves. His fingers shaking a little with an apprehension not yet formulated, Hoppy counted them. Three hundred and nine dollars—just twenty dollars short of the receipts of The Saddest Christmas. Hoppy climbed over the pile, entered his own parlor. The house was dark. He woke his mother, put cautious inquiries. No, there was nothing in the hall, last she knew. Yes, she had gone to bed early; she and father had been to church and were tired. No, she hadn't heard anything in the hall. Why?

Just a hint of the crushing truth had dawned on Hoppy by now, and he hastened to build a barrier between his mother and disappointment.

"I've got to store a lot of Christmas stuff for the paper in our parlor," he said, "just a day or two. Tell you about it later. Take

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good care of it—'tain't any of it ours. I've got another job to do before I go to bed."

As he hopped down the stairs and waited for a night car to Jefferson Street his apprehension grew, and also his sense of a mystery. How did Carrigan, how did anyone, know where he lived?

No one answered when he knocked at Carrigan's door. He tried the knob. The door was unlocked. Without further ceremony he entered. The darkness gave forth a faint composite odor of assorted feminine perfumes, of fresh flowers, of Christmas spices. He struck a match, lit the gas. His eye ran over the chair, the cupboard, the table, the bed, a pile of withering flowers on the floor and Mrs. Wamser's neat stack of wrapping paper, besprent with highly colored strings and Christmas labels. That was all. Of Jimmy Carrigan there remained only a memory.

As Hoppy staggered weakly down the staircase the janitor emerged from the basement, noisily showing out the guests of his Christmas mixed-ale party.

"Hey!" he shouted. "You're that feller from the Mercury, ain't you? Well, your saddest friend paid out to-night and went. He left you this note in case you come in."

And Hoppy read:

"That was a foney game I was playing but im sorry. i found how you was ficksed & i sent the stuff to your fokes to make it rite Merry Xmas & ive gone away to go strate.

"N. B. i held out $20 for expences i had to have it for a getaway but ill make it up to sombody first kale i make."

At the moment when Hoppy stood staring numbly at this letter Carrigan had just boarded a night local train to Maysville, fifty miles away. As he waited for the engine to start he was smiling and humming to himself. The Saddest Christmas in Town had become the happiest Christmas.

Hoppy, when at last he told me this story, dwelt especially on his feelings as he approached the office next morning. I have always wondered whether I, in the same circumstances, would have had the nerve to decide as he did. There he was, just beginning to see his way out of the woods. His sister was getting well; there was hope for his father; but the treatments had to be continued or they were worse-than useless. He was juggling doctors' bills, druggists' bills, hospital bills, even grocery bills. The Mercury was his whole working life. He had never envisaged any other occupation; I doubt myself if he could have succeeded elsewhere, even on a newspaper. Nor did Hoppy have a single doubt that when he told how he had been fooled he would be discharged incontinently, if not with physical violence. Nevertheless he went straight to the office, straight to the desk of Dixon, the city editor. Dixon was at the moment talking on his desk telephone.

As he hung up and Hoppy began clearing his throat Dixon cut in with "The boss wants to see you—upstairs—right away. Then come back and see me."

The boss was the dreaded Walsingham, with whom Hoppy had never spoken hitherto. This was getting worse and worse. Hoppy entered the somber, overdecorated throne room, to find Walsingham sitting across a mahogany desk, his light-blue eyes fixed on space, his jowly countenance as impassive as usual.

"I'm McBride," said Hoppy; "you——"

"Oh, yes, Mr. McBride," said Walsingham. "Oh, yes, Mr. McBride."

From the upper drawer of his desk he took something which he held in his hand as he spoke. It was a bill whose yellow color proved its high denomination. "Those were two splendid sob stories of yours that we ran yesterday and to-day. You might ——"

His hand had started to shove the bill forward across the desk. In a flash Hoppy saw what the boss was doing, and in spite of his misery a prickle of pride ran through him. The Saddest Christmas had taken in even the boss!

And Hoppy most impudently interrupted: "Mr. Walsingham—just a minute, please—our man's phony. We've—I've—been faked ——"

Some shade of expression which Hoppy could not interpret crossed the imperturbable face of the boss. The hand drew back as though it had touched something hot.

He dropped the bill into the drawer and "Well?" he said in a dreadfully even, unemotional tone.

Hoppy spilled it all out—everything he knew. Like a good reporter, he had brought along his evidence—the wrapping on the package left last night at his door and Jimmy Carrigan's note. He dropped them on the desk before the boss.

"And that's all, I guess," he concluded; and waited for sentence.

Walsingham had listened with his face as impassive as a cliff except for his light eyes, which had bored into the very soul of Hoppy McBride. A long five seconds of silence followed; then Walsingham spoke, chopping his words short off:

"Who steered you against this Carrigan?"

"Gus Kohler, the bartender at Rudolph's place," said Hoppy. "He must 'a' swallowed the fake too."

"You taking tips from Gus Kohler?" chopped Walsingham.

"Yes, sir. He's always been our friend ——" faltered Hoppy.

"Scissors and fishhooks!" exclaimed Walsingham. "Scissors and fishhooks!"

In his life and methods as violent as a footpad, in his exclamations and expletives Walsingham was as gentle as a nun. He gave a light start, half turned in his chair and gazed at a transom.

Then he looked back at Hoppy, his countenance the same stolid cliff with two bright fires burning in its caves, and said: "There's the nigger in our woodpile. I had a tip a week ago from our political people that Gus Kohler was getting ready to sell out and would play us a dirty trick first chance he had. And I clean forgot to pass it on to Dixon." And suddenly Walsingham gave his mirthless laugh, which began and ended as abruptly as his smile. "It sure was a good one. Well, I can cork up Kohler. I've got too much on him. Question is if it can be corked up otherwise."

His eyes bored into Hoppy, seeming to demand an answer.

"I can do a follow-up, saying that an anonymous friend is sending Carrigan to be cared for out in Colorado," suggested Hoppy. "All on account of the publicity in the Mercury—and no more help needed ——"

"Fine!" cut in Walsingham.

"I've got the loot," said Hoppy. "What do I do with that?"

Walsingham considered for a moment.

"Take it to the Charity Board," he commanded. "Tell 'em it's the left-over from our Saddest Christmas and is to be used to relieve the poor at their discretion. And make it plain that our fight on 'em is off. You can give my personal assurance. That corks 'em up in case they get on."

Walsingham shifted himself in his chair, turned to the papers on the desk. The interview seemed over; Hoppy wheeled to the door. All this time he had felt an ax suspended over his head, ready to fall and never quite falling. But it would fall—just as soon as he patched up this affair. Of course they wouldn't fire him and let him go with the story to another paper right now. But later ——

As Hoppy turned the knob Walsingham's voice spoke in a kind of musing tone, "Mr. McBride!"

Hoppy wheeled. The boss was reading Jimmy Carrigan's note.

"Mr. McBride, how did Carrigan know about your family?"

"I haven't found out yet, sir."

"Are they up against it?"

"Not exactly, sir—no, we're all right, sir."

Walsingham's light eyes, shining between his jowls, stabbed Hoppy's eyes, then made separate stabs at his frayed necktie, his green-edged coat, those baggy striped trousers, his run-down shoes. They thrust back at his face.

"You're on space and assignment, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you make?"

"Average twenty-nine dollars a week, sir."

Walsingham's eyes dropped to the desk.

"Tell Dixon ——" he said. "By the way, don't say anything to him or anybody about our being faked until I give you the tip. Tell him that you go on salary beginning this week; forty-five dollars per."

Hoppy was never quite sure that he found the voice to thank the boss. He was perfectly sure that he had not thanked him enough. But when the haze blew away a little he was aware that Walsingham was saying: "You see, you're the first man in six months, I suppose, who's told me the truth. Always tell the truth, my boy." Here Walsingham seemed to catch himself up. "Except sometimes in print!" he added.

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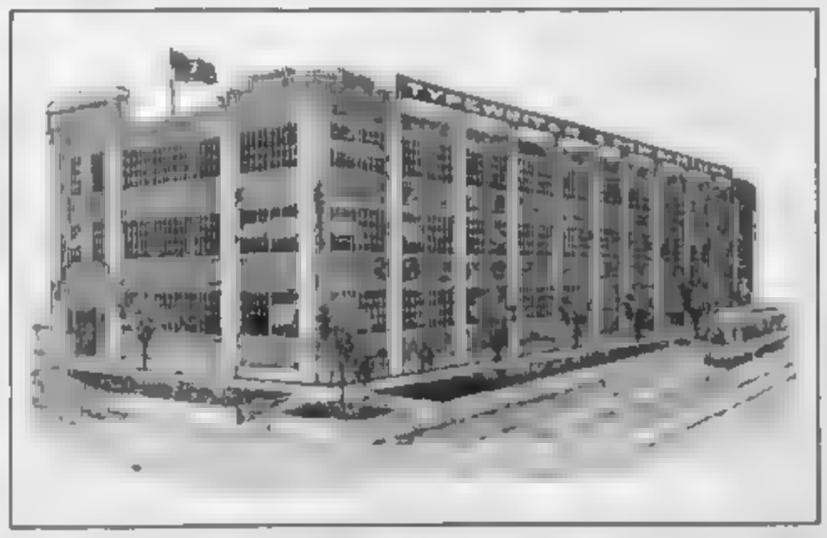

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SAINT FLOSSIE

(Continued from Page 11)

of his life; and of late, without it, life had been a little barren and obvious. But here at last was a saint again, clad in loveliness instead of glass diamonds for a heavenly glory. He remained staring.

And presently, still kneeling, he crossed himself thrice. A moment or two later, his eyes fixed on the pictured face before him, he recited that prayer which begins, "Oh, little mother of great mercy."

And allowing for the difference in longitude between Pavel's private chapel in Petrograd and Flossie's London pub, it was at that moment that Miss Floyd, having donned her gloves and found her hand bag, bade her friend the barmaid an affectionate good night, swept a devastating smile over the company and walked to the door with a gait even a little more pronounced than she intended. And as she pulled the door open she hiccuped.

Three floors below the garret in which the boy knelt before the old photograph Baranov sat suddenly back in his chair and gazed, as if upon a sudden thought, at his secretary. The little fat man became anxiously alert.

"Yes?" he said nervously.

"Give me Lenine's letter again," directed the komissar.

There was silence for a while as he ran through its many pages. Then he laid it down.

"The position is this," said Baranov slowly, while the secretary craned over the desk in eagerness to hear: "Litvinoff reports that opinion in England, even proletariat opinion, is adversely affected by our treatment of the bourgeois and may be fatally affected by our treatment of British subjects. Lenine trusts Litvinoff, and urges his views on me—urges them peremptorily even. You see?"

"Yes," the secretary nodded. "But—to-night!"

Baranov considered him.

"The Englishman, Baines, is dead. That is true. But it is better that he should not be dead. He escaped; we know no more. That is our story. Do you understand?"

"No," replied the secretary frankly, "I don't! The women will tell a different story, and ——"

"The women escaped with him," said the komissar—"by the same road."

His chill eyes had a flicker of mere amusement as he viewed the little man's face of consternation.

"Send me that sergeant fellow!" he ordered.

Shuddering, the secretary went upon his errand. Baranov looked up as the big sergeant entered and marched towards the desk, and his eyes flickered past him to where the secretary hovered in the offing. He began to speak so suddenly that both his hearers started.

"It was you who executed the prince downstairs, was it not?"

"Yes, comrade—me and another comrade. We ——"

The sergeant was going on to give details. There was eagerness in his great, gross face, but Baranov stopped him.

"There is another execution for you to-night," he said in level tones. "You will need three other comrades this time, men who can hold their tongues. And it is to be a quiet affair—no shooting!"

"I see," replied the sergeant. "In that case the bayonet, eh?"

They might have been—in fact they were—discussing the ways and means for an everyday transaction. Baranov shrugged.

"That is your affair. Who are the three men you will take with you? They must be silent fellows, you understand?"

The sergeant nodded thoughtfully.

"Well, the two Chinamen," he suggested. "They're all right. And for the other one, what about the youngster? Quiet fellow—hardly ever opens his mouth."

Baranov considered.

"All right," he said. "Go and bring them here—with their weapons—and I'll give you your orders."

The secretary walked hastily aside to give the man passage. Baranov, watching, smiled faintly. There was a while of silence in the great room, till it was broken by the sergeant's returning feet. He entered alone.

"Well," Baranov demanded, "where are the others?"

The secretary crept nearer to hear the reply, for the sergeant spoke in the low voice of confidence.

"It's about that young fellow, Pavel, comrade," he said. "I thought I ought to tell you about that before I take him with us. What do you think I found him doing?"

"How should I know? What was he doing?"

The sergeant wagged his head humorously.

"I went up quietly, so as not to rouse the others, seeing it's to be a silent affair, and just pushed his door open. And may I never eat bread again if there he wasn't down on his knees on the floor, with a candle alight and all, praying before an icon!"

The sergeant got his hoped-for effect, for the komissar sat up sharply. He frowned.

"An icon! Here—in this house? I thought I'd ordered them all to be thrown out. Where did he find it?"

"I think, comrade, he must have got it in that house in the Gallernaya."

"The fool! Well, go and fetch it here—and him with it," ordered the komissar. "This kind of thing is dangerous. I'll talk to him myself."

He was really perturbed. He was a fanatic enemy of religion, and believed—probably with justice—that it was the most redoubtable force arrayed against Bolshevism. He rose from his chair and began to pace the floor.

"It is a symptom!" he declaimed in his frigid voice that yet could warm to oratorical ardors. "A symptom of the old corruption that yet lives in us. Shall we have to breed a new generation which has never known slavery of the mind or the body before we can claim a victory for the revolution? Sometimes I almost fear it!"

"He is only a boy, comrade," ventured the secretary. "If you talk to him ——"

"I will talk to him," said Baranov darkly.

The sergeant marched in a scared Pavel, rifle on shoulder, cap on head, himself carrying the icon at his heels in the most approved military manner.

"Halt!" the sergeant barked, and Pavel halted, his eyes fixed on the dreaded countenance of the komissar. "Present arms!" But Pavel knew nothing of that. "Here is the icon, comrade."

Baranov reached out a hand for it, glanced from it to Pavel, then back to it again. He seemed for an instant bewildered; he stared at it incredulously; then suddenly he laughed briefly.

"So this is your icon, eh? You brought it from the Gallernaya and you have been praying before it?"

There was a gayety in his manner which none of them had seen there before. Pavel trembled.

"Yes, Excellency," he stammered.

Again Baranov laughed. He turned the frame over, opened the back and drew out the photograph of Flossie Floyd.

"Now see," he said to Pavel, "where your silly superstition has led you! You have been kneeling to this, crossing yourself and praying before this! You fool! This is no saint!"

Pavel uttered no word, but his blunt blond face hardened.

"These things come from England, the stronghold of capitalism. I remember when they sold them there in the streets and young fools bought them. But you are surely the first to pray before the thing!"

He shook his head at Pavel not unkindly.

"It is my saint," said Pavel. "Give it back to me!" He was trembling as he spoke.

"Saint!" exploded Baranov. "I tell you, fool, this is a wanton, a dancing girl, any rich man's girl!"

Pavel moved a step.

"Stop!" he said.

"Just a costly vice, a money sink, a rot in the body of the community," continued Baranov. "But since you are set on having the thing, here you are!"

With a quick motion he tore the card across and made to toss the halves towards Pavel. But he did not get so far, for at that moment Pavel shot him through the body.

It was four months before the Baines ladies were released. They never knew Pavel of course—nobody ever will again. But it is a pity that Miss Floyd, at least, nightly visiting the hushed shrine of her choice, cannot know how for an hour she reigned in that bare attic high over the Millionnaya.

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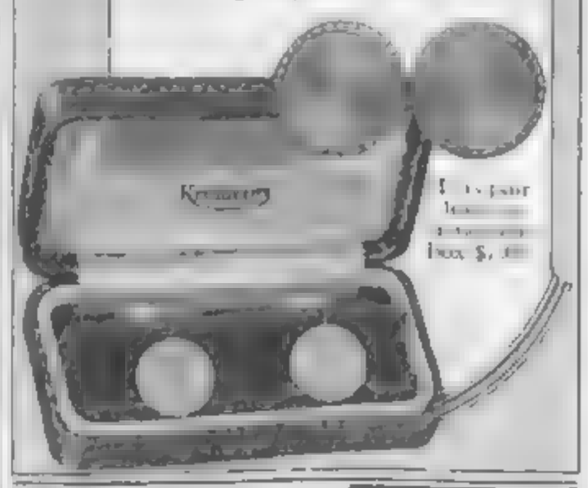

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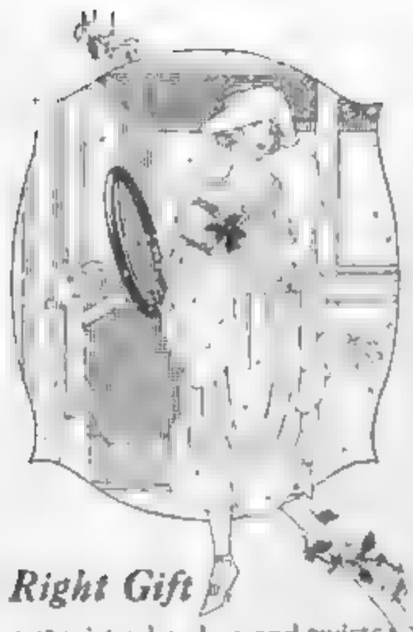

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THE TIDE RUNNER

(Continued from Page 7)

"I didn't urge you," she pointed out calmly. "I knew better." She put a rounded shoulder between them, and this turned her squarely upon Lindley Mays. "I saw you sitting on the beach by yourself this morning like a sore crab, and I hoped the ball would come over by you; but it didn't. You might be in love from the way you looked."

A reply was unavoidable.

"I am not," he told her stiffly.

It was terrible, his aunt eagerly added; at his age, and so successful, to pay no attention to the nice girls to be found nearly everywhere. And the numbers that set their caps for him —— The flickering gaze of Augustus' mother managed to insinuate a disparagement, a doubt, of this.

The girl—Lela, Leila?—grew abstracted, quiet. The name of the family, Mays' aunt had told him, was Nestlewroth.

When he came out from dinner there was a group of the very young purposefully gathered on the porch—young Costard in white flannels and a sweater with an initial at once flaring and obscure; Ellen and Margory Something-or-Other, young and adequate; the Links girl, and Leila Nestlewroth.

"Oh, Mr. Mays," Costard came forward, "how would you like to join us in a sailing party at nine? There's a honey of a moon, and Margie will take her ukulele."

"Thank you," Mays responded impolitely, "not I."

Costard returned to the group with a mutter, and there was an audible unflattering comment:

"I told you not to; it would take the creases out of his conceit."

The departure for the moonlight sail was vociferous, and the porch of the Beachwood Inn pleasantly quiet afterward. Lindley Mays, alone with a cigar, walked up and down the length which lay overlooking the sea veiled in night. There was a scattering of stars, a cold glimmer of moon low behind the land. He felt middle-aged and a little melancholy, superior. The world, Mays thought, the industry of steel, were in a precarious situation; the financial tightness showed no immediate possibility of loosening. Pleasure was robbed of its sparkle. His mill, now on half time, would probably shut down next week. The dinner he had planned at his rooms promised little; it promised little because Grazia James would expect so much. He had involved himself to such a degree that he'd have to go forward or decidedly, wholly, back. She was attractive; more—seductive; but on analysis he had no intention of marrying her. Though she should have understood that, it was clear to him now that her eyes were shut against the truth. When he had gone to Ohio to see a new type of blast furnace she had had herself let into his apartment with flowers. Grazia had almost all the qualities he demanded in a wife, but she was a little too active, too colloquial. Her golf was so good that it took her into tournaments, and then he hated women in violent action.

At the same time, if she chose to misinterpret, he had given her certain grounds for a certain hope—meaning nothing of course. No, he had no intention of marrying for quite five or six years. He must watch, guard against an occasional sense of loneliness; that was nothing more than Nature forcing him to the obliteration of his individuality. The tide, he gathered from the loudness of the waves, was high. The moon had risen, there was a sparkle on the sea. With his head turned away from his course on the porch he collided solidly with a solid warm body. Begging to be excused, he saw it was Leila Nestlewroth.

"Oh," Mays said awkwardly, "I thought you had gone sailing!"

"No," she replied; "it would have been so—so crowded and silly, and you get so dreadfully sick of the songs." She had, in the darkness, a book. "I wrote some letters," she went on, "and then thought of reading. I just came out for a breath."

He had discharged all the necessities of the situation. There remained but a final phrase to be pronounced, but none occurred to him. The girl, who should take the initiative, stood motionless, looking away from him across the shining water.

"I wanted to tell you that I was sorry for what Augustus said," she spoke after a long pause. "Mamma encourages him, so we can't stop it."

"Yes, I quite understand that," he agreed. "But you mustn't think he upsets me. In a way, you see, what he did say was made possible not by your mother but my aunt."

"She is so nice," Leila Nestlewroth declared warmly; "and her feeling for you, her admiration, is touching, don't you think?"

She contrived to stop on a note of interrogation, holding him there, requiring a reply. Lindley Mays admitted his aunt's loyalty.

"Mother is the same about Augustus," she commented. "All mothers, all women, are like that." She sighed.

Now he could go; but, he discovered—the porch, with its row of rocking-chairs, was narrow—he'd have to walk around her. The scent she bore at night didn't seem so crude. Nature catching at him with tyrannical fingers—scent was one of its primitive lures, scent at night.

"Forgive me; I didn't know I was keeping you."

She moved aside. But as he passed Mays unavoidably touched her arm. He heard her settle into a chair, alone; he might have stayed for another ten minutes. In the hotel, his room, it was hot, musty, depressing.

The throng bathing on Sunday was so thick as to suggest the beach of a far more populous resort. A flight of balls sped erratically from bats to palms, the human pyramids mounted higher, fell farther than ever before, the feminine adornment for the waves outdid all previous shows. It was all, except for Lindley Mays, a great, happy, sun-browned family; except for Lindley and—he noted later—Leila Nestlewroth. In her chaste bathing suit and covered knees she again quietly sat regarding the spectacle disinterestedly. This conduct, he thought, in view of what she seemed to be, was strange if not unnatural. There was, of course, the chance that his formed opinion of her was wrong; it was just barely possible that he had done her an injustice. Undoubtedly she was no more to be held accountable for her mother's friz and Augustus than was he for his Aunt Susan's mauve jacket and her intimate revelations. He began to wonder what, in this new light upon the Nestlewroth girl, could exist for her in the world she occupied, among the people with whom she was condemned to go.

It was comparatively easy for a man to move upward, where society was concerned, from level to level; but a woman had pretty much to remain where she was born. What would happen, in the case of Leila Nestlewroth, was probably a marriage, a file of children, that would take from her whatever superiority she personally had. In a few years she would be gone—if, he added, she had anything now. He must keep his views of life broader. He was settling into the typical narrowness of an arbitrary singleness of existence. Augustus, he observed, standing beside his sister, was engaged in an argument with the Beachwood life guard. That sturdy youth, with a shock of light, curling hair, the conventional red jersey whitely lettered, and Herculean shoulders, said something in his abrupt, mandatory manner and turned away. Augustus called after him a period to the effect that authority and a limited mentality together had always a depressing result.

The life guard, ignoring this, went on unmoved; and Augustus, thin, blue about the knees, and defrauded in his verbal belligerency, drifted across the sand to Mays.

"Enjoying a little private and special ozone?" he asked.

"Not now," Mays replied.

"What about disarmament?" the other demanded abruptly, seated and engaged in the burying of his feet.

"I'm against it."

Lindley gave this a pointed significance. What, he added silently, he did favor was the carrying of the most dangerous weapons.

"Ten principal ships for us and ten for England." The voice of the ungloved socialist was a triumph of contempt. "It's no use to feed me that," he proclaimed. "I know better."

Mays inquired what, precisely, he did know. Augustus answered vaguely that the people were getting a dirty deal. Take the mismanagement of the railroads—they

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"To look at you," Augustus remarked, "I'd think you were a railway director; you have that kind of open-mindedness." There could be no doubt but that he was a young man of spirit. "Well, you don't like me a bit better'n I do you. And the time is coming"—rising, he waved an arm, thin and emphatic as an exclamation mark against the flood of noon—"when you will get yours. There's to be a division of profits that won't see one man with an imported automobile and another with a lousy trolley ticket."

"I wonder," Mays speculated aloud, "how it would affect your opinion if you were the man with the car. If you did, by the longest chance, hit on a really useful idea and made a lot of money, would you drop it along the street curb?"

Augustus, rapt from reality in the contemplation of such a possibility, stared moodily at the sand. Mays answered for him:

"You would not! Havana or Paris or Quebec would see you coming out of the first express steamer or train. We watch that in the mills over and over."

Here, incensed, Augustus alluded to Lindley Mays as a milk-fed squab.

"Go away," Mays told him tranquilly.

Later he saw Augustus opposing himself to the waves which rolled in powerfully on a gathering southeast wind. That he could not swim was evident; but nothing discouraged, he worked farther and farther away from the shore. The life guard, finally catching a glimpse of him beyond all the others, first without avail, shouted, and then impersonally dragged Augustus back by a wrist. With his feet in shallow water, the latter punched the burly guard in the ribs. That youth, warning him to be careful of his fingers, invited him in a colloquial shorthand to come again. In addition to this he told the bystanders that the flies were unexpectedly bad that morning.

Nothing of course happened. Life, Mays felt, was always like that. Leila Nestlewroth, across the beach, rose. She stood motionless, statuesque—a whale of a big girl. Her legs, though, were surprisingly good. He would have said that they'd be thick, without taper. How different she was from her spindling and aggressive brother! It occurred to him that he might get a very interesting insight of a whole mode of life and thought from her, a view of the subconscious, unadulterated feminine. The women he now knew were, more than anything else, aware of themselves. They were hidden in a morbidity alike with the design of their clothes. Impersonally, didactically, he was interested in all phases of existence: man and his appendage, woman, offered a curious field of investigation.

He recalled this very much later: it was in fact past eleven o'clock that night. The thought of his narrow room and corrugated bed had been distasteful. He had delayed going up to them, and leaving the porch he had gone the short distance to the walk that bordered directly on the sea. Leila Nestlewroth was there, seated on a bench with a youth. He bowed, passing, but she arrested him by asking for the time.

"It's ten after eleven," her companion cut in with a perceptible impatience.

"By your watch," she replied blandly; "but I don't believe it is right."

She waited for Mays' report. It was, he found, exactly 11:10. However, for an inexplicable reason he couldn't bring himself to admit this.

"A minute past," he asserted.

"Isn't the moon lopsided?" she was still pointedly addressing Mays. "Soon it will be gone." Her voice was musical with regret.

"There will be another," he told her.

"Not the same—for me."

She moved away from the end of the bench toward Lindley Mays, very nearly shoving into space the youth beyond. Mays hesitated. Then in a mood of perversity he accepted the intimation of his desirability at her side.

Seated, he discovered that the scent about her was really effective—indefinite and delicate. Her clothes were simple and therefore good. Like this, silent in the night on the margin of the sea, seriously regarding what was left of the moon, she was not unattractive. Three, the youth on her right declared, was a crowd! Lindley Mays regarded him with amazement. He had had no idea that those old proverbs were still in circulation. His interest was philological. In the reduction to a company of the crowd, striding away, the youth made a further cryptic reference to having been played for a sucker. Leila Nestlewroth said nothing. She had a firm profile. The murmur of the sea, retreating along the sand, subdued his mind, his intelligence; he ceased for the time to think. It was very comfortable to be wholly quiescent, to drift—like floating in the tide—with life. Few women would have refrained from bothering him with egotistical or planned words. A filmy scarf about the shoulders close to his, fluttering in the maintained soft wind, brushed and brushed his cheek.

The following day Lindley Mays' Aunt Susan was confined to her room by the sciatic nerve. It was, she informed him, in bed with the mauve knitted jacket over her nightgown, like a red-hot thread inside her. But she wouldn't have a doctor. Her energy there almost resembled panic. She had suffered in a like manner before; she knew it all perfectly; to-morrow about midday it would be gone. It came from damp sheets. Next year, he told her, they must go to a place where the bed linen was dry. At that such an expression of misery claimed her that he hastened to retract what obviously she met as a threat. She could go where she chose and he'd be with her, no fear. She reached out and clasped his hand. He coughed aggressively, and, downstairs, gave a bell boy five dollars to secure for her a particular consideration.

At lunch Augustus was gloomy, uncommunicative. He was, his mother explained, studying on another invention. Henry Nestlewroth stopped with the back of his hand what promised to be an expression of skepticism.

"That's right!" his wife turned fiercely on him. "Discourage the boy! Run down in public your only son! Anyone but you would be glad to have some brain around the house."

"If it's brain," he asked, uncommonly independent, "why does it stay around the house? Answer me that. Augustus'll be thirty any minute now, and it is time that brain you talk about so much showed something. Ain't it a good thing for him I haven't got it? Smartness don't keep me from working."

"Please don't!" the girl begged.

Lindley Mays, without being directly aware of it, had been watching her. She ate, for her size, surprisingly little—a spoonful or so of soup, a taste of fish; she played with the vegetables, the creamed carrots and peas and mashed potatoes, and left her dessert unfinished. She wasn't, it was evident, interested in food. What, mentally, did she dwell on? What visions, plans, aspirations secretly moved her? What, for instance, was in her head at this minute? He wished that he knew. His aunt's sickness, making impossible his planned departure, had extended his opportunity of finding out some of this.

Sitting beside her late in the afternoon on the otherwise deserted beach, he asked with an air of remoteness what above everything else she desired. There was a long, thoughtful pause before she replied.

"I'd like to travel," she decided, "and see all the places I've read about in books—Florence and Savonarola and the other ancient cities."

Savonarola, he informed her, had been a man and not a city. Gracious, she knew that! She just talked in that mixed way. Her thoughts, she explained, were so intense they wouldn't always go into words.

"I think so much, too, of things there's no one to tell about." A drooping sadness pervaded her. "Life is so hard, to fill you with wants and give you no chance for realizing them. I think I have been lonely since forever."

"I am by myself a great deal," he admitted.

"Oh, I am sorry for you!"

Almost, he thought, one of her hands was going to touch his. He didn't flinch. However, she collected herself; she moved farther away from him, as though, so close, her sympathy might betray her. It hadn't been needful; he would not have taken advantage of her.

(Continued on Page 96)

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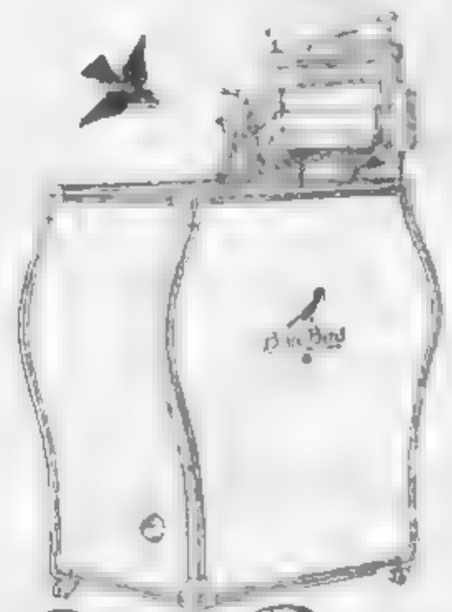

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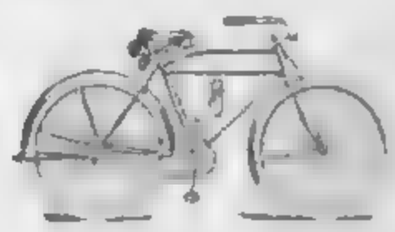

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(Continued from Page 94)

A low bank of cloud was smothering the sun, the day; it wasn't cloud, he corrected that impression, but a fog rolling in from the sea. It came rapidly. The sun turned red and then brown. Objects—the walk, the hotel, the cottages on the right—were obscured; one by one they practically disappeared. He was left with only Leila Nestlewroth in an empty, a formless and gray world.

"Isn't it queer?" she said. "It frightens me a little." She moved back beside him.

"Alternate heat and cold," he explained.

Her hands were without rings. It struck him that she was quite superior. "Quite" and "superior" were terms which often recurred to Lindley Mays. He supposed the youth he had found with her the night before would before this have had an arm around her waist; he saw exactly where it would follow the soft folds of a black girdle; more—he would have kissed her. It didn't, as a fact, irritate girls to be kissed. The era of the thunderous import of a kiss had gone. The truth was that to-day they rather expected it—looked for it! They were apt to be chagrined if it failed to materialize. Well, Leila Nestlewroth would have to bear her chagrin, since he had no intention of kissing her—none in the world. In the first place he wasn't what was called a petter: he wasn't easily enough satisfied to attain any distinction there. Petting parties bored him rather than not. She had a nice mouth; but perhaps—yes, certainly—it was too large.

How was it, he wondered, that they had come even closer together? Lindley Mays could swear that he hadn't moved an inch; but neither had she; he would have noticed it. Yet beyond question their elbows were engaged. She glanced at him fleetly from under lowered lids. Lindley didn't stir.

Then, "The beach must slant here," she observed, again at an impersonal distance.

He studied the sloping sand carefully. It did slope, but not, decidedly not, toward him. Capillary attraction ——

"I had better go back," she said with a deep breath, leaning back against her supporting arms.

"Why?"

"No reason. Isn't it funny hearing the sea and not seeing it?"

Lindley Mays had not noticed before that she had the triple lines of Venus' girdle about her throat. This had been long regarded as a mark of beauty. He mentioned his discovery, negligibly intent upon the enveloping fog. Her fingers traced the lines. She had never paid any attention to them, she replied. Leila Nestlewroth hadn't known about the legend.

"I am glad, though, if you like them," she added. "I have never met anyone before like you," she went on; "so distant and—and nice. Almost any other boy would have tried to be fresh."

She, too, was staring resolutely into nothingness. Her voice was innocence itself, yet he glanced at her suspiciously. He suggested that she might recall that he wasn't a boy. It was only a way of speaking.

"You look young to me though," she insisted. "I can hardly believe you are as old as your aunt says." Lindley Mays announced some gray hairs. But they, above the ears specially, she found very attractive, distinguished. "They give you an air of importance. But you'd have that without gray hair. I suppose it's your responsibilities. Not that, like Augustus, you speak about them. I wish you would; I want awfully to know all you do, and—and everything."

He described briefly the function of his mill, the open-hearth forging of steel, and she found it simply fascinating. It was so romantic. Leila Nestlewroth repudiated the possibility of electric steel taking the place of his process.

"That blistering heat!" she shuddered. "I hope you get a nice cool bath when you reach home."

Here he was drawn into the explanation of his system of baths, and that necessitated a general diagram of his rooms.

"I do love a tub," she confessed. "But then I could use a rubber cap. I mean your aunt could."

She substituted his Aunt Susan quickly.

The vision of the latter in his needle bath was so unnatural, so impossible, that he became as confused as strangely she appeared to be.

"I must go."

She rose definitely before he could move and extended a friendly, assisting hand. He grasped it thoughtlessly and found himself pulled strongly erect. That disturbed him; it was thoroughly undignified, a reversal of the proper rôles. And when, further, she attempted to brush the sand from his coat he moved abruptly away. Her cheeks reddened. Without waiting for him, she hurried toward the hotel. Lindley Mays supposed that he had been rude; but really he couldn't bother about such a small affair. Neither had he any objection to being rude. Confound the girl! It was ridiculous to stride along like this, reach the hotel porch in a heated procession. He ran a few steps, caught up with her.

"The next time," she said, "for all me, you can bury yourself in it."

To their simultaneous horror they saw that she was carrying his hat.

That was positively the last indignity he would suffer at the hands of Beachwood. Lindley Mays was dressing for the evening, in the white flannels without a stripe, and he asserted this coldly to his blistered reflection in the mirror of his bureau. To have a girl carry his hat! The next thing to happen to him would be a photograph of post-card size, with him sitting in a carved chair and Leila Nestlewroth standing beside him with a hand on his shoulder. Moonlight rides and ukuleles! Popular songs floating over the water—he could actually hear himself imploring fate to return his Bonny; jingling with the bells of the one-horse open sleigh; fetching Nelly from that cursed quilting party. Lindley Mays shuddered. He had had no conception of the dangers of a mere environment. It was as though his other, his authentic, life had receded even from memory. However, he had recognized, stopped his degeneration in time before it was too late.

Soon he'd be back in the correct placidity of his rooms. There he would find a harmony of being in keeping with the color of his mind, his approved aspirations. But he wouldn't have the dinner party he had planned. Suddenly even to think of it was oppressive—Grazia James taking so much for granted, Adam Laird in his sideboard for the reserve of gin, the piano interminably banged and his rugs kicked aside, the carefully waxed floor scarred. No, he'd have none of that. His other vision of one person, a woman, beyond the lamp was better; an older woman, slender, a product of intellectual and sophisticated society. In gray chiffons, he decided, with her hair dressed low. Beyond the table he could just see her slim foot in a silver brocade sandal, her heavily clocked stocking. "But, Lindley," she was saying in imagination, "I understand your feeling about labor entirely, and I am sure it's very admirable; but it won't work. There must, I think, be more pressure from above, a devoted aristocracy in fact. Do you find that only feminine? Or perhaps my opinion is the result of those early years in London and Scotland."

He did not, decidedly, regard her attitude as sentimental, and he told her so in carefully chosen prose. They deserted labor for a consideration of the newest music, the discovery of Eric Satie. Lindley Mays saw, with a glance at his wrist, that if he expected to get any dinner at the Beachwood Inn he'd have to go down at once.

The Nestlewroth family, naturally, were before him. Leila barely looked up from her plate as he took his place, Augustus was undiverted from his dinner, Mrs. Nestlewroth nodded sharply, slightly agitating the friz; but Henry asked, in a kindly voice, for Mays' Aunt Susan. There was very little subsequent conversation. In the silences Lindley found evidences of a feud newly risen between Leila and her brother. When she addressed him the latter muttered an answer or not as he saw fit, and he moved the salt and pepper out of her reach. Finally Augustus turned conversationally toward her.

"You quit that young crowd pretty sharp," he commented with an assumption of off handedness. "For a day or two you were as thick as jam with them, and then you took to sitting by yourself. What's struck you? You like playing ball, all right, I know that. Why, last year when the family dragged me to Sea Isle those two Japes girls and Fred Lushand and you ——"

"You talk so much, Augustus," she interrupted him.

"If you think this is much," he retorted, "I can show you the difference in less'n no time. This is nothing. It ain't how much

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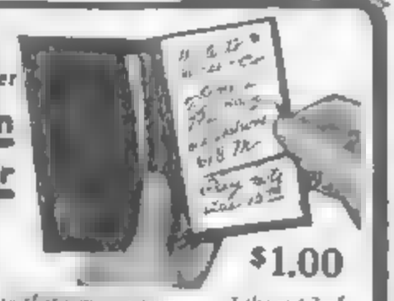

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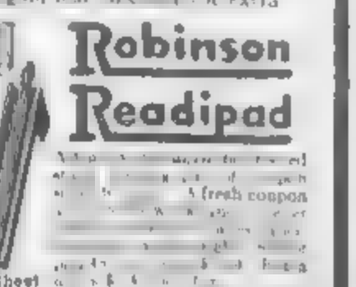

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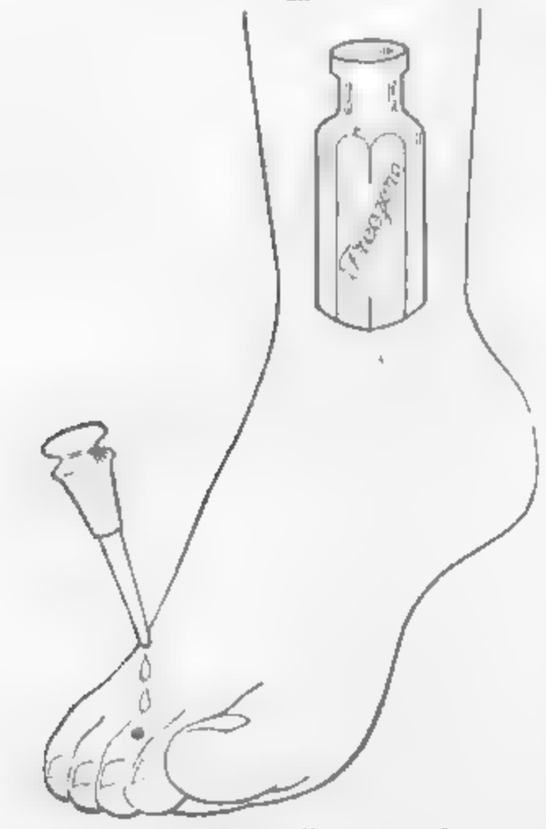

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you say, but what. That's it—what! And when I pause on what I might ask you! For example, why, where and how, where, how and why, did you tie a can to that other bathing suit—that red jersey effect?"

"Augustus!" His mother addressed him in such a tone of bitter condemnation that the entire table gazed at her in a shocked surprise. "I've put up with a good bit in you," she swept on, "standing between you and papa, and sometimes I get wore kind of thin. If you say another word, one more, you'll have to go to work!"

His answering murmur, from a head bent low, was that—a greatly misunderstood person—he was working, long and faithfully, in the interest of science and them all. It was, she returned, all right about science and them all; what she wanted him to note was that she meant what she said. The back second-story room would be tidied up for company, cleared forever of his clock wheels and such-like truck, and he'd—go—to—work!

After this the silence was that of before creation. Even the knives stopped scraping along the plates; and the voice of Ida, demanding the dessert order, was like a clap of primeval thunder.

The fog, Lindley Mays discovered, had vanished with the cooling night. The moon would be very late, but a pattern of stars covered the entire sky. There was no doubt about it—he was lonely. Mays moved the probable date of his marriage several years nearer. Next spring, it might be; age was gathering about him more swiftly than he had realized.

Leila Nestlewroth, it was probable, would marry as soon. Her sympathetic warmness, glossing over the defects inseparable from the type of man she'd marry—experimentally, he added the qualification "condemned to marry"—would make a place of retreat for her husband. She'd fight for him with the neighbors, with the world; lost with him, in him, to a degree impossible for the woman he thought of in connection with himself. This was very fortunate. In a state away from his, Leila was what was meant by the backbone of life. In a way she resembled the steel to which he was wholly delivered; but, after the mills, he wanted a different atmosphere. He was still on the porch, and he walked with an appearance of the aimless to its ocean end.

Leila Nestlewroth smiled vaguely in the obscurity, and he dropped—heavily, as though he were tired—into a chair not far distant. She had, he recognized, a rather remarkable talent of silence. She said nothing now. Instead, soon he found himself talking—oh, very generally about, it happened, the position of labor. She listened attentively, leaning forward.

"That's wonderful!" she half cried when he paused. "They are such idiots not to get that. How ever did you come to such long conclusions? It is as good as a book."

Later, he thought, he might put such a book together.

"Of course you will." She clasped her hands.

"It should open," he specified, "with a rather full preface, a preliminary survey of what, up to then, had been written on the subject. Then a historical section—the examination of labor as it has existed, the effect on it of machinery. I would study particularly the guilds of the Middle Ages in relation to the present federation and the radical groups. And only then, do you understand, I'd make my point——"

He stopped to gaze at her.

"It's just too wonderful for anything!" she exclaimed.

They had once more mysteriously drawn closer together. Could it be that the porch, too, sloped? Her enthusiasm enveloped him in a contentment as actual as the density of the afternoon fog; she was amazingly comfortable. More than any other that phrase held her—"comfortable." Lindley Mays was glad that she had come to the Beachwood Inn; she had made it very much more possible than without her it would have been. She had, as well, in relation to what he had elaborately outlined, a very quick perception of its essentials. It hadn't been necessary to argue with her. He discovered that he detested arguments.

"I'm afraid we won't see the moon."

"Why not? It can't be much later, and it is comfortable here. But perhaps your family will be looking for you."

No, she reassured him, not that. He rose, moving to the porch rail in search for any preliminary lunar radiance on the horizon. She was beside him, leaning on her arms, with her face upturned. The importance, the momentousness of kissing had been ludicrously exaggerated. At the same time it had been unexpectedly, dynamically pleasant. It was in fact thrilling. Where had he heard that it was no better than insulting to kiss a girl once?

Again, very late indeed, in his room he was overtaken by a panic; and, half undressed, he hurriedly brought out his bags and began to pack them. To-morrow, in the morning, he must leave. This conspicuously wouldn't do. Besides, it was needful for him to be back. However, before the bags were filled, heavy with sleep, he left what remained for to-morrow. The next day his Aunt Susan, true to her prediction, was recovered; she was about and she was agitated because sickness had robbed her of two days of his company. She implored him to stay until the day after to-morrow.

"I won't see you again, perhaps, for a year," she pointed out. Lindley Mays compromised on to-morrow.

He left her, as usual, on the porch and departed for the morning bath, for his solitary place outside the beach activities. He started for that remote safety, and, against his plans—but it couldn't entirely be helped—sat beside Leila Nestlewroth, herself withdrawn. She showed no evidence, no apparent memory of last evening; she was neither proprietary nor uneasy; and in recognition, in applause of that, for the first time he went into the sea with her.

When they came out, returning to their place on the sand, he extracted his cigarettes from the fold of her sweater; and lounging, he smoked in an utter, relaxed contentment. It was a pity, he thought, that Beachwood was so confounded populous; and he revolved the suggestion of a stroll toward the point. He didn't, however, mention this. It was, he told himself, too obvious, too vulgar a move to be entertained. Somehow, having kissed her changed everything—principally by the need to kiss her again. The knowledge that it was possible, the thrill within his grasp stirred him profoundly. This did not, he found, cheapen his conception of her. He absolutely recognized that she wasn't indiscriminate. He had accomplished a feat of great difficulty.

"There are so many people here," she said magnetically.

"To-night it will be better." Lindley Mays, with an inner gasp, heard himself say this.

"There is to be a marshmallow roast."

"We don't have to go to it."

"Not if you object; we needn't go near it; but I thought, on the beach, and the fire and kiddies——"

He sat bolt upright.

"Listen!" he commanded her. "Never use that sloppy word again! Of all the objectionable phrases possible it's the worst!"

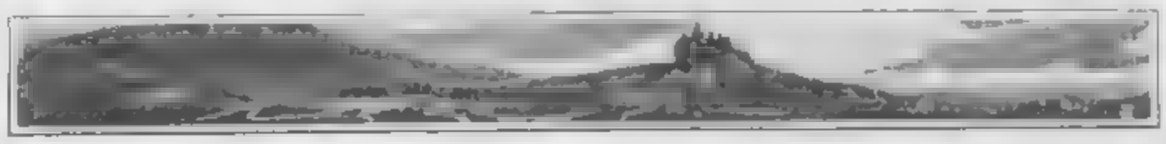
Obviously she was startled. "I won't," she hurried to reassure him. "It—it just came out. It's frightful, and marshmallow roasts are too common for any use."

"We might stroll on the outside," he decided generously. "A fire at night is picturesque. And then, don't you see, it would get us naturally up the beach. I can't stand any humorous comments; Augustus, for example, at his best."

"Augustus won't bother us any more. Mamma——" She stopped suddenly. "None of us could put up with his bad manners. I'll tell you a secret—when I get married my family will see precious little of me. They are my family, of course, and I love them all right; but I feel kind of different from them; I like things they set no store on. No, they wouldn't bother us, never. Do you think I am hateful and hard-hearted?"

He didn't, and emphatically said so. Her attitude, for no accountable reason, cheered him immensely. At a breath, it seemed, she had blown away a whole tribe of objections, of checks upon his pleasure in her.

"If they knew that," she added confidentially, "how they would go on!" She



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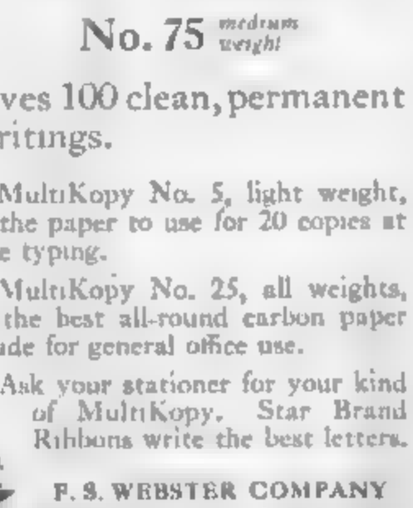

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hesitated, studying him. "They are all anxious for me to do well—for them."

With an unwavering gaze she met his look of interrogation. Lindley Mays grasped her admission; there was honesty, truth without thought of mere expediency.

"I am glad you said that," he told her. "It has made a great, an enormous difference in my feeling about this."

What, he wondered subconsciously, did he mean by "this"?

Leila steadied herself by a palm frankly placed upon his hand. His fingers sought hers, and a thrill again went through him from her generous warmth. Again in his room, he speculated upon both pairs of flannel trousers, neatly folded on the bed. Which should he wear? The ones with the stripe were a shade more pronounced; the plain white were always admirable. In a holiday spirit he demanded of himself why, why he had thrown away the whisky. It seemed an act in a past broken off definitely from what he now signally was. He brushed his hair, as usual, with a careful precision; but, that accomplished, he dropped the comb in an unheeded disarrangement.

Lindley Mays was filled with eagerness, eagerness of all varieties; principally, though, to finish with his dinner and get away, alone with Leila. It was a coincidence that their first names began with the same letter. This was really remarkable; there was something in it. At the table he regarded Henry Nestlewroth, painfully pleasant, the friz of brown hair, Augustus the gloveless, as beings already lost over the horizon, beyond the sea. Leila was noticeably indifferent to them, uncommunicative.

"Thank you, the salt," she said formally to her brother. He turned toward her, amazed.

"What the devil?" he exclaimed. "Did you hear that?" he addressed the others. "Leila certainly handed me the agate." His mother uneasily warned him against too many words.

"It really doesn't matter," the girl exclaimed. "Augustus, for all me, can say what he pleases. I am, I hope, above being annoyed by little things."

"It's new if you are," her mother retorted tartly. "And, I must say, I agree with Augustus. I can't tell what's come over you to-night. It might be, from the way you go on, that I wasn't your parent. It might, indeed. And with what I've done for you!" Her hands actually trembled with wrath. "Talking to me the way you did upstairs—you'd put on what you wanted and leave off what you liked. You've been corrupted, I can tell that, already."

Leila continued serenely to ignore her dinner. She didn't think that she cared for pudding. An exasperated snigger escaped from Augustus.

"Mind her!" he commented. "And the rice pudding with raisins when she was home!"

Under the table her slipper, resting on Lindley Mays' once immaculate buckskin shoe, gave him an electrifying pressure.

At the first opportunity, in the curtain of the night, he kissed her. Beyond, the fire at which marshmallows were being roasted made no more than a rosy glow in an indigo obscurity; the waves, hidden, were continuous in their murmur.

"We'll see the moon come up," she declared recklessly.

Mays moved securely forward toward the fire. She thought he hadn't wanted to, but he insisted on tasting a marshmallow. Blackened, burned on the outside, its interior revealed itself to him as a liquid flame. But hardily he uttered no complaint, no criticism.

"Very nice," he maintained.

They drifted away. How soft and flexible her waist was.

"I oughtn't to need to tell you," he proceeded, "but I'd like to marry you. Have you thought about that? Had it entered your head -that I might?"

"Lindley," she replied with the truthfulness which so delighted him, "toward the end it seemed—that is, I had hopes you might."

"Maybe we could do something for Augustus." It was later by far. The moon had risen.

"No," she returned firmly, "not Augustus. He is better in his second-story back room. You think that now, but you wouldn't if you had him to do for." She was of course divinely right.

"I hate to leave Beachwood and you," he told her the next morning. "But arrangements must be made."

They had walked to the point of beach and stood arm in arm. Beyond them, on the ebbing tide, was the company of boats, of fishermen. As Lindley Mays indifferently scanned them a rod bent precariously; there was an evident struggle, a running fight. At the end an impressive, silver-shining fish was captured.

"One of those wooden Indians got a tide runner," he commented, with Leila securely hooked to him.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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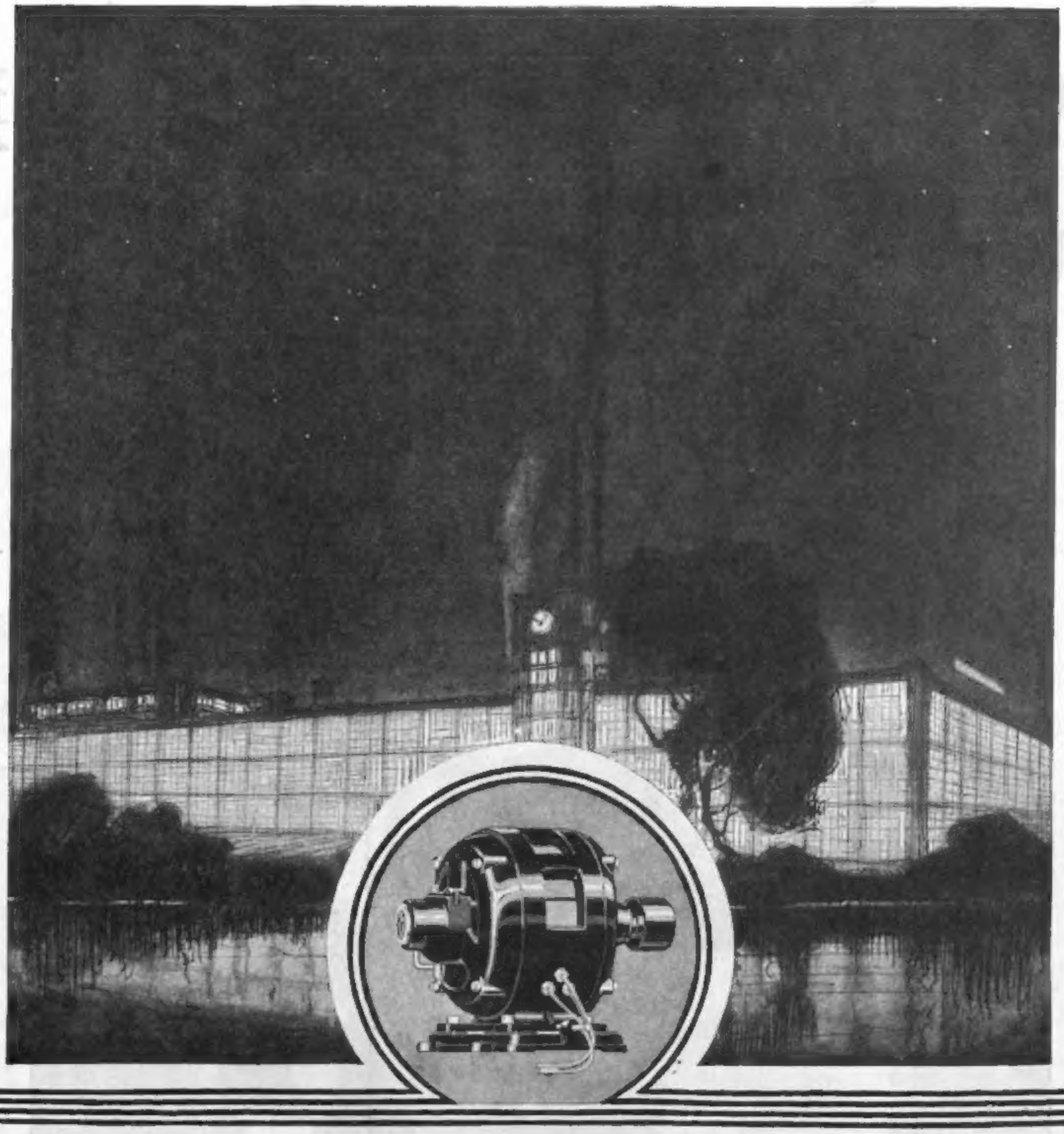

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